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THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN GERMANY, THE NETHERLANDS, AND UNITED PROVINCES.

OR,

The JOURNAL of a TOUR through thoſe Countries, undertaken to collect Materials for

A GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

By CHARLES BURNEY, Muſ. D. F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Auf Virtuoſen ſey ſtolz, Germanien, die du gezeuget;
In Frankreich und Welſchland ſind gröſſere nicht.

Zachariä.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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THE

INTRODUCTION.

IT is well known that ſuch merchandize as is capable of adulteration, is ſeldom genuine after paſſing through many hands; and this principle is ſtill more generally allowed with reſpect to intelligence, which is, perhaps, never pure but at the ſource.

Muſic has, through life, been the favourite object of my purſuit, not only with reſpect to the practice of it as a profeſſion, but the hiſtory of it as an art; and that my knowledge might be free from ſuch falſhood and error as the plaineſt and ſimpleſt facts are known to

gather up in ſucceſſive relations, I have made a ſecond tour on the continent, taking nothing upon report, of which I could procure better teſtimony, and, accumulating the moſt authentic memorials of the times that are paſt; and as I have, in a late publication, endeavoured to do juſtice to the talents and attainments of the preſent muſicians of France and Italy, I ſhall now make the ſame attempt with reſpect to thoſe of Germany, hoping that the teſtimony of one who has himſelf been witneſs of the particulars he relates, will have a weight which integrity itſelf cannot give to hear-ſay evidence, and that the mind of the reader will be more entertained, in proportion as it is more ſatisfied of the truth of what is written. For if *knowledge* be *medicine for the ſoul*, according to the famous inſcription on the Egyptian Library *, it ſeems as much to concern us to obtain it genuine, as to procure unadulterated medicine for the body.

* ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον.

Travelling for information concerning the tranſactions of remote countries, was much more practiſed by the writers of antiquity then it has been by thoſe of later times, who have found it more convenient to compile books at their own fire-ſide, from books which have been compiled before, than to croſs ſeas, mountains, and deſerts, in foreign countries, to ſeek for new and authentic materials. But Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Plutarch, and Pauſanias, who were great travellers, either lived in times when there were few books to conſult, or, if they were not poſſeſſed of more wealth than modern authors, muſt have met with more than modern hoſpitality; for long voyages, however neceſſary, would otherwiſe have been ſcarcely practicable.

For my part, who have travelled without theſe advantages, and who pretend not to the character of *ſage*, if it be ſaid, that the object of my purſuit is by no

means

means equivalent to my labour and expence; I can only anſwer, that though I am unwilling to allow the knowledge of a ſcience which diffuſes ſo much blameleſs pleaſure, through a circle of ſuch vaſt extent, to be of ſmall importance, yet I moſt ſincerely wiſh that I could have procured it upon eaſier terms, and have viſited remote countries after the deliberate and parſimonious manner of Aſclepiades, who, according to Tertullian, made the tour of the world on a cow's back, and lived upon her milk.

It is however certain, that whatever will juſtify my rambling through France and Italy after the *materia muſica*, or apologize for it, may with the ſame force and propriety be pleaded for my having viſited Germany; for though Italy has carried *vocal* muſic to a perfection unknown in any other country, much of the preſent excellence of *inſtrumental* is certainly owing to the natives of Germany,

many, as wind and keyed inſtruments have never, perhaps, in any age or country, been brought to a greater degree of refinement, either in conſtruction or uſe, than by the modern Germans.

The notice and aſſiſtance with which I was honoured by ſeveral perſons of diſtinction on the continent, are acknowledged in the courſe of my narrative; but to avoid repetitions in my book, and to follow an impulſe of gratitude, perhaps not unmixed with vanity, I muſt here declare, that for theſe and many other advantages which my journey produced, I am principally indebted to the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich, who, to aſſiſt me in calling the attention of the public to the hiſtory of his favourite art, and in recording the talents of its moſt illuſtrious profeſſors in remote countries, was pleaſed to honour me with recommendatory letters, in his own hand, to every Engliſh nobleman and gentleman

who

who reſided in a public character in the ſeveral cities through which I paſſed; the influence of which was ſo powerful as to gain me eaſy acceſs to thoſe who were not only the moſt able, but whom I was ſo fortunate as to find the moſt willing to forward my undertaking.

THE

PRESENT STATE

OF

MUSIC, &c.

St. OMERS.

I Muſt confeſs, that my appetite for French muſic was not very keen when I now landed on the continent, July 6th, 1772. However, being detained at St. Omers a day longer than I expected, I viſited ſome of the churches there, as well as the theatre; but heard nothing in either which inclined me to change my ſentiments concerning the national taſte of France, for muſic.

A company of ſtrolling players, from Dunkirk, acted, on the night of my arrival, a tragedy and a comedy. I went to the playhouſe, which I found ſmall and dirty; and though the tragedy was half over when I arrived, there was no other company in the boxes, than two or three Engliſh families, and a few of the officers of the garriſon. It is impoſſible for Engliſhmen to judge, accurately, of French acting, and declamation; but theſe performers ſeemed much more at their eaſe, and appeared more like the characters they were to repreſent, than thoſe on the Engliſh ſtage, who, except a few of the principal actors, are generally ſo aukward and unnatural, as to deſtroy all illuſion.

At the cathedral of St. Omer there is a very fine ſixteen feet organ, which is played in a maſterly, but old ſtyle, by a prieſt, father Thomas, who teaches the harpſichord to many Engliſh people, as well as other inhabitants of that city.

But

But the moſt conſiderable inſtrument there, in figure and grandeur, is the organ at the abbey of St. Bertin: it was built but five years ago, by a country mechanic, who could neither write, read, nor play on his inſtrument when it was made. I had, as yet, ſeen nothing ſo elegant and magnificent as the caſe and ornaments of this organ; the ſtops are numerous, and the movements light and tolerably quiet; there are pedals, but there is no ſwell, or great variety in the ſolo ſtops, nor do I think the tone ſo ſweet as that of the cathedral. But the beſt organ in this part of the world, for ſweetneſs of tone, is an old one at the monaſtery of Clairmarais, about a league from St. Omers. The organiſt there is a friar; and that of the abbey of St. Bertin is a nephew and ſcholar of father Thomas.

There is a little buffet-organ, called a *poſitif*, conſiſting of four ſtops only, in the chancel of the abbey, which is uſed on

common occaſions; it is nearly ſuch a one as I remember to have ſeen and heard Coliſta play upon, to accompany the voices, at the church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, in 1770.

At mounting guard in the *Grande Place* of St. Omer, I obſerved that the *ſerpent* was uſed in the military band, as a double baſe to a great number of baſſoons, horns, and hautboys, and had a very good effect.

L I S L E.

To perſons who ſtay but a ſhort time in French garriſoned towns, military parade affords conſiderable amuſement; there are, at preſent, only four battalions, or two thouſand men, quartered in the city; though it is uſual for the garriſon to conſiſt of ten thouſand. The mounting guard upon the *Grande Place*, or ſquare, is, in itſelf, a gay and entertaining ſight; yet it always gives me a melancholy, and painful ſenſation,

to

to ſee the people out-numbered by the ſoldiery. The depriving the plough, and manufactures of ſo many ſtout and robuſt fellows, and rendering them totally uſeleſs, in time of peace, to any thing but ambitious and oppreſſive views, muſt be a great injury to the community.

Having viſited this city, in queſt of muſical information, ſo lately as the year 1770, I expected to find nothing new, that was very intereſting; however, I attended to the military muſic, which is much changed here ſince I was laſt in France. The marches, as well as muſicians, are chiefly German. The *crotolo* is uſed here as I had ſeen it at Florence; it ſerves very well to mark the time in marching, though it has only one tone, like that of a ſide drum: it is the ſame inſtrument as that which the ancients called the *cymbalum*. The Turks were the firſt among the moderns who uſed it in their troops; the form

is that of a baſon, or the cover to a diſh; there is one for each hand. It is made of braſs, but the vibration is ſo ſtopt by its being in contact with the hand, that it cannot be called ſonorous, it is rather a claſhing than a ſounding inſtrument of percuſſion; however, its effect in marking the time is ſo powerful as to be diſtinctly heard through the ſtunning noiſe of forty drums.

In ſpeaking of military muſic, it ſeems not unworthy of remark, that drums, *monotonous* as they are, frequently play in *two parts*. I obſerved to-day, at mounting guard, that, of forty drums which began to beat together iſochronous, or in equal time, one half continued to beat the march, and the other half accompanied them with a continual roll for ſeveral bars: the effect of this is admirable, as it contributes to animate the troops, without deſtroying or altering the diviſion of time, by which they are to meaſure their ſteps.

In

In other muſic, during a long note, which is either ſimply ſuſtained in a ſwell, or *diminuendo*, or has a continued ſhake, the time is wholly unmarked, unleſs its accents and proportions are pointed out and regulated by ſome other part; a ſingle drum, while one hand rolls, has frequently the time marked by the ſingle ſtrokes of the other, given at ſtated periods. The uſe of muſic, in marching, as well as in dancing, is more to mark the ſteps than delight the ear; and the beſt inſtruments, perhaps, for both purpoſes, are the drum and tabor, neither of which has more than one ſound.

After Moliere's *Ecole des Maris*, I heard here *l'Amitié à l'Epreuve*, taken from one of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel, by Favart, with *ariettes* by Gretry: the muſic is full of pretty things, and it is an honour to the French to admire the compoſitions of this ingenious compoſer, who ſeems, in gratitude, to

conform, as much as he can, to the national taſte; though his melodies are more frequently Italian than French, and his modulation and accompaniments are new and pleaſing. To criticiſe the execution of this pretty opera would be firing at carrion crows, not worth powder and ſhot. But in this ſevere cenſure I muſt diſtinguiſh the actors from the ſingers, and the voices from the corruption and abuſe of them.

Both the pieces were well acted; but, as to *ſinging*, nothing could be more offenſive; and yet there was not one bad voice among the performers: one of the young actreſſes had, indeed, a voice that was ſweetly toned, and of great compaſs; but the ſongs were too difficult for her execution, and ſhe joined to the national falſe direction of voice, to forcing, ſcreaming, and bad taſte, that incurable and inſufferable expreſſion, which is equally diſguſting to the learned and the ignorant of other countries.

In

In travelling through French Flanders, I could not help obſerving that the ſinging of the common people is ſtrongly tinctured with the *plain-chant*, which they hear ſo frequently at church. All the labouring people and *bourgeois* go to matins as ſoon as it is light on common days, and on Sundays and feſtivals two or three times in the courſe of the day; ſo that by their conſtantly hearing the prieſts, and ſinging with them, they acquire that kind of melody and expreſſion which is uſed in the church, and apply it to their ſongs, in their work-ſhops, and in the ſtreet.

Though I omitted no opportunity of hearing all the inſtruments and performers I could, in my way through French Flanders, yet they furniſhed no new ideas or reflections concerning either the taſte, or ſtyle, of French muſicians. To deſcribe them, therefore, would be only to repeat what I have already ſaid on the ſubject, in my former muſical tour

through this country. I muſt, however allow, and it would diſcover a total want of candour to be ſilent on the ſubject, that upon keyed-inſtruments, particularly the harpſichord, the French, in point of neatneſs, preciſion, and brilliancy of execution, are not excelled by the people of any other country in Europe; and it is but juſt to obſerve likewiſe, that the French military muſic is now not only much better in itſelf, but better performed than it was a few years ago: and a very intelligent Engliſh officer, who was with me on the parade, remarked the ſame improvement in the diſcipline, dreſs, and appearance of the French troops in the ſame ſpace of time. The men are now ſelect, the manœuvres ſhortened, and there is ſome appearance both of the gentleman and the ſoldier, even in the common men.

COUR-

COURTRAY.

When I arrived at this place, which is the firſt conſiderable town in the Auſtrian Netherlands, I found a remarkable change in the language, manners, and muſic of the people. It is very embarraſſing to a ſtranger to find within the compaſs of a hundred Engliſh miles, four languages very different from each other: French, Flemiſh, Walloon, and Low Dutch. At Courtray, the common people ſpeak the Walloon language; I accoſted ſeveral in the ſtreets, in French, but they did not underſtand me; ſo that the Abbé du Bos' aſſertion, and the conſequence he draws from it, that French is the univerſal language of the Flemings, fall to the ground, for it is a common thing, even at Liſle, for two people to converſe in two different languages; the inhabitant of Liſle aſks the country-man, who comes to market,

the price of his commodities in French, and is anſwered in Flemiſh; and both underſtand each other's dialect, though unable to ſpeak it.

In the town of Courtray, the organ, at the collegiate church of *Notre Dame*, is diſpoſed of in a very ſingular manner; it is placed in a gallery at the weſt end of the building; but, in order to preſerve the window, which was neceſſary to light the body of the church, the organ is divided in two parts, one of which is fixed on one ſide of the window, and one on the other; the bellows run under the window, and communicate with both parts of the inſtrument, which is a large one of ſixteeen feet, with pedals, and ſeems to have been but lately erected. The keys are in the middle, under the window, but not to be ſeen below; the choir is accompanied, even when the organ does not play, with a *ſerpent*, as at Paris, and a double baſe, as at Rome. It was in

this

this town that I firſt perceived the paſſion for *carillons*, or chimes, which is ſo prevalent throughout the Netherlands. I happened to arrive at eleven o'clock, and half an hour after the chimes played a great number of chearful tunes, in different keys, which awakened my curioſity for this ſpecies of muſic ſo much, that when I came to

GHENT,

I determined to inform myſelf, in a particular manner, concerning the *carillon* ſcience. For this purpoſe, I mounted the town belfrey, from whence I had a full view, of the city of Ghent, which is reckoned one of the largeſt in Europe; and here I had not only an opportunity of examining the mechaniſm of the chimes, as far as they are played by clock-work, but could likewiſe ſee the *Carilloneur* perform with a kind of keys communicating with bells, as thoſe of the harpſichord and organ do with ſtrings and pipes.

I ſoon

I ſoon found that the chimes in theſe countries had a greater number of bells than thoſe of the largeſt peal in England; but, when I mounted the belfrey, I was aſtoniſhed at the great quantity of bells I ſaw; in ſhort, there is a complete ſeries or ſcale of tones and ſemitones, like thoſe on the harpſichord and organ. The *Carilloneur* was literally *at work*, and *hard* work indeed it muſt be; he was in his ſhirt with the collar unbottoned, and in a violent ſweat. There are pedals communicating with the great bells, upon which, with his feet, he played the baſe to ſeveral ſprightly and rather difficult airs, performed with the two hands upon the upper ſpecies of keys. Theſe keys are projecting ſticks, wide enough aſunder to be ſtruck with violence and velocity by either of the two hands edge ways, without the danger of hitting the neighbouring keys. The player has a thick leather covering

for

for the little finger of each hand, otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for him to ſupport the pain which the violence of the ſtroke neceſſary to be given to each key, in order to its being diſtinctly heard throughout a very large town, requires.

The *carillons* are ſaid to be originally of Aloſt, in this country, and are ſtill here, and in Holland, in their greateſt perfection. It is certainly a Gothic invention, and perhaps a barbarous taſte, which neither the French, the Engliſh, nor the Italians have imitated or encouraged. The *Carilloneur*, at my requeſt, played ſeveral pieces very dexterouſly, in three parts, the firſt and ſecond treble with the two hands on the upper ſet of keys, and the baſe with the feet on the pedals.

The *Carilloneur* plays four times a week, Sunday, Monday, Wedneſday, and Friday, from half an hour paſt eleven till twelve o'clock: it is conſtant

employment

employment for a watch or clock-maker to attend the works of the common chimes; here he has an apartment under the belfrey, and it is by him that the *Carilloneur* is paid. This place and Antwerp are, according to the inhabitants, the moſt celebrated cities in the Netherlands, and perhaps in the world, for carillons and chimes.

The great convenience of this kind of muſic is, that it entertains the inhabitants of a whole town, without giving them the trouble of going to any particular ſpot to hear it; but the want of ſomething to ſtop the vibration of each bell, at the pleaſure of the player, like the valves of an organ, and the red cloth in the jacks of a harpſichord, is an intolerable defect to a cultivated ear: for by the notes of one paſſage perpetually running into another, every thing is rendered ſo inarticulate and confuſed, as to occaſion a very diſagreeable jargon. As to

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the clock-work chimes, or thoſe worked by a barrel, nothing, to my thinking, can be more tireſome; for, night and day, to hear the ſame tune played every hour, during ſix months, in ſuch a ſtiff and unalterable manner, requires that kind of patience, which nothing but a total abſence of taſte can produce.

As Ghent was the firſt town which I had been in, that had a German garriſon in it, or, rather, troops in the pay, and under the diſcipline of Germany, I was curious to hear the military muſic. I found two Walloon regiments here; and though no general officer was on the ſpot, yet there were two bands attending every morning and evening, on the *Place d' Armes*, or parade. The one was an extra-band of profeſſed muſicians, conſiſting of two hautbois, two clarinets, two baſſoons, and two French horns; the other were enliſted men and boys, belonging to the regiments; the number of theſe amounted to twenty. There were four trum-

pets, three fifes, two hautbois, two clarinets, two *tambours de baſque*, two French horns, one *crotolo*, or cymbal, three ſide-drums, and one great kettle-drum. All theſe ſonorous inſtruments, in the open air, have a very animating and pleaſing effect.

I ſoon found, in viſiting the churches of this country, that ſplitting an organ in twain, in order to preſerve a window, was no uncommon thing. At the Jeſuit's church, for Jeſuits have ſtill an exiſtence here, there is a ſmall organ, for this country, placed in a gallery at the weſt window, divided in that manner. I found but one ſet of keys, from C, to G, no pedals, and but few ſtops, the tone was coarſe and noiſy when heard near, but by the ſize and conſtruction of the building, it was ſo ſoftened and meliorated, as to ſound very agreeably, at a diſtance.

At the great church of St. Bavo, two *ſerpents* and a double baſe accompany the chant,

chant, when ſung in parts, even when the organ is not played. The organ here is placed under the arch of the left-ſide aile, at the entrance into the choir, in order to preſerve the center, or broad aile, from being interſected with an organ-loft, which frequently deſtroys all the ſymmetry and proportions of a building; as an organ, when placed over the weſt door, frequently darkens the whole church, by ſhutting up a principal window, originally intended for other purpoſes, by the architect, than mere external ornament.

I did not quit Ghent without viſiting the principal libraries there, in hopes of meeting with ancient manuſcript muſic, which might aſcertain the aſſertion of Lodovico Guicciardini, that counter-point took its riſe, aad was firſt cultivated in Flanders; but I neither found at the abbey of St. Peter (the oldeſt and richeſt in Flanders) nor at the Auguſtines, or

Dominicans, where the libraries are very conſiderable, any thing to my purpoſe.

A L O S T.

Here I found, in the church of St. Martin, a noble organ, built by Van Petigham, and ſon, of Ghent, but five years ſince, which fills the whole weſt end of the church; its form is elegant, and the ornaments are in a good taſte. It has fifty-three ſtops, three ſets of keys, great organ, choir organ, and echo, down to F, on the fourth line in the baſe *. The touch is not ſo heavy as might be expected from the great reſiſtance of ſuch a column of air as is neceſſary for ſo conſiderable a number of ſtops. The reed ſtops are well toned, the diapaſons well voiced, and the effect of the whole chorus rich and noble: I was the more particular in my obſervations upon this inſtrument, in order to enable myſelf to compare its contents with thoſe of the large

* The pedals went down two octaves lower.

organs

organs which I expected to ſee hereafter in Holland and Germany. The French organ-builders are much eſteemed by the Germans themſelves, for the ſimplicity of their movements, and the mechaniſm of the whole; but the variety which theſe ſtops afford is not proportioned to their number; we have frequently more ſolo ſtops in an Engliſh organ of half the ſize and price; however, Silbermann, the moſt celebrated organ-builder in Germany, who died not long ago, reſided and worked many years in France, from whence he brought ſeveral improvements in the conſtruction of organs, that he afterwards applied to thoſe which he erected in his own country.

The voices in the church at Aloſt are accompanied with ſix or eight inſtruments every day, beſides the organ, and on feſtivals by a great band; and the muſical taſte here, as far as I could judge by the

performance of the organiſt and his ſon, is more Italianized, or at leaſt Germanized, than in any of the churches of France.

BRUSSELS.

The theatre in this city is one of the moſt elegant I ever ſaw, on this ſide the Alps; it is conſtructed in the Italian manner; there are five rows of boxes, nineteen in each, which, ſeverally, contain ſix perſons in front. There are ſeats in the pit, five or ſix of which are railed off for the accommodation of ſtrangers, who otherwiſe, would be in danger of obtaining no good places, as the boxes are uſually let to ſubſcribers, and there are no galleries.

The orcheſtra of this theatre is celebrated all over Europe. It is, at preſent, under the direction of M. Fitzthumb, a very active and intelligent *maeſtro di capella*, who beats the time, and is indefatigable in preſerving good diſcipline,

and

and M. Vanmaldere, brother of the compoſer of that name, whoſe ſymphonies are well known in England. M. Vanmaldere, ſince the death of his brother, plays the principal violin, though the violoncello is his inſtrument.

The piece that was performed to night July 15th, 1772, was *Zemire* and *Azor*, a ſpecies of *Comedie larmoyante*, written by M. Marmontel, and ſet by M. Gretry; it is interſperſed with airs and dances. This Drama being French, and performed after the French manner, was, conſequently, ſubject to much criticiſm.

As an opera, it might be divided into the following conſtituent parts: *Poetry*, *Muſic*, *Singing*, *Acting*, *Dancing*, *Orcheſtra*, *Theatre*, *Scenes*, and *Decorations*; and it is but juſtice to ſay, that, moſt of theſe were admirable; however, let us diſcriminate, for to judge a performance of this kind in the groſs, by ſaying that the whole was very good, bad, or indif-

ferent would be unjuſt as well as taſte-leſs.

The ſubject of the *Poetry* is a fairy tale, which, with great art, taſte, and genius, is wrought into an intereſting drama that is wholly worthy of its elegant and refined author. If it were, however, permitted to doubt of the perfection of particular parts of the production of ſo able a writer, it might perhaps be ſaid that ſome of the ſongs contain too many words and ideas for a ſimplicity of air, if compared with thoſe of Metaſtaſio, the true model of perfection in this particular; it alſo ſtruck me, as an impropriety, for the daughter of a great Perſian merchant to ſing two or three duets with her father's ſlave. Several parts of the piece too are made to be ſung, which ſhould, in this kind of drama, be declaimed, particularly in the laſt ſcene of the firſt act.

The *Muſic* of this opera, is, in general, admirable; the overture is ſpirited, and

full

full of effects; the ritornels, and other pieces of ſymphony, are full of new ideas and imagery; now and then, indeed, with the aſſiſtance of the ſinging, the airs bordered too much on the old ſtyle of French muſic. However, the melody is more frequently Italian than French, and the accompaniments are both rich, ingenious, and tranſparent, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, by which I mean, that the air is not ſuffocated, but can be diſtinctly heard through them.

The *Singing* may be pronounced to have been but indifferent: there were three male and three female voices employed, no one of which was good, and out of the whole number, not one had either a ſhake, or the faculty of ſinging in tune; at beſt, they would have been called in England, only pretty ballad-ſingers. One of the females, Defoix, who performed the part of *Zemire*, had ſomething like execution, and a compaſs of voice; yet, with theſe advantages, her performance was unſteady and unfiniſhed.

The

The *Acting* was, in general, charming, full of propriety and grace.

The *Dancing* was below criticiſm.

The *Orcheſtra* was admirably conducted; and the band, taken as a whole, was numerous, powerful, correct, and attentive: but, in its ſeparate parts, the horns were bad, and out of tune; which was too diſcoverable in the capital ſong of the piece, when they were placed at different diſtances from the audience, to imitate an echo, occaſioned by the rocks, in a wild and deſert ſcene. The firſt clarinet, which ſerved as a hautboy, was, though a very good one, too ſharp the whole night; and the baſes, which were all placed at one end of the orcheſtra, played ſo violently, that it was more like the rumbling reverberation of thunder, than muſical ſound. The four double baſes, employed in this band, were too powerful for the reſt of the inſtruments. There was no harpſichord, which, as there were but two pieces of recitative, and thoſe accompanied, was, perhaps, not wanted.

The

The *Theatre* has been deſcribed above, and I have only to add, that it is lofty and noble; but, though conſtructed much after the Italian model, it is far inferior in ſize to moſt of the theatres of Italy. The *Scenes* and *Decorations* were rich, ingenious, and elegant.

July 16. This evening, after a pretty comedy, by Boiſſy, called *le Mercure Galant*, the *Huron* was very well acted, though poorly ſung. However, the little Defoix, who did the part of Zemire laſt night, was much more at her eaſe now, as all her ſongs were ſuch as ſuited her powers. She is rather leſs French in her manner of ſinging than the reſt; but ſhe is ignorant of muſic, and a *Frenchwoman*, no trivial objections to her ſinging well.

The method of playing the march in this piece had a very fine effect, by the judicious uſe of the *Creſcendo* and *Diminuendo*. It was begun behind the ſcenes, at the end of the ſtage, ſo ſoft as to be

ſcarcely

ſcarcely heard; and after the band had gradually approached the audience, and were arrived at the greateſt degree of force, they retired in the ſame ſlow manner, inſenſibly diminiſhing the ſound to the laſt audible degree of *Piano*.

ANTWERP.

It was in this city, that I expected to meet with materials the moſt important to the hiſtory of counter-point, or muſic in different parts, as it was here, according to Lodovico Guicciardini, and, after him, ſeveral others, who took the fact upon truſt, that moſt of the great Flemiſh muſicians, who ſwarmed all over Europe in the ſixteenth century, were bred. I arrived here Friday evening, July 17th; it is a city that fills the mind with more melancholy reflections concerning the viciſſitudes of human affairs, and the tranſient ſtate of worldly glory, than any other in modern times: the exchange,

which

which ſerved as a model to Sir Th. Greſham, when he built that of London, and which, though ſtill intire, is as uſeleſs to the inhabitants as the *Coloſeo* at Rome: the Town-houſe, conſtructed as a tribunal, for the magiſtrates, at the head of two hundred thouſand inhabitants, which are now reduced to leſs than twenty thouſand: the churches, the palaces, the ſquares, and whole ſtreets, which, not two hundred years ago, were ſcarce ſufficient to contain the people for whom they were deſigned, and which are now almoſt abandoned: the ſpacious and commodious quays, the numerous canals, cut with ſuch labour and expence; the noble river Schelde, wider than the Thames at Chelſea-reach, which uſed to be covered with ſhips from all quarters of the world, and on which now, ſcarce a fiſhing boat can be diſcovered: all contribute to point out the inſtability of fortune, and to remind us that, what Babylon,

Car-

Carthage, Athens, and Palmyra now are, the moſt flouriſhing cities of the preſent period, muſt, in the courſe of time, inevitably become!

As Antwerp ſuffered extremely, by fire, in the year 1533, when the cathedral of *Notre Dame* was reduced to aſhes, it is very difficult to find muſic of anterior times in that city.

The cathedral was rebuilt the year following, more beautifully than ever, and is eſteemed ſuperior to all the Gothic buildings of this country, eſpecially the ſteeple, which is extremely light and elegant. The church was, however, pillaged and much defaced in 1560 by the *Iconoclaſts*, or image breakers, as the Dutch rebels, or heretics, were then called; but ever ſince the year 1584, when it was taken by the duke of Parma, it has continued to be enriched with ſuperb altars and monuments, together with paintings by the firſt maſters; it is five hundred

feet long, two hundred and forty wide, and three hundred and ſixty high, and is ſupported by a hundred and twenty-five pillars; it was firſt built in the thirteenth century. The emperor Charles V. laid the firſt ſtone of the preſent choir. In 1521 the chapter of canons, was inſtituted by Godfrey of Boulogne, king of Jeruſalem; their number at firſt was only twelve, but it is now twenty-four; there are eight minor canons, with a number of chaplains, &c. which, altogether, form an aſſembly in the choir, to the amount of ſeventy beneficed clergy. There are three organs in this church, one very large, on the right hand ſide, at the weſt end of the choir, and a ſmall one in a chapel on each ſide the broad aile.

The organiſt at preſent is M. Vanden Boſch, he is a ſpirited and maſterly player. The chanting here, as in other churches of this country, is accompanied

by the double base and *serpent*; an excellent service was sung on Saturday afternoon, July 18th, out of a printed book, which had for title, *Octo Cantica Divæ Mariæ Virginis, secundum Octo Modos, Auctore Arturo Aux-Couteaux*, Parisiis, 1641.

At the Jesuit's college, I was treated with great politeness, and assisted in my researches by the learned father Gesquiere, together with father Newton and brother Blithe, two Englishmen, of that college. The former shewed me a manuscript treatise on music, which, from the kind of writing, is judged to be nine hundred years old; and a fine ancient manuscript of our famous *Magna Charta*; both of which seem to have come from England, or at least to have been in the possession of an Englishman, as there is the signature of *John Cotton* in both.

At the Dominicans church, there are two organs, which are esteemed the best

in the town; the one is very large, with pedals, fifty-four ſtops, and three entire ſets of keys, from C to c; it was built in 1654. I found the pipes of theſe inſtruments well toned, but ſo miſerably out of tune, as to give more pain than pleaſure to the hearer. One of the four monkiſh organiſts who attended me in a very obliging manner, pleaded poverty upon this occaſion, and ſaid, they could afford to have their inſtruments put in order but ſeldom, on account of the expence.

As no picture worth looking at here, is ſhewn to a ſtranger, without a *Schelling* or two, a curtain being placed before each, which *Simony* only can draw, I aſked, not indeed with much expectation that it would be taken, whether I might venture to tender any thing to the venerable perſon above-mentioned; and, upon an anſwer in the affirmative, I made my humble offering, which was, as elſewhere, received with great good nature and condeſcenſion.

Sunday, 19th. I this morning at ſeven o'clock attended the firſt maſs. There were a few violins, two baſſoons, and a double baſe placed with the voices in the organ-loft, over the weſt door of the choir; but before theſe were employed, a conſiderable part of the ſervice was chanted in *Canto Fermo*, with only a *ſerpent*, and two baſſoons in accompaniment; and, afterwards, the voices and inſtruments in the organ-loft performed the uſual ſervices in three or four parts, I mean voice parts, with inſtruments. However, the ſmall number of violins, in ſo large a building, and thoſe not of the firſt claſs, had but a mean effect.

At nine o'clock high maſs began, and continued upwards of two hours. I attended this in the choir, in different parts of the church, and in the organ-loft, to hear the muſic, and its effects, at different diſtances, and in different ſituations; but I found none which pleaſed me. The performances to which I had been accuſtomed in

Italy, and, indeed, in the choirs of London, were greatly ſuperior to this. Whatever merit the Antwerpians may have had, in ſurpaſſing the reſt of Europe, in arts, ſciences, and commerce, two hundred years ago, they certainly have no claim to pre-eminence now; no part of their ancient grandeur is viſible at preſent, but in the church; there, indeed, riches, ſplendor, and expence are ſtill as conſpicuous as ever, though but a ſmall part of this expence is appropriated to muſic. The church revenues are applied to the maintenance of the ſeveral orders of the clergy, to that almoſt innumerable quantity of wax-lights, for ever burning, and to thoſe ſumptuous veſtments, and tawdry ornaments, with which they dazzle the eyes of the multitude; but as for muſic, they have been ſo long accuſtomed to inaccurate and ſlovenly execution, that they ſeem to have loſt all diſtinction. I did not meet with one ſingle organ in the whole town that was in tune; and

as to the few violins employed in the church, they are mere ſcrapers. The baſſoon players in common uſe, are worſe than thoſe nocturnal performers, who, in London, walk the ſtreets during winter, under the denomination of *Waits*; and for the *ſerpent*, it is not only over-blown, and deteſtably out of tune, but exactly reſembling in tone, that of a great hungry, or rather angry, Eſſex calf.

Before the ſervice in the choir began with the organ, the canons and boys marched in proceſſion round the church, with each a lighted taper in his hand, chanting the pſalms, in four parts, with the two baſſoons, and *ſerpent* above-mentioned; but all was ſo diſſonant and falſe, that notwithſtanding the building is immenſe, and very favourable to ſound, which it not only augments, but meliorates, and in ſpite of two or three ſweet and powerful voices among the boys, the whole was intolerable to me, who remained in the choir, from whence I expected to

enjoy

enjoy the natural *Diminuendo* and *Crescendo*, of a large body of ſound retreating and advancing by ſuch ſlow degrees.

While that part of the ſervice, which ſucceeded this proceſſion, was performing, I went up into the organ-loft, and was very politely treated by the organiſt, M. Vanden Boſch, who is a man of conſiderable merit in his profeſſion; his ſtyle of playing is modern, and he is very dexterous in the uſe of the pedals *. This inſtrument of *Notre Dame*, contains upwards of fifty ſtops, and has a full compaſs; it has been built about a hun-

* When I uſe the epithets *old* and *new*, I mean neither as a term of reproach, or ſtigma, but merely to tell the reader in what ſtyle a piece is conceived, or written; and he will ſuppoſe it to be better or worſe, as he pleaſes. Though an old opera in Italy is as uſeleſs and neglected as an almanac of laſt year, yet I ſhall ſpeak of every *old compoſition*, that appears to be have been one of the beſt of the time in which it was made, with a proper degree of reſpect; but as to *Performance*, an old faſhioned manner, whether the conſequence of ignorance or obſtinacy, will not, perhaps, be treated with equal indulgence.

dred and fifty years, and would be well toned, if it were in tune.

After church, I went home with M. Vanden Boſch, who was ſo obliging as to ſhew me his inſtruments and books. Several compoſitions for the harpſichord of this maſter, have been engraved at Paris; he has a very good taſte, and great fire, both in writing and playing.

In my reſearches after old muſic in this place, I was directed to Monſ. ——, the ſinging maſter of St. James's church, a Frenchman. Indeed, I was obligingly conducted to his houſe, by one of the canons, and upon my acquainting him with my errand, and aſking him the queſtion I had before put to all the muſicians, and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without obtaining much ſatisfaction, "*where, and* "*when did counter-point, or modern har-*"*mony begin?*" the Abbé's anſwer was quick, and firm. "O Sir, counter-point "was certainly invented in France."

" But, ſaid I, L. Guicciardini, and the " Abbé du Bos, give it to the Flamands." This made no kind of impreſſion on my valiant Abbé, who ſtill referred me to France for materials to aſcertain the fact. " But, Sir, ſaid I, What part of France " muſt I go to; I have already made all " poſſible enquiry in that kingdom, and " had the honour of being every day " permitted to ſearch in the *Bibliotheque* " *du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a " month together, in hopes of finding " ſomething to my purpoſe, but in vain; " and as you are in poſſeſſion of the " old manuſcript muſic belonging to your " church, I was inclined to believe it " poſſible, that you could have pointed " out to me ſome compoſition, which " if not the *firſt* that were made in " counter-point, would at leaſt, be more " ancient than thoſe which I had found " elſewhere." " *Mais, Monſ. ſoyez ſure que* " *tous cela étoit inventé en France,*" This was all the anſwer I could get; and upon

my preſſing him to tell me where I might be furniſhed with proofs of this aſſertion, *Ah, ma foi, je n'en ſais rien*, was his whole reply. I had been for ſome time preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by ſhuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as faſt as I could, firſt making my bow, and aſſuring him, ſincerely, that I was extremely ſorry to have given him ſo much trouble.

In the afternoon I attended veſpers at the church of our Lady; there were rather more inſtrumental performers than in the morning, but all of the ſame kind, as to excellence. The reſponſes in the cathedral here, and indeed in all the other churches of Flanders, where inſtruments are employed, are made in four vocal parts; but the inſtrumental performers flouriſh and ſcrape with as much violence as at our theatre, when Richard the Third enters, or the king of Denmark carouſes; which, in my opinion, betrays a barbarous taſte, and total want of decency. The

only entertainment I received from the whole muſic, was that which the long voluntary afforded me, which M. Vanden Boſch was ſo obliging as to play, at my requeſt, after church, in which he diſplayed great abilities.

After this I went to a very large building on a quay, at the ſide branch of the Scheld, which is called the *Ooſters Huys*, or Eaſterlings houſe; it was formerly uſed as a ware-houſe by the merchants trading to Lubec, Hamburg, and the Hanſeatic towns; it is a very handſome ſtructure, and has ſerved, in time of war as a barrack for two thouſand men. I ſhould not have mentioned my viſiting this building, if I had not found in it a large quantity of muſical inſtruments of a peculiar conſtruction. There are between thirty and forty of the common-flute kind, but different in ſome particulars; having, as they increaſe in length, keys and crooks, like hautbois and baſſoons; they were made at Hamburg,

and

all of one ſort of wood, and by one maker; CASPER RAVCHS SCRATENBACH, was engraved on a braſs ring, or plate, which encircled moſt of theſe inſtruments; the large ones have braſs plates pierced, and ſome with human figures well engraved on them; theſe laſt are longer than a baſſoon would be, if unfolded *; The inhabitants ſay, that it is more than a hundred years ſince theſe inſtruments were uſed, and that there is no muſician, at preſent, in the town who knows how to play on any one of them, as they are quite different from thoſe now in common uſe. In times when commerce flouriſhed in this city, theſe inſtruments uſed to be played on every day, by a band of muſicians who attended the merchants, trading to the Hans towns, in proceſſion to the exchange; they now hang on pegs in a cloſet, or rather preſs, with folding doors,

* The long trumpet, played lately in London, ſeems only to have been an ordinary trumpet ſtraitened.

made

made on purpoſe for their reception; though in the great hall there ſtill lies on the floor, by them, a large ſingle caſe, made of a heavy and ſolid dark kind of wood, ſo contrived, as to be capable of receiving them all; but which, when filled with theſe inſtruments, requires eight men to lift it from the ground; it was of ſo uncommon a ſhape, that I was unable to divine its uſe, till I was told it.

At ſix o'clock this evening a ſplendid proceſſion paſſed through the ſtreets, in honour of ſome legendary ſaint; conſiſting of a prodigious number of prieſts, who ſung pſalms in *Canto Fermo*, and ſometimes in counter-point, all the way to the church, with wax tapers in their hands accompanied by French horns, and *Serpents*; a large ſilver crucifix, and a *Madonna* and child, as big as the life, of the ſame metal, decorated this ſolemnity.

The Spaniards have left this good people a large portion of pride and ſuperſtition; the former is ſhewn by the dreſs and inactivity of the nobles, and the latter by the bigotry and lively faith of the reſt; there are more crucifixes and virgins, in and out of the churches here, than I ever met in any other Roman catholic town in Europe.

The proceſſion above mentioned ſeemed to have been as much the occaſion of riot and debauchery among the common people, as the *beer* and *liberty* with which an Engliſh mob is uſually intoxicated on a rejoicing night in London; there were bonfires all over the town, and the huzzas, rockets, ſquibs, and crackers, were ſo frequent, and ſo loud, all night, in the *Place de Mer*, where I lodged, that it was impoſſible to ſleep; and at two o'clock in the morning the mob was ſo vociferous and violent, that I thought all the inhabitants of the town had fallen together by the ears; and yet,

on

on other nights, no one of the citizens is allowed to walk in the ſtreets later than half an hour after ten, without a particular permiſſion from the governor.

This morning, at ſeven o'clock, I attended the ſinging maſter of St. Andrew's church, M. Blaviere, a Liegeois, in whoſe poſſeſſion I expected, in old manuſcript muſic, to meet with examples of the early progreſs made in counter-point by the Flamands. I found him to be very rational, intelligent, and well read in muſical authors, of which he ſhewed me ſeveral; but there was only one among them which I had not ſeen before, and that was a treatiſe in Italian, by Franceſco Penna, Bologneſe, printed at Antwerp, in 1688. He likewiſe ſhewed me ſeveral of his own compoſitions, for the church, which convinced me that he had ſtudied hard, and was an able contra-puntiſt.

I ſpent the reſt of the morning in the Jeſuit's library, with father Newton, and father Geſquiere, who were indefatigable in looking out books and manu-

ſcripts

ſcripts for my peruſal that were likely to furniſh any thing neceſſary to my work; the latter is one of ſeveral Jeſuits who have been long employed in writing the lives of the ſaints, as they are placed in the Romiſh calender of each month of the year; it is the intention of thoſe authors to purge the lives they are writing, of all the fables which have crept into the legendary accounts of ſaints: upwards of fifty volumes in folio are already printed, and more than twenty are ſtill behind. The work is written in Latin, and has for title, *Acta Sanctorum a Johanne Bollando, S. I. Collegi felicita cæpta a Godfredo Henſchenio, et Daniele Pabebrochio, aucta, digeſta, & illuſtrata.* Antwerpiæ, 1768. I conſulted ſeveral articles in the volumes already printed, for information concerning the firſt eſtabliſhment of chanting in the church, its reformation by pope Gregory the Great, with other particulars relative to the hiſtory of church muſic; in ſome of theſe I obtained more ſatisfaction than other books, which I had frequently

quently read on the ſubject, had afforded me.

The famous harpſichord-makers, of the name of Ruckers, whoſe inſtruments have been ſo much, and ſo long admired all over Europe, lived in this city: there were three, the firſt, and the father of the other two, was *John Ruckers*, who flouriſhed at the beginning of the laſt century. His inſtruments were the moſt eſteemed, and are remarkable for the ſweetneſs and fulneſs of their tone. On the left hand of the ſound-hole, in the bellies of theſe inſtruments, may be ſeen a large H, the initial of Hans, which, in the Flemiſh Language, means John. *André*, the eldeſt of John's ſons, diſtinguiſhed his work, by an A, in the ſound-hole. His large harpſichords are leſs eſteemed than thoſe made by any one of that name; but his ſmall inſtruments, ſuch as ſpinets, and virginals, are excellent. *Jean*, the youngeſt ſon's harpſichords, though not ſo good as thoſe of the father, are very much eſteemed

teemed for the delicacy of their tone; his inſtruments may be known by the letter I, in the ſound hole. The harpſichord-maker of the greateſt eminence, after them, was J. Dan. Dulcken; he was a Heſſian. At preſent there is a good workman at Antwerp, of the name of Bull, who was Dulcken's apprentice, and who ſells his double harpſichords for a hundred ducats each, with only plain painted caſes, and without ſwell or pedals; the work too of Vanden Elſche, a Flamand, has a conſiderable ſhare of merit; but, in general, the preſent harpſichords, made here after the Rucker model, are thin, feeble in tone, and much inferior to thoſe of our beſt makers in England.

I cannot quit this city, without mentioning a particular mark of attention, with which I was honoured by father Geſquiere, the night before my departure. In the morning he had communicated to me a very ancient Latin manuſcript upon muſic; but though the writing proved it

to be of great antiquity, we could not exactly fix the date of it ; there were likewiſe ſome letters of the alphabet, uſed as muſical characters in it, which were not eaſy to determine, as it was difficult to diſtinguiſh an A from an O, or a D, on account of the great reſemblance of theſe letters in the manuſcript ; but by a note written in elegant Latin, with which he favoured me at night, I found that theſe difficulties had occupied his mind the whole day ; indeed he ſeemed entirely to have ſpent it in trying to clear up the firſt, and offered his future ſervice in removing the laſt.

BRUSSELS.

At my return hither, from Antwerp, I employed myſelf in viſiting churches, as I had before only been at the theatre. On the day after my ſecond arrival, there was a maſs, in muſic, performed in the little, but neat and elegant, church of Mary Magdalen ; here are a few good

pictures, with ſome excellent ſculpture in wood; and the portraits of the Apoſtles are boldly repreſented in relief, or medallions, at the ſides of this church. The band of muſicians, on occaſion of the feſtival, to day, was but ſmall; however, the organ was played in a maſterly manner, by M. Straze, who is eſteemed the beſt performer upon keyed inſtruments in Bruſſels; and ſeveral ſymphonies were well executed by the whole band, during the courſe of the ſervice. Some pieces of Italian church muſic were ſung, not indeed ſo well as they would have been in their own country; but the voices here were far from contemptible. Two boys, in particular, ſung a duet very agreeably: but there is generally a want of ſteadineſs in ſuch young muſicians, which makes it to be wiſhed that females were permitted in the church, to take the *ſopra-no* part, which is generally the principal, as the voices of females are more permanent than thoſe of boys, who are almoſt

always

always deprived of theirs before they know well how to uſe them.

From this little church I went to the cathedral of St. Gudula, were high maſs was likewiſe performing, by a conſiderable band of voices and inſtruments. This is the largeſt church in Bruſſels, the pillars are too maſſive, but, upon the whole, it is a neat and noble building; all the beſt pictures, and ſome very fine tapeſtry, which, on common days, cannot be ſeen, were expoſed on occaſion of this feſtival. This ſtructure is, indeed, rather loaded with tawdry ornaments, and too much begilded, as is the caſe of moſt of the Brabant churches, which the inhabitants think they can can never make fine enough.

There is ſome admirable old painting upon glaſs, in this church, with figures, as large as the life, well preſerved; theſe paintings were by Rogiers, cotemporary with Holbens; they were preſents from ſeveral princes of thoſe times, particularly John, king of Portugal, Mary, queen

of Hungary, Francis the firſt, of France, Ferdinand, brother to the emperor Charles the fifth, and by Charles the fifth himſelf.

The *maeſtro di capella*, who directed the band here, was M. Van Helmont. The muſic had no great effect, as the inſtruments were too few for ſo large a building; but there was a performer with a tenor voice, who ſung ſeveral Latin *motets*, compoſed by Italian maſters, reaſonably well; his voice was good, and he ſung in tune. The ſinging in the churches here is leſs French than at the theatre, as the words are always Latin, and leſs likely to corrupt the voice, and the taſte of the performer, than French words and French muſic.

In the evening I heard two muſical pieces, at the theatre, in the Flemiſh language; both were tranſlated from the French; the one was *le Tonnelier*, originally ſet to muſic by M. Duni, and the other, *Toinon et Toinette*, ſet by M. Goſſec;

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the natives ſeemed highly diverted by theſe performances, which, as dramas, have great merit, in the original. The muſic of meſſrs. Duni and Goſſec, was preſerved entire, except in a very few places, which had been altered for the accommodation of the Flemiſh poetry, by M. Fitzthumb.

In hearing this performance, I could not help reflecting how eaſy it was to adapt Italian muſic to any language, however rough and barbarous: that of the pieces in queſtion, is, for the moſt part, certainly compoſed of paſſages taken from Italian ſongs and ſymphonies, though grafted on French words; all the preſent compoſers of French comic operas imitate the Italian ſtyle, and many of them pillage the *buffe* operas of Italy without the leaſt ſcruple of conſcience, though they afterwards ſet their names to the plunder, and paſs it on the world as their own property. I wiſh this may not, ſometimes, happen in England; but, however that may be, it is certainly an

irrefragable proof of the ſuperiority of that melody which is become the common muſical language of all Europe: not like the French tongue, by conqueſt, or policy, but received every where, by the common conſent of all who have ears ſuſceptible of pleaſure from ſound, and who give way to their own feelings.

Indeed, the French ſeem now the only people in Europe, except the Italians, who, in their dramas, have a muſic of their own. The ſerious opera of Paris is ſtill in the trammels of Lulli and Rameau, through every one who goes thither, either yawns or laughs, except when rouſed, or amuſed, by the dances and decorations. As a *Spectacle*, this opera is often ſuperior to any other in Europe; but, as *Muſic*, it is below our country pſalmody, being without time, tune, or expreſſion, that any but French ears can bear: indeed the point is ſo much given up, by the French themſelves, that nothing but a kind of national pride, in a few individuals, keeps the diſpute alive;

the reſt frankly confeſs themſelves aſhamed of their own muſic; and thoſe who defend it, muſt ſoon give way to the ſtream of faſhion, which runs with too much rapidity and violence to be long ſtemmed.

July 23d. Prince Charles, and the principal perſonages of his court, were at the play to night. The *Gageur*, a French comedy, written by Sedaine, was admirably played, in which Mad. Verteil, an excellent actreſs, did the principal part; after which, I heard, for the firſt time, *Les deux Miliciens*, a comic opera, ſet by Gretry; the muſic was worthy of that fertile and ingenious compoſer*. The inſtrumental parts were extremely well

* This author, in his ſcores, is however ſometimes negligent of the moſt common rules of counter-point, which may proceed from writing with too much rapidity; as it is hardly to be conceived that a man of ſuch acknowledged genius ſhould have ſtudied ſeven or eight years, in a Conſervatorio at Naples, without acquiring a competent knowledge of muſical grammar, and the mechaniſm of his art.

executed; great effects were produced in the ritornels, and the poetry was much heightened by the rich and varied colouring of the orchestra. In a musical drama, it frequently happens that a numerous and well disciplined band, has the power of imagery, of awakening ideas, and describing the passions, more than a single voice, or even a chorus of many voices can attempt, with propriety; indeed the little opera of to-night nearly approached perfection in all its parts, as it was well written, well set, well spoken, well acted; and, with respect to the instrumental parts, was well played: how sorry I am that truth will not allow me to add, that it was *well sung!*

During my residence at Brussels, I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with M. Girard, secretary to the literary society in this place. He is now employed in arranging and cataloguing the books and manuscripts of the Burgundy library, which have been more than two centu-

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ties in this city; but they have ſo long remained in obſcurity and diſorder, that it is not yet known, what they all contain. It was by the zeal and good offices of prince Starhemberg, that theſe books had a new room built for their reception, and that they will ſoon form a public library.

The manuſcripts are the beſt, and the moſt beautiful, in point of illuminations, which I ever ſaw: moſt of them were brought to Bruſſels from Burgundy, and are very ancient. It is even wonderful, to what a degree of perfection miniature painting has been carried in ſome of them, particularly in one tranſcribed and illuminated at Florence, in 1485: it was a preſent from Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, to the duke of Burgundy.

The arms of Burgundy are paſted in all theſe ancient manuſcripts, which are divided into three claſſes; theology, hiſtory and arts, poetry and romances. In the

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two firſt, I found ſeveral curious and intereſting particulars, relative to my work.

In 1745, at which time the French were in poſſeſſion of Bruſſels, the commiſſaries, and even ſome of the officers, took away books and manuſcripts from the Burgundy library, notwithſtanding the cartel; ſome of them were, indeed, returned, after the peace, upon being claimed, particularly, ſuch as had been carried to the king's library, at Paris; but many others, of great value, are now in the Sorbonne, and in private hands, from whence they cannot be recovered.

I was very politely treated by M. Girard, who attended me at the library at ſix o'clock every morning, and afforded me all poſſible aſſiſtance, even to the helping me to make extracts. He likewiſe favoured me with a viſit at my lodgings, and gave me a letter to the elector Palatine's librarian at Manheim, and all from a very ſlight acquaintance, brought about by means of a note, writ-

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ten by M. Needham, celebrated for his microſcopic diſcoveries, and his difference with M. de Voltaire.

At Bruſſels I heard ſome pretty pieces, compoſed by Godecharle, a German, performed extremely well on the harp, with pedals, by a young lady, his ſcholar. She was accompanied by the compoſer of theſe pieces with the violin, which inſtrument he plays very well.

The harp is very much practiſed by the ladies here, as well as at Paris: it is a ſweet and becoming inſtrument, and, by means of the pedals for the half notes, is leſs cumbrous and unwieldly than our double Welſh harp. The compaſs is from double Bb to f in *altiſſimo*; it is capable of great expreſſion, and of executing whatever can be played on the harpſichord; there are but thirty-three ſtrings upon it, which, except the laſt, are the mere natural notes of the diatonic ſcale; the reſt are made by the feet *.

* This method of producing the half-tones on the harp, by pedals, was invented at Bruſſels, about

In attending high mafs at the collegiate church of St. Gudula, on Sunday 26, I again heard the performance of a conſiderable band of voices and inſtruments; and I was glad to find among the former two or three women, who, though they did not ſing well, yet their being employed, proved that female voices might have admiſſion in the church, without giving offence or ſcandal to piety, or even bigotry. If the practice were to become general, of admitting women to ſing the *ſoprano* part in the cathedrals, it would, in Italy, be a ſervice to mankind, and in the reſt of Europe render church-muſic infinitely more pleaſing and perfect; in general, the want of treble voices, at leaſt of ſuch as have had ſufficient time to be poliſhed,

about fifteen years ago, by M. Simon, who ſtill reſides in that city. It is an ingenious and uſeful contrivance, in more reſpects than one: for, by reducing the number of ſtrings, the tone of thoſe that remain, is improved; as it is well known, that the leſs an inſtrument is loaded, the more freely it vibrates.

and rendered ſteady, deſtroys the effects of the beſt compoſitions, in which, if the principal melody be feeble, nothing but the ſubordinate parts, meant only as attendants, and to enrich the harmony of the *whole*, can be heard.

LOVAIN.

This is the laſt conſiderable city of the Netherlands, in the empreſs queen's dominions, eaſt of Bruſſels; it has a univerſity, in which the youth of the ten catholic provinces are educated, as Leyden has for the other ſeven. It was founded by John the Fourth, duke of Brabant, in 1425; at preſent the number of ſtudents is ſaid to amount to upwards of two thouſand. I remained but a ſhort time in this place, as I was informed, that the library, which is ſaid to be very rich in manuſcripts, was in ſuch great diſorder, that it would be difficult to find any one to my purpoſe, without a longer reſidence than the work which I had allotted myſelf in Germany would allow.

allow. I therefore contented myſelf, with gaining what information I could, relative to the ſtate of modern muſic in that city; and I found, that M. Kennis is the moſt remarkable performer on the violin in point of execution, not only of Lovain, but of all this part of the world. The ſolos he writes for his own inſtrument and hand, are ſo difficult, that no one hereabouts attempts them but himſelf, except M. Scheppen, the *Carilloneur*, who lately, piqued by the high reputation of M. Kennis, laid a wager, that he would execute upon the bells one of his moſt difficult ſolos, to the ſatisfaction of judges, appointed to determine the matter in diſpute; and he gained not only his wager, but great honour by his ſucceſs, in ſo difficult an enterprize. This circumſtance is mentioned in order to convey ſome idea to my Engliſh readers, of the high cultivation of this ſpecies of muſic in the Netherlands. For there, the inhabitants of every city think it an indiſpenſible point of honour, to tell

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every ſtranger, that their *carillons* are better than all others. At Lovain, M. Vandengheim, the organiſt, has the care of the chimes, and M. Scheppen plays them by his appointment.

L I E G E.

Though this City has lately produced ſeveral good muſicians, whom I had met with in the Low Countries; yet, I found in it but little worthy of remark, relative to my ſubject. The organ in the cathedral is ſmall, and divided into two parts, placed on each ſide the choir. There is a theatre here for Flemiſh plays, and ſometimes for comic operas; but it was not open while I continued at Liege. The organiſt of the cathedral is likewiſe *Carilloneur*, as is often the caſe in the Netherlands; but here the paſſion for chimes begins to diminiſh.

M A E S T R I C K.

Here I viſited the collegiate church, belonging to the catholics, and found in

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it a very large organ, but it was out of tune; and the organiſt, M. Houghbrach, who is likewiſe *Carilloneur*, is no conjurer. There was a Heſſian regiment, in the Dutch ſervice, quartered in this city, which had an excellent band of muſic, conſiſting of hautbois, clarinets, *cymbala*, or *baſſins*, great drum, ſide drums, and triangles; and at the time of beating *la retraite*, I heard them play a conſiderable time on the *Place d'Armes*; at the inn too, where I lodged, I was entertained on the *dulcimer*, by a ſtrolling boy, who ſeemed to have a muſical genius, far ſuperiour to his inſtrument and ſituation.

AIX LA CHAPELLE.

It was here that I firſt remarked the High Dutch, or German language, to be ſpoken by the common people, and Gothic letters to be uſed by printers.

Where the Engliſh acquired their pronunciation of *th*, is not certain: it was natural to ſuppoſe that they had it from

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their Saxon anceſtors, and to expect to find it in Germany; but it is as much a *Shibboleth* to the inhabitants of that country, as to thoſe of all the reſt of Europe. For in German words where this combination of letters is uſed in orthography, it has no other effect in pronunciation, than if the words were written without the *h*. Werth, which ſignifies *worth*, in Engliſh, is pronounced *wert*; Thron, a *throne*, *trone*; and Theologus, a *theologiſt*, *teologus*.

It ſeems, therefore, as if the pronunciation of *th* was of much higher antiquity in the iſland of Great Britain than the invaſion of the Saxons; ſince the Welſh, in their own language, not only pronounce *th*, but *dd* as the Engliſh do *th* in *this*, *that*, and *then*. However, though theſe letters have no ſuch power among the modern Saxons, yet the Anglo-Saxons had two characters that were equivalent to *th*: as ð, þ, both different from the hard *t*; and Ben Johnſon obſerves, in his Engliſh Grammar, "that the great-

"eſt difficulty of the Engliſh alphabet
"and pronunciation conſiſts in the double
"and doubtful ſound of the letter *th*,
"ſince the Saxon characters ȝ and þ are
"loſt, that diſtinguiſhed *thee*, *thou*, *thine*,
"from *thick*, *thin*, and *thrive*; the firſt
"three of theſe words were written ȝee,
"ȝou, ȝine, the laſt þhick, þin, þhive."

At preſent, the Engliſh ſeem to be the only people in Europe who do not confound the Greek *theta* with the *tau*. They give likewiſe a ſound to the vowel *i*, in ſome words, as *time*, *prime*, *climb*, which is wholly peculiar to themſelves; but they have relinquiſhed the guttural pronunciation of *ch*, and *g*, which is ſo difficult to deſcribe, and to learn, and which the Germans ſtill retain, throughout the empire, regarding it as an indubitable proof of the high antiquity of the Teutonic dialect. The modern Tuſcans, in like manner, imagine the guttural roughneſs they give to *c* and *ch*, in ſuch words as *cavallo* and *chieſa* is the

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ſame as that which the ancient Etruſcans gave to thoſe letters before the Romans ſubdued their country.

As to muſic, in Aix la Chapelle, my expectations were by no means fulfilled; for I could find neither books nor muſicians worthy of much attention. M. Kuckelkorn, organiſt of the famous cathedral where Charlemagne, and ſeveral ſucceeding emperors, were crowned, accompanies the church ſervice very judiciouſly, but has no hand for extemporary playing. M. Wenzlaer has, however, a great hand on the violin; but he is a wild, half mad character, and not a deep theoriſt.

The paſſion for *carillons*, and chimes, ſeems here at an end; however, in the ſtreets, through which a proceſſion had lately paſſed, there were hung, to feſtoons and garlands, a great number of oblong pieces of glaſs, cut and tuned in ſuch a manner, as to form little peals of four and five bells, all in the ſame key, which

were played on by the wind. In walking under them, I was ſome time unable to diſcover from whence the ſounds I heard proceeded; they were hung ſo near each other, as to be put in contact by the moſt gentle breeze, which might truly be called the *Carilloneur*.

J U L I E R S.

In my way through this town, to Cologn, I was entertained at the poſt-houſe while I changed horſes, by two vagabonds, who, in oppoſite corners of the room, imitated, in dialogue, all kinds of wind inſtruments, with a card and the corner of their hats, ſo exactly, that if I had been out of their ſight, I ſhould not have been able to diſtinguiſh the copy from the original; particularly in the clarinet, French horn, and baſſoon, which were excellent. After this they *took off* the bellowing noiſe of the Romiſh prieſts, in chanting, ſo well, that I was quite frightened; for, being in a ca-

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tholic town, where the inhabitants are very zealous for the honour of their religion, I thought it might be imagined that this *ludere ſacris*, was at the inſtigation of the Engliſh heretic.

C O L O G N.

I have but little to ſay concerning the muſic of this place. There was no public exhibition during the time I remained in it; however I viſited the great church, or cathedral, which is built upon the model of the *Duomo* at Milan, but of common ſtone; whereas, that at Milan is of white marble. There is a ſimilarity likewiſe in the fate of theſe two famous churches, as both have remained many ages unfiniſhed. The plan of that at Cologn is not above half completed; perhaps it is owing to this, that the choir appears much more lofty than that at Milan. What was intended as the approach to the choir is very low, and arched over with bricks.

In a very ſmall chapel, behind the altar, I was ſhewn the famous ſhrine, in which, it is affirmed, are the entire ſkulls of the three kings, who came with offerings to our Saviour, immediately after his birth; it has been ſaid that every great town has a *lion* to ſhew to ſtrangers, and this *ſhrine* is the *lion* of Cologn: it is immenſely rich in gold, ſculpture, jewels, antique gems, intaglios, and cameos.

The organ in this cathedral is of the moſt noble and beautiful form I ever ſaw; its front is flat, and ſpreads from pillar to pillar, over the nave of the church; it has three columns, or rather compartments, of great pipes on each ſide; in the middle are three ranks of ſmall pipes over each other, which form three complete and elegant buffets, and which, ſeparately, would be regarded as complete fronts to ſmall organs; the choir organ is placed below all theſe, at the back of the player.

Mr. Weſtmann is at preſent the organiſt. I only heard him accompany the choir

in the firſt ſervice, which was begun when I entered the church; the ſecond was chanted in *canto fermo*, without inſtruments. It is very difficult in Roman catholic countries, to hit upon a proper time for tyring an organ, or hearing an organiſt, as the ſeveral ſervices continue from five o'clock in the morning, till twelve at noon; and, afterwards, from two, till near night; and even during the ſmall receſs from duty, the ſervants of the church are either at dinner, or from home upon their own concerns; ſo that, except during the time of divine ſervice, I could hardly ever get an opportunity of hearing an organiſt or an organ.

In the church of St. Cecilia, I heard a nun play the organ, to the coarſe finging of her ſiſters; her interludes would have been thought too light for the church in England: I ſoon diſcovered that they were not extemporary; however, they were pleaſing, and well executed.

B O N N.

The elector of Cologn was not here, ſo that I heard no muſic in this city; however, during winter, his highneſs has a comic opera, at his own expence, performed in his palace. Moſt of his muſicians were now at Spa, they are all Italians, and the *maeſtro di capella* is Signor Luccheſe, who is a very pleaſing compoſer; when I was in Italy, I heard Manſoli ſing a *Motet* of his compoſition, in a church near Florence, which was admirable.

I had the honour of being very well received by Mr. Creſſener, his majeſty's miniſter plenipotentiary at this court, who, not only countenanced me during my ſhort ſtay at Bonn, but kindly furniſhed me with recommendatory letters to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction in my route.

C O B-

COBLENTZ.

Italian operas are frequently performed at this court. The elector has a good band, in which M. Ponta, the celebrated French horn from Bohemia, whose taſte and aſtoniſhing execution were lately ſo much applauded in London, is a performer.

The princeſs Cunegonde, ſiſter to the elector of Treves, and youngeſt daughter of Auguſtus, king of Poland, is a very great harpſichord player. There is likewiſe a moſt extraordinary performer on the double baſe at this court, who plays ſolos on it, even worth hearing. The *maeſtro di capella* of this court is Signor Sales, of Breſcia.

FRANKFORT upon the Main.

In travelling on the banks of the Rhine, from Cologn to Coblentz, I muſt own, that I was aſtoniſhed and diſappointed, at finding no proofs of that

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paſſion for muſic, which the Germans are ſaid to poſſeſs, particularly along the Rhine; but even at Coblentz, though it was Sunday when I arrived there, and the ſtreets and neighbourhood were crowded with people walking about for their recreation, I heard not a ſingle voice or inſtrument, as is uſual in moſt other Roman catholic countries; I had therefore a mind to try another part of Germany, and croſſing the Rhine, and the terrrible mountains of Wetteravia arrived at Frankfort on the Main, much more fatigued than I was formerly after paſſing mount Cenis. Here, indeed, I found a little of that diſpoſition for muſic, which I expected; and though I met no great performer vocal or inſtrumental, muſic, ſuch as it was, might be heard in all parts of the town.

The great church of St. Bartholomew, famous for being the place where the emperors are crowned, was not furniſhed with ſingers of great talents, but yet there

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were a number of girls, who, though the ſervice was that of the Roman catholics, were many of them Lutherans or Calviniſts, that chanted with the prieſts and canons, without the organ *.

In the ſtreets, at noon, there was likewiſe a number of young ſtudents ſinging Hymns in three or four parts, attended by a chaplain; theſe are poor ſcholars deſigned for the church, who in this manner excite the benevolence of paſſengers, to contribute towards their cloathing.

Though the German inns, between town and town, are in general, few and miſerable, yet, now and then, an uncommonly good and magnificent one is to be found in the principal cities; and

* Though the catholics have the great church here, yet the Lutherans are in poſſeſſion of the ſteeple, upon which they conſtantly keep a guard. A precaution, which, in peaceable times, *is ſaid* to be uſed in order to give the alarm, in caſe of fire; but, in war, they make no ſcruple to confeſs, that it is to watch the motions of the catholics, by whom they are in fear of being maſſacred.

indeed at Frankfort there are ſeveral ſuch, particularly thoſe called the *Roman Emperor*, and the *King of England*, which are more like royal palaces, than houſes of entertainment for travellers.

At the Roman Emperor, where I lodged, after dinner there was a band of ſtreet muſicians, who played ſeveral ſymphonies reaſonably well, in four parts. All this happened on a day which was not a feſtival, and therefore it is natural to believe, that the practice is common.

The organiſt of the cathedral is one of the vicars, and much in years; the inſtrument is no till-toned, but, like moſt of the others which I had heard in my route, miſerably out of tune, and the touch ſo heavy, that the keys, like thoſe of a *carillon*, ſeverally required the weight of the whole hand, to put them down.

The labels of ſome ſtops in this inſtrument excited my curioſity; ſuch as the *Poſaun*, *Solicional*, *Cymbel*, *Suavial*, *Violon*, &c. in the great organ; and in

the choir organ, the *Groſsgeduct*, *Kleingedukt*, *Violdgamba*, &c. but, from being out of order, they were totally unfit to be played, as ſolo ſtops. I could juſt diſcover that the *ſuavial* was meant for that ſweet ſtop in Mr. Snetzler's organs, which he calls the *Dulcian*; and the *Violon*, for the *Violone*, or double baſe; it is a half ſtop, which goes no higher than the middle C.

There *has* been a contrivance in this organ for tranſpoſing half a note, a whole note, or a flat third, higher; but it is now uſeleſs: the inſtrument was built many years ago by Meyer, and repaired, with an addition of new ſtops, ſix or ſeven years ago, by Groſſwald, of Hanau. But an organ whoſe foundation is not good, is generally rendered worſe by attempts at mending it; and I remember M. Snetzler upon being aſked, by ſome church-wardens, what he thought an old organ, which they wanted to have repaired, was worth, and what would be the expence of mending it; honeſtly

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telling them, after he had appraiſed the inſtrument at one hundred pounds, that, if they would lay out another hundred upon it, perhaps it would then be worth fifty.

The firſt inſtrument I heard during my ſtay at Frankfort, was the organ, at the Dominicans church; it was better toned, and more in tune than the reſt, but it was not ſo good as many I have heard in England, not was the *Vox humana* remarkably ſweet, or like the human voice, though it is much admired here.

This organ has an arch cut through it, to let the light into the church from the weſt window; it is in a handſome caſe the ornaments over the arch are in a good taſte, and the ſide columns are well diſpoſed. The keys are on the right hand *ſide* of the inſtrument, over which there is a ſmall front; the compaſs is from C to C, the pedals have an Octave below double C.

The

The principal muſicians in this city are, at preſent, M. Sarrazin on the violin, M. Pfeil, a gentleman performer on the harpſichord, and M. Haueiſen, organiſt to the Calviniſts of Frankfort, at their church at Berkenheim, a little diſtance from the city, in which they are not allowed a place of public worſhip.

DARMSTADT.

In paſſing through this place to Manheim, I was ſo fortunate, as to alight from my chaiſe juſt as the landgrave's guards were coming on the parade. I never heard military muſic that pleaſed me more; the inſtruments were, four hautboys, four clarinets, ſix trumpets, three on each ſide the hautboys and clarinets, and theſe were flanked by two baſſoons on each ſide; ſo that the line conſiſted of eighteen muſicians; in the rear of theſe were cornets and clarions. The whole had an admirable effect, it was extremely animating, and though

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trumpets and clarions are uſally too ſhrill and piercing, when heard in a ſmall place, yet here, the parade or ſquare where they mounted guard is ſo ſpacious that the ſound has room to expand in all directions, which prevents the ear from being hurt by too violent a ſhock.

Before I proceed further in my muſical narrative, I muſt make two or three memorandums concerning the villainous and raſcally behaviour of poſtmaſters and poſtilions, in this part of the world; the effects of which it impoſſible to eſcape. In going over the mountains of Wetteravia, under the pretence of bad roads, *three* horſes were tied to the hurdle, called a poſt-chaiſe; and after I had once ſubmitted to this impoſition, I never was allowed to ſtir with leſs. At Frankfort I tried hard, but in vain, though the inn-keeper and his gueſts, who were natives, all aſſured me, that they were never obliged to have more than two horſes to a chaiſe when they travelled *extra poſt*; yet here, though no moun-

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tains were to be croſſed, the ſands were made a plea, notwithſtanding the roads from Frankfort to Manheim are, in every particular, the leaſt bad of any that I had yet travelled in Germany.

The women, among the common people in the country, are miſerably ugly, not, perhaps, ſo much in feature, as from dreſs, and a total neglect of complexion. They entirely hide their hair, by a kind of ſkull-cap, uſually made of tawdry linen or cotton; and they are hardly ever ſeen with ſhoes and ſtockings, though the men are furniſhed with both, ſuch as they are.

I could wiſh to ſpeak of theſe people with candour and temper, in deſpight of the bile which every ſtranger, travelling among them, muſt feel at work within him; but, as I neither mean to abuſe nor flatter them, I muſt ſay, that the numberleſs beggars, clamorouſly importunate, though often young, fat, robuſt, and fit for any labour; the embar-

raſſments of perpetual change and loſs of money; the extortion, ſullenneſs, and inſolence of poſtmaſters and poſtilions, are intolerably vexatious.

MANHEIM.

The firſt muſic I heard here was military. I lodged on the *Place d'Armes*, or parade; the *retraite* had only drums and fifes; and in the morning there was nothing worth liſtening to. If I had had an inclination to deſcribe, in a pompous manner merely the effects of wind inſtruments in martial muſic, there had been no occaſion to quit London; for at St. James's, and in the Park, every morning, we have now an excellent band; and hitherto, as I had not ſeen more ſoldier-like men in any ſervice than our own, ſo the muſic and muſicians, of other places, exceeded ours in nothing but the number and variety of the inſtruments; our military muſic, at preſent, muſt ſeem to have made great and haſty ſtrides towards perfection,

fection, to all ſuch as, like myſelf, remember, for upwards of twenty years, no other compoſition made uſe of in our foot-guards, than the march in Scipio, and in our marching regiments, nothing but ſide-drums.

The expence and magnificence of the court of this little city are prodigious; the palace and offices extend over almoſt half the town; and one half of the inhabitants, who are in office, prey on the other, who ſeem to be in the utmoſt indigence.

The Jeſuits houſe, built by the preſent Elector, cloſe to the palace, has thirty windows in front, apart from the church, which is the moſt ſuperb in the city; the front of the theatre, which is only a ſmall wing of the palace, has likewiſe thirty windows.

The town itſelf is more neat, beautiful, and regular, than any which I had yet ſeen; its form is oval; the ſtreets, like thoſe of Liſle, are *tirées au cordeau*, running in ſtrait lines from one

end to the other. It has a great number of ſquares; contains about 1548 houſes; and, in the year 1766, its inhabitants amounted to 24190.

Thurſday, Auguſt 6th. In the evening I went to the public theatre in this town, where Zemire and Azor, tranſlated into German, and accommodated to the pretty muſic of M. Gretry, was performed; it was the firſt dramatic exhibition at which I was preſent in Germany.

In ſummer the Elector Palatine reſides at Schwetzingen, three leagues from Manheim; and during that time a ſtrolling company is allowed to entertain the citizens. The performance was in a temporary booth, erected in the ſquare of the great market-place. Yet, though nothing better than deal boards appear without, the ſtage was well decorated, and the ſcenes and dreſſes were not without taſte or elegance.

I was curious to hear a German play, but ſtill more curious to hear German ſinging:

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and I muſt own, that I was aſtoniſhed to find, that the German language, in ſpite of all its claſhing conſonants, and gutturals, is better calculated for muſic than the French. I am ſorry to return again to the charge; but I muſt ſay, that the great number of naſal ſounds and mute ſyllables in the French language, ſeem to corrupt and vitiate the voice, in its paſſage, more than the defects of any other language, of which I have the leaſt knowledge.

The girl who played the part of Zemire had not a great voice, but her manner of ſinging was natural and pleaſing. She had a good ſhake, and never forced her voice, or ſung out of tune; there were two of the men who had reaſonable good voices, and whoſe *portamento* and expreſſion would not have offended ſuch as had been long converſant with the beſt ſinging of Italy.

Upon the whole, I was more pleaſed with this ſinging, than with any which I

had heard ſince my arrival on the continent: indeed the Germans are now ſo forward in muſic, and have ſo many excellent compoſers of their own country, that it is matter of aſtoniſhment to me, that they do not get original dramas for muſic written in their own language, and ſet by the natives: or, if they muſt have tranſlations, why they do not get thoſe tranſlations new ſet *.

The orcheſtra here was far inferior to that at Bruſſels, in number and diſcipline; for all the great performers of this place were now with the elector at Schwetzingen, ſo that the ſingers had no ſupport but their own merit.

Auguſt 7. I ſpent in the public library, which is a very fine room, with

* When I advanced farther into Germany, I found that M. Hiller, of Leipſick, had furniſhed his countrymen with a great number of comic operas, in which the muſic was ſo natural and pleaſing, that the favourite airs, like thoſe of Dr. Arne in England, were ſung by all degrees of people; and the more eaſy ones had the honour of being ſung in the ſtreets.

fine

fine books, but none very ancient, and few manuſcripts, theſe being all taken away by the Bavarians in the war of 1622, and given to the Pope: they are well known in the Vatican library, by the name of the Heidelberg or Palatine Collection. The preſent library is ſaid to conſiſt of forty thouſand volumes; but though the pompous account in the *Etrennes Palatines*, ſpeaks of manuſcripts, and ſays, that they are kept in a chamber apart, M. Lamey, the librarian, to whom I was favoured with a letter by M. Girard, of Bruſſels, confeſſed to me, that the collection had been too ſhort a time in forming to be yet very rich in manuſcripts, and that it contained but few of any conſequence.

SCHWETZINGEN.

A liſt only of the performers in the ſervice of his electoral highneſs, would convey a very favourable idea of the excellence of his band; it conſiſts of near

a hundred hands and voices. I ſhall only mention here, however, ſome of the principal muſicians employed in this orcheſtra, whoſe names are already known in England. M. Holtzbauer, is one of the chapel maſters. M. Chriſtian Canabich, and Charles Toeſchi, are the principal violins; the former leads in the Italian operas, and the latter in the French and German. Theſe three maſters are authors of ſeveral excellent *ſymphonies*, ſome of which have been printed in England. M. J. Baptiſt Wendling, is the principal flute here, and among the violins are John Toeſchi, Frenzel, Fr. and Charles Wendling, and Cramer. This laſt is reckoned one of the beſt ſolo players in Europe; however, I ſhall ſay but little about him here, as he is now in England, and my countrymen have an opportunity of judging of his talents for themſelves. There are twenty-three vocal performers in this band, ſeveral of whom deſerve to be diſtinguiſhed, particularly

cularly Mademoiſelle Wendling, Mademoiſelle Danzy, and Madame Cramer. Signori Roncaglio, Peſarini, and Saporoſi.

Many of the performers on the court liſt, are either ſuperannuated or ſupernumeraries; but the former, after having ſerved the elector for a number of years, if by ſickneſs or accident they happen to loſe their voice or talents, they have a handſome penſion, which they enjoy as long as they live at Manheim; and even if they chuſe to retire into their own country, or elſewhere, they are ſtill allowed half their penſion.

I wanted very much to come to my principal point of hearing the beſt of theſe performers; but nothing can be done precipitately in this part of Germany. *Feſtina lente* ſeems here a favourite motto. It was neceſſary to viſit, the firſt day, and to be viſited the ſecond; and, on the third, there was ſome chance, but no certainty, of obtaining the favour I required.

It has frequently been ſaid, that bluntneſs, and a thorough contempt of every perſon and thing, which is not entirely Engliſh, mark my honeſt countryman, *John Bull*, in every part of the world. I am unwilling to indulge national reflections; however, now and then a *ſingle* character certainly appears, which calls to mind, all that has been ſaid of a *whole* people. The French Abbé I met with at Antwerp was what many would have called a *true Frenchman*; and I met with ſeveral afterwards, who would be called *true Germans*, for ſlow apprehenſion, and inactivity. If, in the morning, I had explained as clearly as I could, the object of my journey, and ſhewn the general plan of my future work, to a man of letters, a librarian, or a muſician, it was common for that individual, in the evening, to ſay "the Hiſtory of Muſic, I think "you are going to write—hum—ay, "the Hiſtory of Muſic—hum—well, "and what do you wiſh I ſhould do for you?"

" you?" Here I was forced, in a painful *Da Capo*, to tell my ſtory over again, and to beg his aſſiſtance.

Travelling is not very common in this country; and people here, like the Engliſh, are ſhy of ſtrangers, and wiſhing to ſhake them off. In France, and Italy, the inhabitants are accuſtomed to do the honours, and do them well. As to my particular enquiries here, which, in fact, concerned their own fame more than mine, I gained but little aſſiſtance; it was difficult to diſcover who *could* afford me any, and much more to find thoſe that *would*. I ſometimes wiſhed to employ the town cryer, at my firſt entrance into a German city, to tell the muſical inhabitants who I was, and what I wanted; for it frequently happened, where his majeſty had no miniſter, that I was on the point of quitting a place before my buſineſs was known.

Sunday, 9th Auguſt. This evening I was at the repreſentation of *La Contadi-*

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na in Corte, a comic opera, at the Elector's theatre, adjoining to his palace. The muſic was compoſed by Signor Sacchini, and was full of that clearneſs, grace, and elegant ſimplicity, which characteriſe the productions of that author. The vocal parts were performed by Signor Giorgietto, an Italian *ſoprano*, whoſe voice was but feeble, nor were his abilities very conſiderable in other particulars; Signora Franceſca Danzi, a German girl, whoſe voice and execution are brilliant: ſhe has likewiſe a pretty figure, a good ſhake, and an expreſſion as truly Italian as if ſhe had lived her whole life in Italy; in ſhort, ſhe is now a very engaging and agreeable performer, and promiſes ſtill greater things in future, being young, and having never appeared on any ſtage till this ſummer. Signor Zonca, an Italian tenor, who was in England ſome years ago; his higheſt praiſe is, that he does not offend; and Signora Allegrante a young Italian, under the care of M.

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Holtzbaur, ſings in a pretty unaffected manner; and though her voice will not allow her to aſpire at the firſt part in an opera, ſhe ſeems likely to fill the ſecond in a very engaging manner. There were two dances between the acts, the laſt of which, repreſenting a German fair, was the moſt entertaining I ever ſaw. One of the principal dancers here is the daughter of the late celebrated Stamitz, from whoſe fire and genius the preſent ſtyle of *Sinfonies*, ſo full of great effects, of light and ſhade, was in a conſiderable degree derived.

The Elector, Electreſs, and Princeſs Royal of Saxony, were preſent at this performance. The theatre, though ſmall, is convenient; the decorations and dreſſes were ingenious and elegant, and there was a greater number of attendants and figurers than ever I ſaw in the great opera, either of Paris or London: in the dance, repreſenting a German fair, there were upwards of a hundred perſons on the ſtage

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at one time; but this opera is very inconſiderable, compared with that at Manheim, in the winter, which is performed in one of the largeſt and moſt ſplendid theatres of Europe, capable of containing five thouſand perſons; this opera begins the fourth of November, and continues generally, twice a week, till Shrove-Tueſday.

I was informed that the mere illuminations of the Manheim theatre, with wax lights, coſt the elector upwards of forty pounds, at each repreſentation; and that the whole expence of bringing a new opera on this ſtage, amounts to near four thouſand. The great theatre, the enſuing winter, was to be opened with an opera compoſed by Mr. J. Bach, who was daily expected here from London, when I was at Manheim.

I cannot quit this article, without doing juſtice to the orcheſtra of his electoral highneſs, ſo deſervedly celebrated throughout Europe. I found it to be

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indeed all that its fame had made me expect: power will naturally arise from a great number of hands; but the judicious use of this power, on all occasions, must be the consequence of good discipline; indeed there are more solo players, and good composers in this, than perhaps in any other orchestra in Europe; it is an army of generals, equally fit to plan a battle, as to fight it.

But it has not been merely at the Elector's great opera that instrumental music has been so much cultivated and refined, but at his *concerts*, where this extraordinary band has "ample room and verge enough," to display all its powers, and to produce great effects without the impropriety of destroying the greater and more delicate beauties, peculiar to vocal music; it was here that Stamitz, stimulated by the productions of Jomelli, first surpassed the bounds of common opera overtures, which had hitherto only served in the theatre as a kind of court cryer, with an "O Yes!" in or-

der to awaken attention, and beſpeak ſilence, at the entrance of the ſingers. Since the diſcovery which the genius of Stamitz firſt made, every effect has been tried which ſuch an aggregate of ſound can produce; it was here that the *Creſcendo* and *Diminuendo* had birth; and the *Piano*, which was before chiefly uſed as an echo, with which it was generally ſynonimous, as well as the *Forte*, were found to be muſical *colours* which had their *ſhades*, as much as red or blue in painting.

I found, however, an imperfection in this band, common to all others, that I have ever yet heard, but which I was in hopes would be removed by men ſo attentive and ſo able; the defect, I mean, is the want of truth in the wind inſtruments. I know it is natural to thoſe inſtruments to be out of tune, but ſome of that art and diligence which theſe great performers have manifeſted in vanquiſhing difficulties of other kinds, would ſurely be well employed in correcting

this leaven, which ſo much ſours and corrupts all harmony. This was too plainly the caſe to-night, with the baſſoons and hautbois, which were rather too ſharp, at the beginning, and continued growing ſharper to the end of the opera.

My ears were unable to diſcover any other imperfection in the orcheſtra, throughout the whole performance; and this imperfection is ſo common to orcheſtras, in general, that the cenſure will not be very ſevere upon this, or afford much matter for triumph to the performers of any other orcheſtra in Europe.

The Elector, who is himſelf a very good performer on the German flute, and who can, occaſionally, play his part upon the violoncello, has a concert in his palace every evening, when there is no public exhibition at his theatre; but when that happens, not only his own ſubjects, but all foreigners have admiſſion gratis.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

The going out from the opera at Schwetzingen, during ſummer, into the electoral gardens, which, in the French ſtyle, are extremely beautiful, affords one of the gayeſt and moſt ſplendid ſights imaginable; the country here is flat, and naked, and therefore would be leſs favourable to the free and open manner of laying out grounds in Engliſh horticulture, than to that which has been adopted. The orangery is larger than that at Verſailles, and perhaps than any other in Europe.

His electoral highneſs's ſuite at Schwetzingen, during ſummer, amounts to fifteen hundred perſons, who were all lodged in this little village, at his expence.

To a ſtranger walking through the ſtreets of Schwetzingen, during ſummer, this place muſt ſeem to inhabited only by a colony of muſicians, who are conſtantly exerciſing their profeſſion: at one houſe a fine player on the violin is heard; at

at another, a German flute; here an excellent hautbois; there a baſſoon, a clarinet, a violoncello, or a concert of ſeveral inſtruments together. Muſic ſeems to be the chief and moſt conſtant of his electoral highneſs's amuſements; and the operas, and concerts, to which all his ſubjects have admiſſion, form the judgment, and eſtabliſh a taſte for muſic, throughout the electorate.

LUDWIGSBURG.

It is no uncommon thing, in Germany, for a ſovereign prince, upon a difference with his ſubjects, to abandon the ancient capital of his dominions, and to erect another at a ſmall diſtance from it, which, in proceſs of time, not only ruins the trade, but greatly diminiſhes the number of its inhabitants, by attracting them to his new reſidence: among the princes who come under this predicament, are the Elector of Cologn, removed to *Bonn*; the Elector Palatine,

removed from Heidelberg, to *Manheim*; and the duke of Würtemberg, from Stutgard to *Ludwigſburg*.

The ground upon which this town is built, is irregular and wild, yet it contains many fine ſtreets, walks, and houſes. The country about it is not pleaſant, but very fertile, eſpecially in vines, producing a great quantity of what is called Neckar wine.

Though Stutgard is nominally the capital of the dutchy of Würtemburg, it has not, for ten years paſt, been the reſidence of its ſovereign; and though the operas, and muſical eſtabliſhments of this prince, uſed, during the ſeven years direction of Jomelli, to be the beſt and moſt ſplendid in Germany, they are now but the ſhadow of what they were. The Duke of Würtemberg has been accuſed of indulging his paſſion for muſic to ſuch exceſs as to ruin both his country and people. And indeed, not long ſince, the expence of his operas ſo far exceeded the abi-

abilities of his ſubjects to ſupport, that they remonſtrated againſt his prodigality at the diet of the empire.

At preſent his highneſs ſeems œconomiſing, having reformed his operas and orcheſtra, and reduced a great number of old performers to *half* pay: but, as moſt muſicians have too great ſouls to live upon their *whole* pay, be it what it will, this reduction of their penſions is regarded, by the principal of thoſe in the ſervice of this court, as a diſmiſſion; ſo that thoſe who have vendible talents, demand permiſſion to retire, as faſt as opportunities offer, for engaging themſelves elſewhere.

The German courts are ſo much dazzled by their own ſplendor, as to be wholly blind to what is doing at the diſtance only of a day's journey among their neighbours; hence, I never found, in any of them, exactly what report had made me expect. Upon quitting Schwetzingen, I deviated ſomewhat from the direct

road to Vienna in order to visit Ludwigsburg, at which place I was told I should not only find the duke of Würtemburg, but likewise hear fine operas, concerts, and great performers; but, alas! after being roasted alive, and jumbled to death, in a *wagen*, which the Germans call a post-chaise, for fourteen or fifteen hours, while I travelled seventy-five miles; when I came to Ludwigsburg, I found the information which I had received so far from exact, that the duke of Würtemburg was at Gravenic, thirteen leagues off, and scarce a musician of eminence left in the town. However, I obtained an exact state of the present musical establishment of the Würtemburg court, stage, and church.

The first *maestro di capella*, is Signor Boroni. The *soprano* voices are, Signora Bonani, and Seeman, Signor Muzio, and Signor Guerrieri, *Castrati*; *Contralti*, Rubinelli, and Paganelli. Among the tenors, the duke had last winter a great loss by the death of the admirable Cav.

Ettori,

Ettori, who was reckoned, by the the Italians, the beſt ſinger of his kind on the ſerious opera ſtage: there are eighteen violins, with Signor Lolli at their head, among the reſt, are Curz, and Baglioni: this laſt is a very good player, and of the famous Bolognia family; there are ſix tenors, three violoncellos, and four double baſes; the principal organiſts are, Frederick Seeman, and Schubart; for hautbois, Alrich, Hitſch, Bleſner, and Commeret; flutes, Steinhardt, a very good one, and Auguſtinelli; three horns; two baſſoons, Schwartz, an admirable one, and Bart.

For the *Opera Buffa*, Signore Meſſieri, Seeman, Liberati, Frigeri: Signori Meſſieri, Roſſi, Coſimi, Liberati, and Righetti.

Dancers, male and female, thirty-two; principals, Balliby, Franchi, and Riva. Upwards of ninety perſons are on the penſion liſt for theſe operas; but many are kept in it long after they become unfit for ſervice; and it is likewiſe ſwelled

with the names of perſons of no great importance, ſuch as inſtrument-carriers, copyiſts, and bellows-blowers.

This prince had two new ſerious operas laſt winter, the one compoſed by Jomelli, and the other by Sacchini. The theatre is immenſe, and is open at the back of the ſtage, where there is an amphitheatre, in the open air, which is ſometimes filled with people, to produce effects in perſpective; it is built, as are all the theatres which I had yet ſeen in Germany, upon the Italian model.

The duke of Würtemburg, who is ſo expenſive in the muſic of his court and theatre, has no other inſtruments among his troops, that I heard, than trumpets, drums, and fifes. The moſt ſhining parts of a German court, are uſually its *military*, its *muſic*, and its *hunt*. In this laſt article the expence is generally enormous; immenſe foreſts and parks, ſet apart for a prince's amuſement, at the expence of agriculture, commerce, and,

indeed,

indeed, the neceſſaries of life, keep vaſt tracts of land uncultivated, and his ſubjects in beggary.

The ſoldiery of this prince's preſent capital are ſo numerous, conſiſting never of leſs than ſix thouſand in time of peace, that nothing like a gentleman can be ſeen in the ſtreets, except officers. The ſoldiers ſeem diſciplined into clock-work. I never ſaw ſuch mechanical exactneſs in animated beings. One would ſuppoſe that the author of "*Man a Machine*," had taken his idea from theſe men: their appearance, however, is very formidable; black whiſkers, white peruques, with curls at the ſides, ſix deep: blue coats, patched, and mended with great ingenuity and diligence. There are two ſpacious courts, one before, and one within the palace, full of military.

This prince, who is himſelf a good player on the harpſichord, had, at one time, in his ſervice, three of the greateſt performers on the violin in Europe, Ferari,

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habited by poor induſtrious people, whoſe genius is chilled and repreſſed by penury; who can beſtow nothing on vain pomp or luxury; but think themſelves happy, in the poſſeſſion of neceſſaries. The reſidence of a ſovereign prince, on the contrary, beſides the muſicians in ordinary of the court, church, and ſtage, ſwarms with penſioners and expectants, who have however few opportunities of being heard.

Augſburg is a very large and fine old city; ſome of the houſes are whimſically pretty, from the manner in which they are plaiſtered and ornamented, and a few of the ſtreets are rather wide; but the generality of the houſes have their gable ends in front, as in the Netherlands. The town-houſe, with ſome of the ſpires are well worth ſeeing; and at going out on the Munich ſide, there is a very fine building, juſt conſtructed, for the uſe of a cotton manufactory, which is of an immenſe ſize, and in a pleaſing ſtyle of architecture.

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of the Hoſt, which was what I had never heard before, except at Antwerp.

Having been told, that M. Seyfurth, the cantor, a celebrated ſinger, and ſcholar of M. C. P. E. Bach, to whom I had letters, was out of town, I ſtayed but a ſhort time at Augſburg; for, to ſay the truth, I was ſomewhat tired of going to imperial cities after muſic; as I ſeldom found any thing but the organ and organiſt worth attending to, and not always them; for they, like thoſe in our country towns, are ſometimes good, and ſometimes bad. Theſe cities are not rich, and therefore have not the folly to ſupport their theatres at a great expence. The fine arts are children of affluence and luxury: in deſpotic governments they render power leſs inſupportable, and diverſion from thought is perhaps as neceſſary as from action. Whoever therefore ſeeks muſic in Germany, ſhould do it at the ſeveral courts, not in the free imperial cities, which are generally inhabited

habited by poor induſtrious people, whoſe genius is chilled and repreſſed by penury; who can beſtow nothing on vain pomp or luxury; but think themſelves happy, in the poſſeſſion of neceſſaries. The reſidence of a ſovereign prince, on the contrary, beſides the muſicians in ordinary of the court, church, and ſtage, ſwarms with penſioners and expectants, who have however few opportunities of being heard.

Augſburg is a very large and fine old city; ſome of the houſes are whimſically pretty, from the manner in which they are plaiſtered and ornamented, and a few of the ſtreets are rather wide; but the generality of the houſes have their gable ends in front, as in the Netherlands. The town-houſe, with ſome of the ſpires are well worth ſeeing; and at going out on the Munich ſide, there is a very fine building, juſt conſtructed, for the uſe of a cotton manufactory, which is of an immenſe ſize, and in a pleaſing ſtyle of architecture.

The head dreſs of the women here is very ſingular; they wear a kind of gold ſkull-cap; ſome a broad border of gold lace, and the reſt filled up by work in different colours, but moſtly all gold embroidery; and here, as well as throughout Bavaria, the Roman catholic women conſtantly walk the ſtreets with a roſary in their hands, which is a faſhion and ornament here as much as an implement of devotion.

I was much diſtreſſed during my ſhort ſtay in this city, by the following adventure. I had ſent my ſervant, and, at preſent, my interpreter, Pierre, a Liegeois, that I had brought with me from Antwerp, to enquire out, while the maſs was performing, the habitation of M. Seyfurth, to whom I had been recommended by a friend at Hamburg. I had deſired him to return to the church when he had executed his commiſſion, in order to conduct me back to my inn. I waited patiently till ten o'clock, when all the muſic was over, but no Pierre! I walked about the church,

church, till I was tired, and aſhamed to ſtay any longer, but no Pierre! I walked round the church, and up and down the ſtreets in ſight of it, for I durſt venture no farther, not knowing even the *name* of my inn; and I had, indeed, very little language in which to explain my ſituation to theſe cold, and, in appearance, ſurly people. What could I do, but return to the church and walk about again? this I did till paſt two o'clock, when I feared being ſuſpected as a ſtranger, of a deſign to rob the church of ſome of its treaſures; but no Pierre! at length I was compelled to take courage, and try to make my circumſtances, known: I peruſed every idle countenance to diſcover good nature in it. I accoſted ſeveral in vain, till an old beggar-man applied to me for relief; I gave him two or three *creuzers*, and thought that "one good turn deſerved another." I recollected the having been ſet down by the poſt-wagen, on my arrival, at a poſt-houſe: there are ſeveral in large German cities. Welches iſt der Weg nach dem

Poſt-

Posthaus guter Freund? here was a gibble-gabble, which ended with, die Briefe? meaning, was it the poſt-houſe for letters? Nein, ſaid I, der Poſtwagen nach Ulm gehet hierab — Ja, ja, ich verſtehe ſie. At length we found this houſe; but then I knew not either what to ſay or do. I blundered out as well as I could, that I wanted the Haus where my baggage had been carried in the morning. But could not recollect the word Wirths, an inn; it turned out to be the Lamb, das Lamm, and when I found it, my joy was as great as that of a good chriſtian pilgrim would have been in a Pagan country, at the ſight of an *Agnus Dei*. Where ſhould the faithful Pierre, my honeſt Liegeois, have been all this while, but on his bed, comfortably and faſt aſleep? and I did not diſcover, till two months after, that he had never ſought Mr. Seyfurth, to whom I had ſent him, but had deemed it eaſier to find a bed, and to make me believe he was out of town, than to wear out his ſhoes in ſtrolling about a ſtrange

place, after a perſon, with whom he had no buſineſs which concerned himſelf. But, in order to make the diſappointment ſomewhat more palatable to me, he ſaid, that the gentleman was only gone to Munich, for a few days, and that I ſhould certainly find him there.

M U N I C H.

I was amply rewarded for the trouble I took in viſiting this city, as I not only found in it materials of great importance to my Hiſtory, but a great number of modern muſicians of the firſt claſs, whoſe performance and converſation were delightful and inſtructive. I had likewiſe the honour of being well received, and even aſſiſted in my enquiries, by perſons of all ranks; a happineſs for which I am greatly indebted to the friendly and active zeal of our miniſter at this court, M. de Viſme, whoſe learning, knowledge, and experience, joined to a ſteady benevolence and hoſpitality, all conſpired to render

render my reſidence at Munich both profitable and pleaſant.

I arrived here on Sunday morning, the 16th Auguſt. The firſt thing I did was to wait on M. de Viſme, with my credentials, that is, my recommendatory letters; which having read, and received a more particular information of the object of my journey from myſelf, he ſent immediately to Signor Don Panzachi, an excellent tenor ſinger, of the Elector of Bavaria's ſerious opera, who having reſided ſeveral years in this city, was well qualified to inform me of ſuch perſons as were beſt worth hearing and converſing with; and he gave every day, during my reſidence here, proofs of his zeal and intelligence. I was likewiſe indebted to this gentleman for a very particular account of the muſic of Spain, where he had reſided nine years; and he was not only ſo kind as to lend me many curious Spaniſh books, on the ſubject of muſic, but to ſing to me ſeveral *Tonadillas* and *Seguidillas*, which

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he is ſaid, by perſons who have been in Spain, to do as well, that is, as truly, as is poſſible for one not a native of that country.

I was ſo fortunate as to find here, Signor Guadagni, and Signora Mingotti, who both rendered me very ſingular ſervices, in the moſt polite and agreeable manner; and I was the more flattered and pleaſed by their attention, as they are performers of ſuch high rank, who have ſeen ſo much ſervice, and by whoſe great abilities, in their profeſſion, I have been ſo frequently delighted in England. They both profeſs the higheſt reſpect, gratitude, and reverence for individuals in England, but make great complaints againſt the public, with what reaſon I ſhall not pretend to determine, as it is not my intention to fight the battles o'er again, of two ſuch able champions: I own myſelf, however, ſo partial to talents, wherever I find them, that when they are attacked, I conſtantly incline to their ſide.

Gua-

Guadagni complains of illiberal treatment from the public, who, when he ſung in the opera of Orfeo, merely to oblige them, and Sir W. W. without fee or reward, hiſſed him for going off the ſtage, when he was encored, with no other deſign than *to return in character*.

Signora Mingotti ſays too, that ſhe was frequently hiſſed by the Engliſh, for having the tooth-ach, a cold, or a fever, to which the good people of England will readily allow every human being is liable, except an actor or a ſinger. I know that the public are infidels in theſe matters, and with reaſon, as their hearts are hardened by repeated impoſition ; but, however, notwithſtanding the many *pſeudo* colds and fevers among theatrical performers, it is juſt poſſible for theſe people to have *real* diſorders, otherwiſe they would bid fair for immortality.

Signor Guadagni came to Munich from Verona, with the Electreſs dowager of Saxony, ſiſter to this Elector, and daugh-

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ter of the emperor Charles the ſeventh. This princeſs is celebrated all over Europe for her talents, and the progreſs ſhe has made in the arts, of which ſhe is a conſtant protectreſs.

Her highneſs is a poeteſs, a paintreſs, and ſo able a muſician, that ſhe plays, ſings, and compoſes, in a manner which *Dilettanti* ſeldom arrive at. She has, among other things, written in Italian, two operas, which ſhe has herſelf ſet to muſic, *Taleſtri*, and *il Trionfo della Fedeltà*; both are printed in Score, at Leipſic, and are much admired all over Germany, where they have frequently been performed. This is bringing about a reconciliation between muſic and poetry, which have ſo long been at variance, and ſeparated. Among the ancients, the poet and muſician were conſtantly united in the ſame perſon; but modern times have few examples of ſuch a junction, except in this princeſs, and in M. Rouſſeau, who was not only author of the poetry, but

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of the muſic of his little drama, the *Devin du Village*.

The firſt ſinger in the ſerious opera here, is Signor Rauzzini, a young Roman performer, of ſingular merit, who has been ſix years in the ſervice of this court; but is engaged to ſing in an opera compoſed by young Mozart, at the next carnival at Milan; he is not only a charming ſinger, a pleaſing figure, and a good actor; but a more excellent contrapuntiſt, and performer on the harpſichord, than a ſinger is uſually allowed to be, as all kind of application to the harpſichord, or compoſition, is ſuppoſed, by the Italians, to be prejudicial to the voice. Signor Rauzzini has ſet two or three comic operas here, which have been very much approved; and he ſhewed and ſung to me ſeveral airs of a ſerious caſt, that were well written, and in an exquiſite taſte.

The day after my arrival, I had the pleaſure of dining with Guadagni, Rauzzini, and Ravanni, an Italian counter-

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tenor, in the ſervice of this court, and after dinner, of hearing them ſing trios moſt divinely.

At night I went with them to the comic opera, at the little theatre; at which were the Elector, the Electreſs, the Electreſs dowager of Saxony, the Margrave of Baden, and the Ducheſs of Bavaria; the piece was called *l'Amore ſenza Malizia*, and was ſet by Signor Ottane, of Bologna, a ſcholar of Padre Martini, mentioned in my Italian muſical journey. Signora Lodi, who performed the principal woman's part, pleaſed me much by the clearneſs and brilliancy of her voice, as well as by her elegant manner of ſinging and acting; if there is any defect in her voice, it is that ſometimes it meets with a little obſtruction in the throat; and one would wiſh that ſhe had, as to perſon, a little leſs *embonpoint*. There was a tenor in this opera, a German, M. Adamont, whoſe voice and manner of ſinging were very pleaſing; and a Bari-

tono, Signor Guglielmini, a man whoſe action and humour make ſome amends for a total want of voice. After the opera, I ſupped with the ſame company which I had dined with, and was again delighted with trios, ſung in ſuch a way, as one never can hope to hear in public, and the chances are many againſt it in private.

The library of the Elector is more rich in old muſical authors, and in old compoſitions, than any one that I have yet ſeen in Europe. M. de Viſme, the day after my arrival, not only ſent his ſecretary with me to the librarian, in the morning, but did me the honour of going to the library with me himſelf after dinner.

The books I wanted were not claſſed under one head, in the general catalogue, but mixt with mathematics and other arts; it was neceſſary, therefore, before I began to ſeek, and examine theſe books, to draw them out of the miſcellaneous catalogue: the reader will form

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ſome judgment of the number of muſical authors, when he is informed that the liſt of their works only, when extracted from the reſt, filled near twenty large folio ſheets of paper; and theſe are chiefly confined to the ſixteenth century. There were few books of any kind printed in the fifteenth, and ſince the ſixteenth this library has received but a ſmall augmentation; in the chapel, however, there is an immenſe quantity of manuſcript muſic, from the earlieſt time of counterpoint to the preſent.

NYMPHENBERG.

During ſummer the court uſually reſides here; it is a magnificent *Chateau*, belonging to the Elector, three miles from Munich, where the principal muſicians attend, and where his ſerene highneſs has a concert every evening.

On my arrival at Munich I had the pleaſure of meeting with M. Naumann, the celebrated *maeſtro di capella* of the Elector

of Saxony, who was brought up in Italy, and who was now on his way thither, to compoſe an opera for Venice, and another for Naples. He did me the favour to call on me, and to carry me, on Wedneſday morning, to Nymphenberg, where I was engaged to dine with Signor Guadagni. During our ride I obtained from M. Naumann an account of the preſent ſtate of muſic in Saxony, from which court he was juſt come. At Nymphenberg he attended the rehearſals of the Electreſs dowager of Saxony's opera of *Taleſtri*, which was on the point of being performed at court, and in which Signor Guadagni was to ſing. Here I found M. Kröner, the Elector's firſt violin, Rauzzini, and Panzachi, who, as well as M. Naumann and myſelf dined with Guadagni.

The gardens of this *Chateau* are reckoned the fineſt in Germany, and are really as beautiful as they can be made, with innumerable fountains, canals, *jets d'eau*,

caſcades,

caſcades, alleys, boſquets, ſtrait rows of trees, and woods, where, " Grove nods at grove," in the true French ſtyle.

There is a beautiful porcelain manufacture at Nymphenberg, which the Bavarians ſay rivals that of Dreſden.

Upon my arrival here, I was informed by Signor Guadagni that he had mentioned me, and the buſineſs I was upon, to the Electreſs dowager of Saxony, and to the Elector, and had arranged every thing for my being preſented to that princeſs before dinner, and to his Electoral highneſs, and the reſt of the family, afterwards. Accordingly, about half an hour paſt one, a page came to acquaint us that the Electreſs dowager was ready to receive us; and I was conducted through a great number of moſt magnificent apartments, by Signor Guadagni, to an anti-chamber, where we waited but a very ſhort time, before the Electreſs entered the *Sale d'Audience*, into which we were called, and I was very graciouſly received.

I had enquired into the *Etiquette* of this ceremonial : I was to bend the left knee upon being admitted to the honour of kiſſing her hand ; after this was over, her highneſs entered into converſation with me in the moſt condeſcending and eaſy manner imaginable; ſhe was pleaſed to ſpeak very favourably of my undertaking, and to add, " that it was not only " doing honour to muſic, but to myſelf, " as ſhe believed I was the only modern " hiſtorian who thought it neceſſary to " travel, in order to gain information at " the ſource, without contenting myſelf " with ſecond-hand, and hear-ſay ac- " counts." This ſtrong compliment, joined to her gracious and pleaſing manner, took off all reſtraint ; ſhe was juſt returned from Italy, where, ſhe ſaid, that " By the great hurry and fatigue of tra- " velling and talking loud, as is cuſto- " mary at the *Converſazioni* there, ſhe " had almoſt totally loſt her voice, " which had been much debilitated be-

" fore,

" fore, by having had a numerous fa-
" mily, and ſeveral very ſevere fits of
" ſickneſs."

Guadagni had told me that her highneſs ſpoke Engliſh pretty well, and underſtood it perfectly. I ventured, after ſome time, to entreat her to converſe in the language of my country, which, I had been informed, ſhe had honoured ſo far as to ſtudy. She complied with my requeſt, for a ſhort time, and ſpoke very intelligibly; but ſaid that ſhe had learned it of an Iriſhman, who had given her a vicious pronunciation; which, with the few opportunities ſhe had for practice, made it impoſſible for her to ſpeak well; but added, that ſhe both read and wrote Engliſh conſtantly every day, and had great pleaſure in the peruſal of our authors.

I then ſaid that I had ſeen a great work, both in poetry and muſic, by her highneſs, in England, meaning her opera of *Taleſtri*, in which ſhe had united thoſe

arts which had been ſo long ſeparated. This produced a muſical converſation, which I wanted, and in the courſe of it ſhe ſaid that ſhe could not poſſibly ſit idle; hers was an active mind, and ſince ſhe had ceaſed to have matters of more importance upon her hands, ſhe had attached herſelf ſeriouſly to the arts. She then aſked my opinion of the comparative merit of Guadagni, and ſeveral great ſingers of Italy: he was out of hearing. She ſaid that Guadagni ſung with much art, as well as feeling; and had the great ſecret of hiding defects.

She told me that ſhe would try to prevail on her brother, the Elector, to play on the *Viol da gamba* at night; adding, that he was a good performer, for one who was not a profeſſor; but that we had a very great player upon that inſtrument in England, M. Abel, with whom I muſt not compare him; and added, *nous autres*, "We, "who are only *Dilettanti*, can never ex- "pect to equal maſters; for, with the

"ſame

"ſame genius, we want application and "experience." After this, and ſome farther converſation, I had again the honour, when I retired, of kiſſing her hand.

After dining at Guadagni's, I was carried into the *grande ſale*, where the Elector, his family, and his court dined, and were ſtill at table. It is one of the fineſt rooms I ever ſaw. I was glad to find M. de Viſme of the company; he had been ſo kind as to ſpeak of me to the Elector, and to the Electreſs dowager of Saxony, which, with what Guadagni had already done, prepared every thing for my reception; ſo that when his highneſs got up from table, his ſiſter of Saxony treated me as one deſcended from the *Saxon Race*. For as ſoon as ſhe had diſcovered that I was in the room, ſhe mentioned me to the Elector, and brought him towards me. Here I had the honour to kiſs his hand, and had a ſhort converſation with him. I was then preſented to the Electreſs, and the Margravine of Baden; after which I

returned

returned to the Elector and his ſiſter, the Electreſs dowager, and had a long converſation with them.

The Elector is a very handſome and gracious prince, has an elegant appearance, and a figure which is neither too fat, too lean, too tall, nor too ſhort, if I was not too much dazzled by his condeſcenſion, to ſee any of his defects. He told his ſiſter that he ſuppoſed I could not ſpeak German, and that ſhe, therefore, who ſpoke Engliſh, muſt ſerve as my interpreter; but ſhe ſaid that as I ſpoke French and Italian, there was no occaſion for that ſlow method of converſation. Upon which his highneſs began to talk to me in French. He told me that mine was a very uncommon journey, and aſked, if I was ſatisfied with what materials I had hitherto found. This afforded me an opportunity of telling him, what was moſt true, that in point of books on my ſubject, and ancient muſic, I had as yet met with nothing

equal

equal to his electoral highneſs's library; and I had reaſon, from the reputation of the performers, and eminent muſicians in his ſervice, to expect great ſatisfaction, as to modern practical muſic. You will hear ſome of them to-night, ſaid the Electreſs dowager, and I hope my brother will play, who, for one that is not a profeſſor, ſometimes plays very well. The Elector, in revenge, told me, that his ſiſter was both a compoſer and a ſinger.

At this time ſome wild beaſts were brought to the palace gates, which all the company running to ſee, put an end, for the preſent, to our converſation.

This was wholly a muſical day; for after dinner, even in ſeeing the gardens and buildings, Guadagni and Rauzzini ſung a great part of the time, particularly in the bath, where there was an excellent room for muſic; here they went ſucceſſfully through all Tartini's experiments, in order, by ſuſtaining with their voices

twoconſonant intervals, to produce a *third ſound*, which is generated in the air, and is their true fundamental baſe.

At eight o'clock the Elector's band aſſembled, for his private concert. The Electreſs of Bavaria, and the ladies of the court were at cards, in the muſic room: the concert was begun by two ſymphonies of Schwindl; M. Kröner, who played the firſt violin, is rather a bold ſtrong leader of an orcheſtra than a ſolo player. The firſt ſong was ſung by Signor Panzachi, who has a good tenor voice, a pleaſing expreſſion, and a facility of execution: he is likewiſe ſaid to be an admirable actor.

After this ſong, the Electreſs dowager of Saxony ſung a whole ſcene in her own opera of *Taleſtri*; M. Naumann accompanied her on the harpſichord, and the Elector played the violin with Kröner. She ſung in a truly fine ſtyle; her voice is very weak, but ſhe never forces it, or ſings out of tune. She

ſpoke

ſpoke the recitative, which was an accompanied one, very well in the way of great old ſingers of better times. She had been a long while a ſcholar of Porpora, who lived many years at Dreſden, in the ſervice of her father-in-law, Auguſtus, king of Poland. This recitative was as well written as it was well expreſſed; the air was an *Andante*, rich in harmony, ſomewhat in the way of Handel's beſt opera ſongs in that time. Though there were but few violins, in this concert they were too powerful for the voice, which is a fault that all the ſingers of this place complain of.

After this the Elector played one of Schwindl's trios on his *Viol da gamba*, charmingly: except Mr. Abel, I never heard ſo fine a player on that inſtrument; his hand is firm and brilliant, his taſte and expreſſion are admirable, and his ſteadineſs in time, ſuch as a *Dilletanti* is ſeldom poſſeſſed of.

Rauzzini had, in an obliging manner thrown himſelf in the Elector's way, on

purpoſe to be aſked to ſing, that I might hear him, which I had expreſſed a great deſire to do, with a band: for though he is firſt ſinger, at the ſerious opera, in winter, yet he never performs at the ſummer concerts, unleſs particularly deſired. He ſung an air of his own compoſition admirably well; then Guadagni ſung a pathetic air by Traetta, with his uſual grace and expreſſion, but with more voice than he had when in England.

The concert concluded with another piece, performed by the Elector, with ſtill more taſte and expreſſion than the firſt, eſpecially the *Adagio*. I could not praiſe it ſufficiently; it would really have been thought excellently well performed, if, inſtead of a great prince, he had been a muſician by profeſſion. I could only tell his highneſs, that I was aſtoniſhed as much as if I had never before heard how great a performer he was.

After this, his highneſs and the court ſupped in the ſame great hall and public

manner in which they had dined. I went with Guadagni, and the reſt of the principal performers, to make my court during the ſupper. The Elector was pleaſed to ſpeak a conſiderable time to Guadagni, concerning my future Hiſtory of Muſic; which encouraged me to deſire him to entreat his highneſs, to honour me with a piece of his compoſition as I had been informed by all the muſicians of this place, that he had compoſed ſeveral excellent things for the church, particularly, a *Stabat Mater:* he agreed to give me a *Litany*, provided I would not print it; but Guadagni quite teazed him to let me have the *Stabat Mater*, as he ſaid, it was the beſt of all his muſical productions; and even a promiſe of this was granted before my departure*.

* Both theſe compoſitions were tranſcribed for me, after I left Munich, and delivered to M. de Viſme, by whoſe care and kindneſs they have been ſince tranſmitted to me in London.

The

The lords in waiting offered us refreſhments; and the Elector condeſcended to aſk Guadagni, if he gave a ſupper to the Engliſhman, and his other company? meaning Panzachi, Rauzzini, and Naumann; he anſwered, that he ſhould give us bread and cheeſe, and a glaſs of wine. "Here," cried the Elector, emptying two diſhes of game on a plate, "ſend that "to your apartments." His highneſs was implicitly obeyed. We ſupped together, after which I returned to Munich, abundantly flattered and ſatisfied with the events of the day.

MUNICH.

The next morning was ſpent in the library. I had afterwards the pleaſure of dining with Signora Mingotti, who invited to meet me, father Kenedy, a worthy Scotſman, of real parts and learning. After dinner, a long and ſpirited converſation took place; for the lady is animated, eloquent, and well informed:

ſhe

ſhe related her adventures in Spain, and other parts of the world, and interſperſed them with reflections concerning muſic, upon which it is impoſſible to hear her ſpeak unimproved, as ſhe treats the ſubject with uncommon depth, preciſion, and perſpicuity.

From hence I went to ſee the Elector's theatre, where his ſerious operas are performed in winter. It is not large, having but four rows of boxes, fifteen in each; but it is more richly fitted up, than any that I had ever ſeen.

On Thurſday, father Kenedy was ſo obliging, as to carry me to the academy, where he ſhewed me all that was worthy of notice, in machines, mathematical inſtruments, models, minerals, foſſils, and other curioſities, but what moſt attracted my attention, as coming neareſt to my *buſineſs*, if not my *boſom*, was a collection of thirty-ſix thouſand tracts and diſſertations on different ſubjects, bound up in near nine hundred volumes;

they were bought for the preſent Elector, at Leipſic. There is an index of authors, but as yet, none completed of things; there is one begun, but it goes no farther than the letter M, and this father Kenedy, who is at the head of the academy, was ſo obliging as to lend me. This inſtitution has not been founded above eleven years; however, ſeveral volumes of its Tranſactions are already printed, and it ſeems, at preſent, to be carried on with ſpirit.

To-day I had the honour of dining with M. de Viſme, who after dinner, was ſo kind as to go with me to the Jeſuits college, where I had a very particular enquiry to make, which not only concerned the Hiſtory of Muſic, but its preſent ſtate. In my progreſs through Germany, I had frequently heard muſic performed in the churches, and ſtreets, by *poor ſcholars*, as they were always called, but never could make out how, or by whom they were taught, till my

arrival

my arrival here. M. de Viſme, who neglected to inform me of nothing, which in the leaſt related to my deſign, told me, that there was a *muſic ſchool* at the Jeſuits college. This awakened my curioſity, and made me ſuſpect, that it was a kind of *Conſervatorio*; and, upon a more minute enquiry, I found, that the *poor ſcholars* whom I had heard ſing, in ſo many different parts of Germany, had been taught, in each place, where the Roman catholic religion prevailed, at the Jeſuits college; and, further, I was informed, that in all the towns throughout the empire, where the Jeſuits have a church or college, young perſons are taught to play upon muſical inſtruments, and to ſing. Many muſicians have been brought up here, who afterwards have rendered themſelves eminent. This will, in ſome meaſure account for the great number of muſicians, with which Germany abounds, as

well as for the national taſte and paſſion for muſic.

The muſic ſchool in Munich takes in eighty children, at about eleven or twelve years old; they are taught muſic, reading, and writing, and are boarded, but not cloathed. A Jeſuit, to whom we applied for information, promiſed to write down, in Latin, an account of this foundation, as far as it might be neceſſary to the Hiſtory of Muſic in Germany, and ſend it to M. de Viſme next day; and he kept his word. The boys that are admitted here, in order to be taught muſic, muſt play upon ſome inſtrument, or know ſomething of the art, to qualify them for admittance. They are kept in the college till twenty years of age; and, during the time of their reſidence there, they are taught by maſters of the town, not by the Jeſuits themſelves.

There are others, under the denomination of *poor ſcholars*, who are intended for the church, and who are taught the

learned

learned languages, mathematics, and theology.

Such are the means by which poor children acquire muſical inſtructions in thoſe parts of Germany where the Roman catholic religion prevails; I ſhall have occaſion in future to ſpeak of inſtitutions ſomewhat ſimilar, in Proteſtant ſtates.

From hence I went to the burletta of *Le Finte Gemelli, Farza per muſica, à quattro voci*, ſet by Matteo Rauzzini, brother to the ſinger of that name, a young man of only eighteen years of age. The muſic was moſt of it common, but pretty, and in good taſte. The Lodi ſung charmingly; her voice and figure would make her a capital ſinger in a ſerious opera, if ſhe were well taught. Her voice wants only a little more room in its paſſage through the throat; in every thing elſe, ſhe is admirable; having a pretty figure, a good expreſſion, and an exquiſite manner of taking *appogiature*.

The ſecond ſinger of this company, Signora Manſerviſi, deſerves to be mentioned; her figure is agreeable, her voice, though not ſtrong, is well-toned, ſhe has nothing vulgar in her manner, ſings in tune, and never gives offence.

There was a tenor, Signor Fiorini, who ſung to-night, whom I had not heard before; he has perhaps been a better ſinger than he is at preſent; but now, neither his voice, nor manner, had any thing intereſting in them, though both were free from any common defects; for he ſung in tune, had a ſhake, and was far from vulgar.

In going home from the opera, I heard a very good concert in the ſtreet; it was performed at the door of M. de Viſme, by torch-light, and attended by a great crowd: after I returned to my lodgings, I heard the ſame performers at the inn door; upon enquiring who they were, I was told, that they were *poor ſcholars*; but I did not diſcover till the next day, that

this

this concert was intended, as a regale, for M. de Viſme and me, on account of our having been at their college to inform ourſelves concerning their inſtitution.

Friday. I ſpent the greateſt part of this morning with Signor Rauzzini; he was ſo obliging as to ſing to me a great number of excellent ſongs, in different ſtyles, among which there were many of his own compoſition. As to his abilities in ſinging, I think his ſhake is not quite open enough, nor did I then think his voice ſufficiently powerful for a great theatre; but in all other reſpects he is a charming performer; his taſte is quite modern and delicate; the tone of his voice ſweet and clear; his execution of paſſages of the moſt difficult intonation amazingly neat, rapid, and free: and his knowledge of harmony is far beyond that of any great ſtage-ſinger I ever knew: he has likewiſe a very good perſon, and, I am told, is an excellent actor.

The reſt of this day was employed in the Elector's, and in other libraries. At night I heard the *poor ſcholars* again in the ſtreets, where they performed ſome full pieces very well: there were violins, hautboys, French horns, a violoncello, and baſſoon. I was informed, that they were obliged frequently to perform thus in the ſtreets, to convince the public, at whoſe expence they are maintained, of the proficiency they make in their muſical ſtudies.

Saturday 22d. I was this whole morning at Signora Mingotti's, from whom I obtained, in converſation, a ſketch of her muſical life. I am doubtful as to the propriety of publiſhing theſe anecdotes; however, as no ſecrecy was enjoined, and as they contain nothing diſgraceful to the perſon who furniſhed them, I ſhall venture to do it, ſuppoſing a curioſity concerning the moſt trivial circumſtances, relative to eminent perſons,

ſons, to be as ſtrong in others as in myſelf.

Her parents were Germans; her father was an officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, who being called to Naples, upon duty, his wife travelled with him thither during her pregnancy, and was there brought to bed of this daughter; who, however, was carried to Gratz, in Sileſia, before ſhe was a year old; and her father dying while ſhe was young, her uncle placed her in a convent of Urſulines, where ſhe was educated, and where ſhe received her firſt leſſons of muſic.

She told me, that during her childhood, ſhe remembers being ſo pleaſed with the muſic performed in the chapel of her convent, particularly with a Litany ſung there one feſtival, that ſhe went to the abbeſs, with tears in her eyes, and trembling, both with fear of anger, and of a refuſal, to intreat her to teach her to ſing, as *ſhe* did in the chapel. The abbeſs put her off, with ſaying, that ſhe

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was very buſy that day, but would think of it. The next day ſhe ſent one of the elder nuns to aſk her who bid her make that requeſt, when the little Regina, as ſhe was then called, replied, that nobody had bid her, but that it was merely her own love for muſic, which inſpired the thought. After this the abbeſs ſent for her, rnd told her, that ſhe had very little time to ſpare; but, if ſhe would promiſe to be diligent, ſhe would teach her herſelf; adding, that ſhe could only afford her half an hour a day; but with that, ſhe ſhould ſoon find what her genius and induſtry were likely to produce, and ſhe ſhould go on with, or diſcontinue, her inſtructions, accordingly.

Regina was in rapture with this compliance of the abbeſs, who began to inſtruct her the next day, *à table ſec*, as ſhe expreſſed it, without a harpſichord, or any other inſtrument *.

* She applied herſelf to the harpſichord ſeveral years after, and ſtill accompanies upon it very well.

But

In this manner ſhe was taught the elements of muſic, and *ſolfeggi*, with the principles of harmony, and was obliged to ſing the treble, while the abbeſs ſung the baſe. She ſhewed me a very ſmall book, in which all her firſt leſſons were written; the explanations were in the German language.

She remained in this convent till ſhe had attained her fourteenth year, at which time, upon the death of her uncle, ſhe went home to her mother. During the life of her uncle, ſhe had been intended for the veil. When ſhe quitted the convent, ſhe appeared, in the eyes of her mother and ſiſters, to be one of the moſt uſeleſs and helpleſs of beings; they looked upon her as a fine lady, brought up in a boarding ſchool, without knowing any thing of houſhold concerns; and her mother nei-

But it was perhaps owing to her manner of learning to ſing *without* an inſtrument, that ſhe acquired the firmneſs in her performance, for which ſhe has always been remarkable.

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ther knew what to do with her, or her fine voice, which both ſhe and her ſiſters deſpiſed, not forſeeing that it would one day be productive of ſo much honour and profit to the poſſeſſor.

Not many years after ſhe quitted the convent, Signor Mingotti, an old Venetian, and manager of the opera at Dreſden, was propoſed as a huſband for her. She deteſted him, but was at length worried into a compliance, which was the ſooner extorted from her, perhaps, as ſhe, like other young women, imagined that by loſing, ſhe ſhould gain her liberty.

People talked very much of her fine voice, and manner of ſinging. Porpora was at this time in the late king of Poland's ſervice, at Dreſden: he had heard her ſing, and ſpoke of her at court as a young perſon of great expectations; which occaſioned a propoſal to her huſband for her entering into the ſervice of the Elector: he had before marriage promiſed never to ſuffer her to ſing on the ſtage; how-

however, he came home one day, and aſked her, if ſhe ſhould like to engage in the ſervice of the court. She thought this was done in deriſion, and gave him a ſhort and peeviſh anſwer; but he continuing to teize her on the ſubject, at length convinced her that he was in earneſt, and had a commiſſion to treat with her. She liked the thoughts of ſinging, and turning her voice to ſome account, and therefore gladly entered into articles for a ſmall ſtipend, not above three or four hundred crowns a year.

When her voice had been heard at court, it was ſuppoſed to raiſe a jealouſy in Fauſtina, who was then in that ſervice, but upon the point of retiring; and conſequently in Haſſe, her huſband, particularly when he heard that Porpora, his old and conſtant rival, was to have a hundred crowns a month for teaching her. He ſaid it was Porpora's laſt ſtake; the only twig he had to catch at; *un clou pour s'accrocher*. However, her talents

lents made ſuch a noiſe at Dreſden, that the fame of them reached Naples, to which place ſhe was invited, to ſing at the great theatre. At this time ſhe knew but little Italian; however, ſhe now went ſeriouſly to work in ſtudying it.

The firſt character ſhe appeared in was *Ariſtæa*, in the opera of the *Olimpiade*, ſet by Galuppi. Montecelli performed the part of *Megacles*. On this occaſion her talents, as an actreſs, gained her as much applauſe as her ſinging: ſhe was bold and enterpriſing; and, ſeeing the character in a different light from what others had done before her, would, in ſpite of the advice of old actors, who durſt not deviate from cuſtom, play it in a way quite different from any one of her predeceſſors. It was in this original and courageous manner that Mr. Garrick firſt ſurpriſed and charmed an Engliſh audience; and, in defiance of contracted rules, which had been eſtabliſhed by ignorance,

norance, prejudice, and want of genius, ſtruck out a ſtyle of ſpeaking and acting, which the whole nation has ever ſince continued to approve, with acclamation, rather than applauſe.

After this ſucceſs at Naples, Signora Mingotti received letters from all parts of Europe, to offer her terms for engaging at different operas; but ſhe was not then at liberty to accept of any of them, being obliged to return to the court of Dreſden, in which ſervice ſhe was ſtill a penſioner; however, her ſalary was conſiderably augmented, and ſhe frequently expreſſes her gratitude to that court, and ſays ſhe owes to it all her fame and fortune. Here ſhe repeated, with great applauſe, her part in the *Olimpiade*; every one agreed, that in point of voice, execution, and acting, her powers were very great; but many thought that ſhe was wholly unfit for any thing pathetic or tender.

Haſſe was now employed to ſet *Demofoonte**; and ſhe imagined that he kindly gave her an *Adagio*, accompanied by the violins, *Pizzicati*, merely to expoſe and ſhew her defects. But ſuſpecting the ſnare, ſhe ſtudied hard to eſcape it; and in the ſong, *Se tutti i Mali Miei*, which ſhe afterwards ſung in England, with great applauſe, ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, as to ſilence even Fauſtina herſelf. Sir Ch. H. Williams was Engliſh miniſter here at this time, and being intimate with Haſſe and his wife, had joined their party, publicly declaring that Mingotti was utterly unable to ſing a ſlow and pathetic ſong; but when he had heard her, he made a public recantation, aſked her pardon for doubting of her abilities, and ever after remained her firm friend and adherent.

From hence ſhe went into Spain, where ſhe ſung with Gizziello, in the operas

* This happened in 1748.

under the direction of Signor Farinelli; who, ſhe told me, was ſo ſevere a diſciplinarian, that he would not allow her to ſing any where but in the opera at court, or even to practiſe, in a room next the ſtreet. She was requeſted to ſing at private concerts, by many of the firſt nobility and grandees of Spain, but could not obtain permiſſion from the director; who carried his prohibition ſo far, as to deny a pregnant lady, of great rank, the ſatisfaction of hearing her, though ſhe was unable to go to the theatre, and declared that ſhe *longed* for a ſong from Mingotti. The Spaniards have a religious reſpect for theſe involuntary and unruly affections in females thus circumſtanced, however they may be treated as problematical in other countries *. The huſband, therefore, of the lady, complained to the king of the cruelty of the opera director, who, he ſaid, would kill

* See *l'Hiſtoire Naturelle, de* M. de Buffon, tom. ii.

both his wife and child, if his majeſty did not interfere. The king lent a favourable ear to the complaint, and ordered Mingotti to receive the lady at her houſe, in which his majeſty was implicitly obeyed, the lady's deſire was ſatisfied, and the child prevented, perhaps, from being marked, in ſome part of its body, with a muſic paper, or from having an Italian ſong written with indelible characters on its face.

Signora Mingotti remained two years in Spain, from whence ſhe came to England, for the firſt time. How much ſhe was then admired, at our opera, is too recent to need been mentioned here. She afterwards ſung in every great city of Italy; but ſhe always regarded Dreſden as her home, during the life-time of the Elector Auguſtus, late king of Poland. She is now ſettled at Munich, more, it is thought, from cheapneſs than attachment. She has no penſion from this court, as was reported, but, with

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œconomy, ſhe has juſt ſufficient, from her ſavings, to bring her through the year. She ſeems to live very comfortably, to be well received at court, and to be eſteemed by all ſuch as are able to judge of her underſtanding, and to enjoy her converſation.

It gave me great pleaſure to hear her ſpeak concerning practical muſic, which ſhe does with as much intelligence as any *maeſtro di capella* with whom I ever converſed. Her knowledge in ſinging, and powers of expreſſion, in different ſtyles, are ſtill amazing, and muſt delight all ſuch as can receive pleaſure from ſong, unconnected with the blandiſhments of youth and beauty. She ſpeaks three languages, German, French and Italian, ſo well that it is difficult to ſay which of them is her own. Engliſh ſhe likewiſe ſpeaks, and Spaniſh, well enough to converſe in them, and underſtands Latin; but, in the three languages firſt mentioned, ſhe is truly eloquent.

In the afternoon father Kenedy was ſo obliging as to attend me again at the academy, in order to aſſiſt in finding ſuch tracts, among the great number which are bound up together, as I had marked in the catalogue.

From hence I returned, by appointment, to Signora Mingotti. She had got her harpſichord tuned, and I prevailed on her to ſing, to no other accompaniment, for near four hours. It was now that I diſcovered her ſuperior knowledge in ſinging. She is wholly out of practice, and hates muſic here, ſhe ſays, as ſhe can ſeldom be well accompanied, or well heard; her voice is, however, much better than when ſhe was laſt in England.

Prince Sapieha, a Poliſh nobleman, and his princeſs, lodged at the ſame inn as myſelf, the Golden Hart. The prince is very muſical, and plays well on the violin. I had the honour of being known to him a little by living in the ſame houſe; but M. de Viſme was ſo kind as

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to explain to him the nature of my mufical enquiries, and to tell him how curious I was after national muſic of all kinds: upon which his highneſs was pleaſed to ſend me word, that if I would call upon him about nine o'clock, any morning, he would gladly give me a ſpecimen of the muſic of his country, as it depended ſo much on the *coup d'archet*, that ſeeing it on paper, without hearing it performed, would afford but a very imperfect idea of it.

The day before my departure from Munich, when I had the honour of paying my reſpects to this prince, he condeſcended to receive me in a moſt obliging manner, and to play to me a great number of very pretty Poliſh pieces, which he executed very well, and to which he gave an expreſſion that was at the ſame time delicate and ſingular. He had two German muſicians to accompany him in theſe pieces; the one on the violin, and the other on the violoncello; every movement

was in triple time, or $\frac{3}{4}$, with the cloſe conſtantly on the ſecond note in the bar, inſtead of the firſt; but upon my aſking if there was no ſuch thing as Poliſh muſic, in common time, the prince told me that there were ſome Coſſack tunes in $\frac{4}{2}$, uſed chiefly in dancing, and he played me ſome of them. The accompaniment was conſtantly the $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{4}{8}$, of the key, played a bar full, or four quavers of each, alternately.

His highneſs told me that they have no church muſic in Poland, which is not Italian; and the kind of muſic which we call Polonoiſe, is played quicker for dancing than at other times. The military muſic of Poland is like that of other countries, conſiſting only of marches in the uſual time. I enquired after the Poliſh inſtruments, in order to know if there were any of a different conſtruction from ours, but found that they had only guittars and lutes, ſomewhat differing in form, and in tuning, from thoſe in other

parts

parts of Europe. The Poles have no plays, with ſongs intermixt, or operas, but ſuch as are either French or Italian.

After anſwering theſe queſtions, the prince played a very pretty minuet, and two or three Polonoiſes of his own compoſition; and, upon my expreſſing approbation, he was pleaſed to make me a preſent of them: he likewiſe ordered ſome of the beſt pieces which he had played before, to be tranſcribed for me, which he ſent to me at night, together with a ſpecimen of Coſſack melody; and, when I retired, he condeſcended to ſay that he ſhould be very glad to meet me again, in the courſe of my journey, and to render me every ſervice in his power.

Prince Sapieha told me, that he had long had in his ſervice an Engliſhman, who was an excellent muſician, and of ſo good a character, that he had not only made him his *maeſtro di capella*, but alſo

his *homme de confiance*. He had been brought into Poland very young.

This prince is young and handſome in perſon. He is a diffident, and retired hither, from the troubles and deſolation of his country, with his princeſs, a ſenſible and accompliſhed lady, as I was informed by a perſon who had ſeveral times converſed with her *.

I went again to court at Nymphenberg, before my departure, and was again honoured by the notice of the Elector and his ſiſter, and obtained a reiterated promiſe from both of a piece of muſic of their compoſition. The Elector at firſt made ſome difficulty, leſt I ſhould publiſh it; as his *Stabat Mater* had been ſtolen, and printed at Verona, without his

* Since my departure from Munich, his eſtates in Poland have been confiſcated, by order of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, on account of his having refuſed to do homage for them to that princeſs, and confeſs her legal ſovereignty to the Poliſh territories, of which, by force of arms, ſhe has poſſeſſed herſelf.

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permiſſion, and would have been publiſhed, had not his highneſs purchaſed the plates, and the whole impreſſion; but upon my aſſuring him that without licence I ſhould never make any other uſe of the piece, with which he ſhould honour me, than to enrich my collection of ſcarce and curious compoſitions, he was pleaſed to give orders for its being tranſcribed.

The Electreſs dowager told me that her diſpoſition, in this particular, was different from her brother's; for, inſtead of concealing what ſhe was able to produce, ſhe took as much care to have it known, as the birth of a legitimate child; and had, accordingly, printed and publiſhed her two operas in ſcore: ſo that ſhe feared ſhe had nothing left among her papers, worth beſtowing; however, ſhe gave Guadagni permiſſion to look them over, and to let me have whatever he thought beſt worth my acceptance.

After

After this I had the honour of being preſented, by M. de Viſme, to the Dutcheſs of Bavaria, the widow of the Elector's brother, and ſiſter to the Electreſs Palatine of the Rhine; ſhe is of a very pleaſing figure and character. It was at the deſire of this princeſs that M. de Viſme called me to her: they had previouſly been talking of my having been at Manheim and Schwetzingen; and, upon her being told that I had not been preſented to her brother, the Elector Palatine, for want of a miniſter, or proper perſon at that court, to do me that honour, ſhe expreſſed great ſurprize, and indeed concern. She was pleaſed to ſay that it would have given her brother great pleaſure to have converſed with a perſon whoſe purſuits were ſuch as mine, as he was particularly fond of muſic; and added, that he not only read and ſpoke Engliſh, but had a natural partiality to all who were of my country. I told her highneſs how I was circumſtanced; that

I had

I had been favoured with a letter from Mr. Creſſener, our miniſter at Bonn, which had not operated ſo ſoon as I could have wiſhed; and that I was too much preſſed in time to be able to wait long enough for it to take effect; and added, that all I aſpired at in this journey, was to obtain an opportunity of hearing the beſt performers, and ſeeing the works of the beſt compoſers of Germany, in order to be enabled, in the courſe of my Hiſtory of Muſic, to do juſtice to their talents and genius. The Dutcheſs was pleaſed to ſay, that ſhe was certain her brother, the Elector Palatine, would be ſorry to find, that I had been at his capital, and at Schwetzingen, without his having been apprized of it.

After this M. de Viſme was ſo kind, as to carry me back to Munich as faſt as poſſible, in order to attend at a concert, which Signora Mingotti obligingly made for me, of the beſt muſicians which ſhe could get together upon ſhort notice, whom

I had

I had not heard before. M. Kröner, whoſe performance I had only heard at Nymphenburg in full pieces, was firſt violin. There was M. Sechi, a very good hautboy, who, if I had not lately heard Fiſcher, would have charmed me: M. Rheiner, the baſſoon, who, when in England, was ſo ill, that he was unable to play more than once in public, and whom I had not yet heard, was here to-night, and had quite recovered his health. His tone is ſweet, and execution neat, and he muſt be allowed by every competent and impartial judge, to be a very able and pleaſing performer.

Madame la Preſidente, a lady of faſhion, a friend and neighbour of Signora Mingotti, opened the concert, by a leſſon on the harpſichord, which ſhe executed with uncommon rapidity and preciſion. A *quintetto* was played next, that was compoſed by M. Michel, a young man that had been brought up at the Jeſuits muſic ſchool. He has a genius, that

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wants only the pruning knife of time and experience to lop off luxuriance; every performer in this piece had an opportunity of ſhewing the genius of his inſtrument, and his own powers of execution. There was, in the ſolo parts, the brilliant, pathetic, and graceful, by turns; and the *tutti* parts had no other imperfection, than being too learned, and *recherchées* in modulation. I hardly ever heard a compoſition, that diſcovered more genius and invention, one that required more abilities in the execution, or that was better performed; it was made for a violin, a hautboy, tenor, baſſoon, and violoncello.

Signor Guadagni and Signor Rauzzini were both at this concert, and the latter, whom I had only heard before, in one ſong, with full accompaniments, was ſo obliging, as to ſing a very pretty air of his own compoſition, and another admirable one, by Signor Sacchini, in the *Eroe Cineſe*. In the execution of theſe airs,

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he manifeſted great and captivating powers: a ſweet and extenſive voice, a rapid brilliancy of execution, great expreſſion, and an exquiſite and judicious taſte. I was to-day even ſurpriſed by the ſtrength of his voice, which had before appeared rather too feeble for a great theatre; but it was want of exertion, for now it made its way through all the inſtruments, when playing *fortiſſimo*.

A duet by Sechi and Rheiner, which finiſhed the concert, put me in mind of the two Bezozzis, at Turin; as their inſtruments, ſo their genius and abilities ſeem made for each other, there being a like correſpondence in both.

After theſe charming performances were over, I haſtened to the comic opera, at which were the Elector, and all the electoral family. Count Seeau, intendant of the Elector's muſic, had moſt obligingly changed the opera, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing Signora Lodi in her beſt character. The bur-

burletta of to-night was the *Moglie Fedele*, compoſed by Signor Guglielmi; her voice is brilliant, and ſtyle of ſinging charming; but as I had, in London, ſeen Signora Guadagni in the ſame character, her acting did not ſtrike me ſo much as it would otherwiſe have done. After the opera, there was a long dance, which was an ingenious and entertaining pantomime, and of which, the ſcenes and decorations were well contrived, and ſplendid.

The next day, which was that of my departure from Munich, at nine o'clock in the morning, Signora Mingotti, who was indefatigable in rendering me every ſervice in her power, had prepared another ſmall, but ſelect band, for me at her houſe, in order to afford me an opportunity of hearing two ſcholars of Tartini on the violin; M. Holtzbogn, and Lobſt, which political reaſons had prevented her from inviting the day before. They are both good performers; had been in the ſer-

ſervice of the late duke of Bavaria, and have ſtill a penſion, though but few opportunities of being heard.

Holtzbogn has a great hand, a clear tone, and more fire than is uſual, in one of the Tartini ſchool, which is rather remarkable for delicacy, expreſſion, and high finiſhing, than for ſpirit and variety. This performer writes well for his inſtrument, and played a very maſterly concerto of his own compoſition. Lobſt played a concerto of Tartini with great delicacy; he is naturally timid, and want of practice added nothing to his courage; however, through theſe diſadvantages, he diſcovered himſelf to be a worthy diſciple of the great Tartini.

After theſe pieces Signora Roſa Capranica, in the ſervice of this court, and ſcholar of Signora Mingotti, brought hither from Rome by the Electreſs dowager of Saxony, ſung a very difficult ſong by Traetta, with great neatneſs, and in a pleaſing and agreeable manner. This performer

former is young, and has natural powers capable of great things, at which if ſhe does not arrive, under ſuch a miſtreſs as Signora Mingotti, it muſt be totally attributed to want of diligence.

The city of Munich is one of the beſt built, and moſt beautiful in Germany; I am aſhamed to mention all the honours and favours, which were undeſervedly conferred upon me, during my ſhort reſidence there. All that I can add to this article is, that I quitted it with great regret; as I had ſo numerous an acquaintance, and ſo many protectors, that I lamented the not being able to ſpare more time, to avail myſelf of their kindneſs and good offices.

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I went from Munich to Vienna, down the two rivers Iſer and Danube; and as the muſical incidents during this voyage are but few, and no itinerary or book of travels, that I remember to have ſeen,

has deſcribed the courſe of theſe rivers, or the method by which perſons are conveyed upon them, from one place to another, I ſhall not ſcruple to add to my few muſical memorandums, ſuch other remarks and obſervations as I find ſet down in my miſcellaneous journal.

The Iſer, upon which the city of Munich is ſituated, and which empties itſelf into the Danube, about a hundred miles below, though very rapid, is too much ſpread and ſcattered into different channels, to be ſufficiently deep for a bark, or any kind of paſſage-boat, that has a bottom to float upon it. The current of this river is even too rapid for any thing to be brought back againſt it; but Bavaria being a country abounding with wood, particularly fir, rafts, or floats made of thoſe trees, laſhed together, are carried down the ſtream, at the rate of ſeventy or eighty miles a day. Upon theſe rafts, a booth is built for paſſengers in common; but if any one chuſes to have a cabin to himſelf,

himſelf, he may have it built for about four florins. I perferred this, not only to avoid bad company and heat, but to get an opportunity of writing and digeſting my thoughts and memorandums, being at this time very much in arrears with my muſical journal.

I quitted Munich at two o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was intenſely hot, and I was furniſhed with no means of tempering it; a clear ſky and burning ſun, reflected from the water, having rendered my fir cabin as inſupportable as the open air. It was conſtructed of green boards, which exuded as much turpentine as would have vanquiſhed all the aromatics of Arabia.

As I was utterly ignorant of the country, through which I was to paſs, and the accommodations it would afford, all that my foreſight had ſuggeſted to me, in the way of furniture and proviſions, were a mattreſs, blanket, and ſheets; ſome cold meat, with bread, and a bottle

of wine; there was water in plenty always at hand. But I ſoon found myſelf in want of many other things; and, if I were ever to perform this voyage again, which I hope will never happen, experience would enable me to render the cabin a tolerable reſidence, for a week or ten days.

In quitting Munich by water, the city is a beautiful object; but the country we paſſed through is a wretched one, to all appearance; there being nothing but willows, ſedge, ſand, and gravel in ſight. The water was ſo ſhallow in ſeveral places, that I thought our float would have ſtuck faſt. At ſix o'clock we arrived at Freiſing, the ſee and ſovereignty of a prince biſhop; his palace is placed on a high hill at a little diſtance from the town, which is on another hill, and looks very pretty from the water-ſide. I would not go on ſhore to pay for a bad bed and ſupper, with which I was already furniſhed in my cabin; my ſervant how-

however went with the common company, which amounted to upwards of fifty perſons, in order to get ſome freſh bread, but which the place did not afford*.

* In the Journal of a Tour which the famous French writer Montaigne, made through Germany, in 1580, and which has been but lately diſcovered and publiſhed, there is an account of this place, which not only confirms what is here ſaid of it; but which contains a curious circumſtance relative to Muſical Hiſtory.

"Freiſſen is a little Catholic city, belonging to the biſhop of Augſburg. We here went upon a raft, and took with us our baggage, in order to be conveyed by water to Augſburg, by means of this *Fluſs*, as they call it, compoſed of fir trees joined together, and which are taken to pieces when the voyage is performed."

"There is in this town an abbey, in which ſtrangers are ſhewn a chalice and ſtole, as relics of a ſaint called *Magnus*, who is ſaid to have been the ſon of a king of Scotland, and the diſciple of St. Colombanus. It was in favour of ſaint Magnus that king Pepin founded this monaſtery, and appointed him to be the firſt abbot. At the top of the nave of the church is the following inſcription, and above it the *muſical notes* to which it was to be ſung."

There had been no rain in theſe parts of Germany for ſix weeks; but, when we arrived at Freiſing, I ſaw a little black cloud to the weſtward, which, in leſs than half an hour, produced the moſt violent ſtorm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, that I ever remember to have ſeen. I really expected every moment, that the lightning would have ſet fire to my cabin; it continued all night with prodigious fury, ſo that my man could not get back, and I was left on the water, ſole inhabitant of the float, which was ſecured by a hawſer to a wooden-bridge.

Two ſquare holes were cut in the boards of my cabin, one on each ſide,

Compertâ Virtute beati magnâ, Pipinus princeps locum quem Sanctus incoluit regia largitate donavit.

If it is pretended that the *Notes de Muſique pour lui donner le Son*, were put there by order of king Pepin, who reigned in the eighth century. I ſhould be curious to ſee what kind of notes were then in uſe.

VOYAGE DE MONTAIGNE.

by

by way of window; the pieces were to ſerve as caſements, one of theſe was loſt, ſo that I was forced to faſten with pins, a handkerchief againſt the hole, to keep out wind and rain; but it anſwered the purpoſe very ill, and moreover, it rained in, at a hundred different places; drop, drip, drop, throughout my little habitation, ſometimes on my face, ſometimes on my legs, and always ſomewhere or other. This, with the violent flaſhes of lightning and burſts of thunder, kept off drowſineſs; luckily, perhaps, for I might have caught cold, ſleeping in the wet. I had been told, that the people of Bavaria were, at leaſt, three hundred years behind the reſt of Europe in philoſophy, and uſeful knowledge. Nothing can cure them of the folly of ringing the bells whenever it thunders, or perſuade them to put up conductors to their public buildings; though the lightning here is ſo miſchievous, that laſt year, no leſs than thirteen churches were

deſtroyed by it, in the electorate of Bavaria. The recollection of this, had not the effect of an opiate upon me; the bells in the town of Freiſing were jingling the whole night, to remind me of their fears, and the real danger I was in. I lay on the mattreſs, as far as I could from my ſword, piſtols, watch-chain, and every thing that might ſerve as a conductor. I never was much frightened by lightning before, but now I wiſhed for one of Dr. Franklin's beds, ſuſpended by ſilk cords in the middle of a large room. I weathered it out till morning, without a wink of ſleep; my ſervant told me, that the inn on ſhore was miſerable; it rained into every room of the houſe, and no proviſions could be found for theſe fifty people, but black bread and beer, boiled up with two or three eggs.

At ſix we got into motion, the rain and wind continuing with great fury, and from violent heat, the air grew ſo

chill

chill and cold, that I found it impoſſible to keep myſelf warm with all the things I could put on. For though I added to my dreſs a pair of thick ſhoes, woollen ſtockings, a flannel waiſtcoat, great-coat and night-cap, with all the warm garments in my poſſeſſion, yet I was benumbed with cold.

We advanced for four hours through a dreary country, as far as I was able to deſcry, but the weather was ſo bad, that I could not often examine it. At ten o'clock ſome fir trees appeared, which enlivened the view, and at eleven, nothing elſe could be ſeen on either ſide. There was a very high and ſteep ſhore on the right, covered with firs, and on the left, trees ſcattered near the water, and groves at a diſtance. At eleven, the float ſtopped at Landſhut, where the paſſengers dined. I ſtuck to my cabin and cold meat: if it had not rained in, I ſhould have thought myſelf very well off; but, in my preſent circumſtances I was ſo uncom-

comfortable, that I could not, for a long time, write a word in my journal books; the weather had ſo lowered my ſpirits, and ſtiffened my fingers; however, towards the afternoon, I made an effort, and tranſcribed many things from my tablets, which were full. At ſix o'clock, the float ſtopt at Dingelfing; in the evening I got a candle, which was a luxury denied to me the night before in the thunder-ſtorm. Rain, rain, eternal rain, and wind, made the water nothing leſs than pleaſant.

The next morning was clear, but cold. The paſſengers landed at Landau about ten; at one we entered the Danube, which did not appear ſo vaſt a river here as I expected. However, it grew larger as we deſcended: we ſtopt at two o'clock at a miſerable village, with a fine convent in it, however. Here the wind became ſo violent, that I thought every minute it would have carried away both my cabin and myſelf; at three, it was determined

determined to ſtay here all night, as it was not ſafe to ſtir during this wind; but as this ſeems, and is called, *Le Païs des vents*, it was an exerciſe for patience to be ſtopt at a place, where I had nothing to do. My proviſions grew ſhort and ſtale, and there were none of any kind to be had here!

I had ſuffered ſo much the night before, that I now ſeriouſly ſet about contriving how to keep myſelf warm. The blanket bought at Munich for me, by my knave, or fool of a ſervant, and which I had not ſeen ſoon enough to change, was a ſecond-hand one, and ſo filthy, ragged, and likely to contain all kinds of vermin, and perhaps diſeaſes, that hitherto I could not find in my heart to touch it; however, cold and hunger will tame the proudeſt ſtomachs. I put the blanket over the ſheet, and was gladdened by its warmth.

At three in the morning, the paſſengers were called, and ſoon after the

float

ſloat was in motion; it was now a huge and unwieldy machine, a quarter of a mile long, and loaded with deals, hogſheads, and lumber of all kinds. The ſun roſe very bright; but at ſix there was a ſtrong eaſterly wind, full in our teeth, and ſo great a fog, that not a ſingle object could be ſeen on either ſide the river.

When I agreed to live night and day, for a week, upon the water, I forgot to bargain for warm weather; and now it was ſo cold, that I could ſcarcely hold the pen, though but the 27th of Auguſt! I have often obſerved, that when the body is cold, the mind is chilled likewiſe; and this was now ſo much the caſe with myſelf, that I had neither ſpirits nor ideas for working at my muſical journal.

At eight o'clock we ſtopt at Vilſchofen, a ſweet ſituation. Here is a wooden bridge, of ſixteen arches, over the Danube. The hills on the oppoſite ſide of

the

the town are covered with wood, and exceedingly beautiful. The fog was diſſipated, and the ſun now ſhone on them in great glory. There is a gentle viſit here from the cuſtom-houſe officers; the ſeals were cut off my trunk, being the laſt town in Bavaria. They threatened hard as to the ſevere examination I was to undergo upon entering Auſtria; however, I had little to loſe, except time; and that was now too precious to be patiently parted with to theſe inquiſitorial robbers.

At half an hour paſt nine we ſet off for Paſſau, in very fine weather, which revived my ſpirits, and enabled me to hold my pen. The Danube abounds in rocks, ſome above water, and ſome below, which occaſion a great noiſe by the rapidity of the current, running over, or againſt them.

We met this morning a gang of boats, laden with ſalt, from Saltzburg and Paſſau, dragged up the river by more than forty horſes, a man on each, which ex-

pence

pence is ſo great, as to enhance the price of that commodity above four hundred per cent. We did not ſeem to move ſo faſt now as upon the Iſer, which had frequent caſcades; and ſometimes the float dipped ſo deep, as to have three or four feet of water ruſh ſuddenly into my cabin.

PASSAU.

This is the boldeſt, and at the ſame time the pleaſanteſt ſituation, that I ever ſaw. The town is built on the ſide and ſummit of a ſteep hill, on the right of the Danube. There is a hill on the other ſide, anſwering to that on which the town is built; however, there are but few houſes upon it.

Paſſau is a large imperial city. In the cathedral, which is a very beautiful modern building, of the Corinthian order, there is a very magnificent organ, to look at. The caſe is finely carved and gilt,

and

and the pipes are highly poliſhed: it is divided into two columns of large pipes, one on each ſide, and has a complete little organ in the middle, which joins them together, and ſaves the weſt window: it is what builders call a thirty-two foot organ. M. Snetzler, when it was laſt repaired, made ſome of the front pipes, but there is little variety in the inſide: he likewiſe made the *vox humana*, and octave *dulciana*, in the little organ, which are the two beſt ſolo ſtops that the inſtrument contains.

On each ſide of the choir, in this church, there is likewiſe a ſmall organ, with the pipes ſo highly burniſhed, that I cannot help ſuppoſing them to be of ſilver: indeed the perſon who ſhewed me the great one, aſſured me that they were ſilver pipes; but as he likewiſe would have perſuaded me that the front of the great organ was of that metal, in which I was certain he was miſtaken, I cannot depend on his word.

At

At the end of this town is the confluence of three rivers; the *Inn*, on the right hand; the *Iltz*, on the left; and the *Danube* in the middle. After this junction, the Danube becomes more and more rapid: the ſhore on each ſide, for a conſiderable way below Paſſau, has hills and rocks as high as thoſe at Briſtol; but theſe are covered with ſpruce fir trees and box, and look much leſs terrible, though quite as high. Theſe rocks deprived us of the ſun at three in the afternoon. About four miles below Paſſau, Auſtria is on the left, and Bavaria on the right, as far as Ingelhartzeil, when we were fairly entered into Auſtria. Here is the cuſtom-houſe with which I had been threatened, and which I approached with trepidation; but my trunk was not opened, and nothing was examined except my writing box, which the officers would have unlocked. A ſeal was, however, ſet on my trunk, which I hoped would have enabled me to paſs on to Vienna, without

further plague, and then I expected to pay for all.

Thus far the Danube runs between two high mountains, and ſometimes it is ſo compreſſed and ſhut up, as to be narrower than the Thames at Mortlake. The deſcent is often ſo conſiderable, that the water cannot be ſeen at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile, and ſometimes the noiſe againſt rocks is as violent, and as loud as a cataract.

At the entrance into Auſtria the value of money is lowered; ſo that a ſilver piece, worth twelve *creuzers*, in Bavaria, is inſtantly lowered to ten; a florin, of ſixty creuzers, becomes only worth fifty; a ducat of five florins, is lowered to four florins, twelve creuzers; and a ſovereign of fifteen florins, to twelve florins thirty creuzers; a louis d'or, from eleven to nine florins, twelve creuzers; and a great crown to two florins.

We went upwards of eight leagues, between two mountains, and ſtopt for the

night, at a wretched place, which afford-ed no kind of refreſhment; though I had indulged the hope of ſupplying myſelf here for two days to come, which being Friday and Saturday, among Auſtrian catholics, I knew would be kept ſtrictly *maigre.*

I had now filled up the chinks of my cabin with ſpinters, and with hay; got a new button to the door, reconciled my-ſelf to my filthy blanket, and made a pair of ſnuffers out of a chip of deal; but alas! the eſſential failed: this was all external, and I wanted internal comfort! the laſt bit of my cold meat was fly-blown, to ſuch a degree, that, ravenous as I was, I threw it into the Danube; bread too, that ſtaff was broken! and nothing but Pompernichl was to be had here; which is ſo black and ſour, as to diſguſt two ſenſes at a time.

Friday morning, Auguſt 28th. This river continues running through the ſame woody, wild, and romantic country; which,

to paſs through, is pleaſant and entertaining, to a ſtranger, but produces nothing, except firing, to the poor inhabitants. For fifty miles not a corn field or paſture is to be ſeen. Sheep, oxen, calves, and pigs, are all utter ſtrangers in this land. I aſked what was behind theſe mountains, and was anſwered, huge foreſts. At Aſha the country opens a little.

What an aggregate of waters is here! river after river, comes tumbling into the Danube, and yet it grows rather more deep than wide, by theſe acceſſions; but many ſmall rivers detach themſelves from it, and iſlands are frequently formed in the middle and ſides of this world of waters: before we arrived at Lintz, however, a flat fenny country appeared, with high mountains, covered with trees, at a diſtance.

L I N T Z.

The approach to this town, by water, is very beautiful. There is a road on

each ſide the Danube, at the foot of high mountains and rocks, covered with trees, by which the river is again bounded. The caſtle is ſeen at a diſtance, and houſes and convents, upon the ſummit of ſome of the higheſt hills, have a fine appearance. There is a bridge over the Danube of twenty very wide arches. The town is built on the ſummit and ſides of high hills, and in ſituation much reſembles Paſſau. The churches were ſhut up, as it was twelve o'clock when we arrived; however, I obtained permiſſion to enter the collegiate church, where I found a large organ.

There is ſuch an appearance of piety here, as I never ſaw before in the moſt bigoted catholic countries. All along the Danube, near any town, there are little chapels erected, at only twenty or thirty yards diſtance from each other, ſometimes on the ſides of theſe mountains, and in places too narrow for a foot-

foot-path*; and I ſaw not a houſe in Lintz that had not a Virgin or a ſaint, painted or carved, upon it.

I walked about the town for near two hours. It was market day, though but for poor ſtuff; as nothing eatable appeared, perhaps, becauſe it was Friday, but Brod, vile cheeſe, bad apples, pears, and plums; and of other wares, only tape, toys, ordinary Miſſals, and wretched prints of virgins and ſaints. I ſaw not a good ſhop in the town, though there are many ſhowy and fine houſes. Gable ends and pear-topt ſteeples, in the Bavarian ſtyle, are ſtill in faſhion here.

At SPIEBURG, which is only the ſhell of an old caſtle, upon a little iſland, is the firſt of the two water-falls in the Danube, that are ſaid to be ſo dangerous;

* Theſe chapels as they are called are not ſufficiently ſpacious to contain either layman or prieſt, they are only intended as receptacles for a crucifix or a Virgin.

however, now, there was nothing formidable in it but the noiſe.

Ens, a large city, is here in ſight, upon the right hand; we went through a very diſagreable country till it was dark; the river is ſometimes like a ſea, ſo wide that there is ſcarce any land in ſight; at other times it is broken, and divided into ſmall ſtreams, by iſlands. The raft ſtopt at a hovel, on the left bank of the river, where the paſſengers landed, and ſpent the night. I remained in my cabin, where, I believe, I was much better off, as to bed, than any of them; but, for proviſions, we were all on a footing. Pierre, with great difficulty, clambered up the rocks, to a village, and procured me half a dozen eggs, with which he returned in triumph. But, alas! two of them were addled, and a third had a chicken in it; which, being a faſt day, I could not in conſcience eat.

Saturday,

Saturday, we ſet off at five o'clock, but were ſtopt, after having gone three or four miles, by a violent fog, which rendered the navigation dangerous, among ſo many rocks, ſhoals, and iſlands. When this was diſpelled, we ſoon reached STRUDEL, which is ſituated in a wilder country than ever I ſaw in paſſing the Alps. Here is the famous water-fall and whirlpool, which the Germans ſo much dread, that they ſay it is the habitation of Der Teufel; however, they had talked ſo much about it, that it appeared to me leſs formidable than I expected. The ſhooting London bridge is worſe, though not attended with more noiſe. The company prayed and croſſed themſelves moſt devoutly; but though it may, eſpecially in winter, be a very dangerous paſs in a boat; and though a raft may, dip into the water, yet it covers ſuch a ſurface, that it cannot poſſibly either ſink or be overſet.

At IPS, a pretty town, with a new, handſome, and large *caſerne*, or barrack,

juſt by it, the country opens, and is very beautiful. Hereabouts they begin to make Auſtrian wine: the white wine is a pretty, pleaſant ſort, but ſmall.

At MELK, on the right of the Danube, is a moſt magnificent convent of Benedictines; it ſeems to cover two thirds of the town; the architecture is beautiful, and it has the appearance of being but lately built: here are vines all along the ſhore, on the left hand. Harveſt was quite got in hereabouts; indeed there is but little appearance of agriculture in this wild country. I believe I remarked before, that the quantity of uſeleſs woods and foreſts, in ſeveral parts of Germany, have a barbarous and ſavage appearance; and, to ſay the truth, except in the great trading towns, or thoſe where ſovereign princes reſide, the Germans ſeem very rude and uncultivated.

The country becomes more and more wild, as far as STEIN. The rocks were often ſo high, on each ſide, as to prevent

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us from seeing the sun at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. At Stein there is a wooden bridge of twenty-five or twenty-six very wide arches, which leads, to KREMS, where the Jesuits have a most sumptuous college, beautifully situated on a hill; it has more the appearance of a royal palace, than any thing that we can boast of in England. Stein is on the left, and Krems on the right hand of the Danube, going down. Here our float anchored for the night, though it was but five o'clock: indeed it had not stopt, except early in the morning, for the fog, the whole day. We had now near fifty miles to Vienna; and the scoundrel Floß-meister, or waterman, assured me, and every body at Munich, that we should certainly be there on Saturday night.

At Krems there is an immense organ, in the Jesuits' church. Here, and all the way to Vienna, the common people, in the public houses, and the labourers, at their work, divert themselves with sing-

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ing in two, and ſometimes more parts. Near Ips there was a great number of Bohemian women, whom we ſhould call gypſies, on a pilgrimage to St. Mary *Tafel*, a church placed on the ſummit of a very high mountain, facing the town of Ips, on the other ſide the Danube. No one could inform me why it was called St. Mary *Tafel*; but, in all probability, it had this appellation from the form of the mountain on which it is placed, which reſembles a *table*. Theſe women, however, did not ſing in parts, like the Auſtrians, but in *canto fermo*, like the pilgrims that I heard in Italy, who were going to Aſſiſi; the ſound was carried ſeveral miles, by the ſtream and wind, down the river, upon whoſe ſmooth ſurface it paſſed, without interruption.

The muſical events of this week are ſo trivial, as ſcarce to deſerve recording. I muſt, however, add, to what I have already ſaid, concerning the turn for muſic which I found among the Auſtrians, that

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at Stein, oppoſite Krems, I heard ſeveral ſongs and hymns, ſung very well, in four parts; who were the ſingers I could not learn, as I was on the water; but it was a fortunate circumſtance for me to be placed, by accident, where I heard as good a performance as could have been procured by premeditation and deſign; it was a woman who ſung the upper part, and the melody was not only expreſſed with ſimplicity, but the harmony had all the advantages of being ſwelled and diminiſhed, which, to me, had the effect of advancing and retreating; and the performers ſeemed to underſtand each other, and what they were about, ſo well, that each chord had that kind of equality, in all its parts, which is given to the ſame number of notes, when played upon the ſwell of an organ. At this place the ſoldiers, and almoſt all the young people that were walking by the water ſide, were frequently ſinging, and never in leſs than two parts.

It is not eaſy to account for this facility of ſinging in different parts, in the people of one country, more than in thoſe of another: whether it ariſes in Roman catholic countries, from the frequency of hearing muſic ſung in parts, in their churches, I cannot ſay; but of this I am certain, that in England it coſts infinite trouble, both to the maſter and ſcholar, before a young practitioner in ſinging is able to perform, with firmneſs, an under part to the moſt ſimple melody imaginable; and I never remember hearing the ballad ſingers, in the ſtreets of London, or in our country towns, attempt ſinging in two different parts *.

Sunday, Auguſt 30. This day was trifled away without getting to Vienna with the float, as I had been fully made to expect; an officer on board, tried with me to procure a land carriage for that purpoſe, but in vain. As we ap-

* This faculty in the Germans will be accounted for in the ſecond volume.

proached

proached Vienna, the country became leſs ſavage. There are vineyards on the ſides of all the hills, and large iſlands, innumerable, which divide the Danube.

TULN is a little fortified town, with a *fine* church, and a *fine* convent, which, with a *fine* cuſtom-houſe, uſually conſtitute all the *finery* of Auſtria.

At KOR NEUBURG, there is a very ſtrong citadel, on the ſummit of an extreme high hill, which commands the river and city.

At NUSDORF, a village within three miles of Vienna, with nothing in it but a church and a cuſtom-houſe, I was quite out of patience, at being told, that the float could not, as it was Sunday, on any account, enter Vienna. It was now but five o'clock, and the ſeventh day of my being immured in a ſty, where, indeed I might have grown fat if I had had any thing to eat; but that not being the caſe, hunger as well as loſs of time, made me very impatient to be releaſed; and after

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an hour loſt in trying to procure a chaiſe; I at laſt got a miſerable boat to carry me and my ſervant to Vienna.

This voyage added but little to my knowledge of German muſic, but a great deal to that of the people, and country through which I paſſed: indeed I had an opportunity of landing at every conſiderable town in the paſſage, where I viſited the churches, though I had not time to make acquaintance with muſical people, or to collect hiſtorical matarials; but as to *national muſic*, perhaps the rude ſongs which I heard ſung by the boors and watermen, gave me a more genuine idea of it, than is to be acquired from the corrupted, motley, and Italianized melody, to be heard in the capitals of this extenſive country.

V I E N N A.

This city, the capital of the empire, and reſidence of the imperial family, is

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ſo remote from England, has been ſo imperfectly deſcribed, by writers of travels, and is ſo ſeldom viſited by Engliſhmen, that I ſhould have preſented my readers with a minute account of its public buildings and curioſities, if it had not furniſhed with me ample materials for a long article, relative to my principal ſubject, MUSIC, to which every other muſt give place. I ſhall, however, beſtow a few words on its peculiarities, and then proceed to my muſical journal.

The approach to Vienna from the river, is not very unlike that of Venice, though there is much leſs water, for the Danube divides itſelf into three ſtreams, about a mile and a half above the town; forty or fifty towers and ſpires may be ſeen from the water.

The cuſtom-houſe did not diſappoint my expectation of its being remarkably troubleſome, particularly, in the article of *books*; all are ſtopt there, and read more ſcrupulouſly than at the inquiſi-

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tion of Bologna, in Italy; and mine, which, except muſic, were merely geographical and deſcriptive, were detained near a fortnight before I could recover them; and his excellency lord viſcount Stormont, his majeſty's ambaſſador at this court, afterwards told me, that this was the only thing in which it was not in his power to aſſiſt me. On entering the town, I was informed, that if a ſingle book had been found in my *ſac de nuit*, or travelling ſatchel, its whole contents would have been forfeited.

The ſtreets are rendered doubly dark and dirty by their narrowneſs, and by the extreme height of the houſes; but, as theſe are chiefly of white ſtone, and in a uniform, elegant ſtyle of architecture, in which the Italian taſte prevails, as well as in muſic, there is ſomething grand and magnificent in their appearance, which is very ſtriking; and even many of thoſe houſes which have ſhops on the ground-floor, ſeem like palaces above.

Indeed

Indeed the whole town and its ſuburbs, appear, at the firſt glance, to be compoſed of palaces, rather than of common habitations. The churches and convents are chiefly of Gothic architecture; however, the Jeſuits' college is an extenſive and elegant modern building; and the church of St. Sophia, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, but upon a much ſmaller ſcale, is a beautiful copy of that ſtructure in miniature; as is the Auſtin Friars, of the chapel of Loretto.

The emperor's prerogative of having the firſt floor of almoſt every houſe in Vienna for the uſe of the officers of his court and army, is as ſingular in itſelf, as it is inconvenient to the inhabitants. The houſes are ſo large, that a ſingle floor ſuffices for moſt of the firſt and largeſt families in the city.

The inhabitants do not, as elſewhere, go to the ſhops to make purchaſes; but the ſhops are *brought to them*; there

was literally a fair, at the inn where I lodged, every day. The trades-people ſeem to ſell nothing at home, but, like hawkers and pedlars, carry their goods from houſe to houſe. A ſtranger is teazed to death by theſe chapmen, who offer to ſale wretched goods, ill manufactured, and ill-faſhioned. In old England, it is true, things are very dear, but if their goodneſs be compared with theſe, they are cheap as dirt.

I muſt obſerve, that I have never yet found, in any country on the continent, that the trades-people, like many in England, could be truſted, without beating them down, and fixing the price of what is purchaſed of them, previous to poſſeſſion. In London there is little danger of being charged unreaſonably for any thing that is had from a reputable ſhop, though the price is not aſked, when the goods are ſent for, nor paid, till the bill is brought in, perhaps a year after.

A little

A little way out of the town, there is a famous walk, or rather ride, called the Prat; it is an extenſive wood, or open grove, with a coach-road cut through it. There is a verdure on the ground, and ſhade from ſome of the largeſt trees that I ever ſaw, with frequent views of the Danube. It is the Hyde-park of Vienna, but more flat and gloomy than that of London.

The firſt time I went to a theatre, I was by miſtake, carried to a German tragedy, though there was a burletta performed in Italian, the ſame night, at another theatre, at which were the Emperor and his ſiſters, the Arch-ducheſſes of Auſtria; but my ignorance of this, at the time, contributed to fortify, in me, that accommodating principle, which ſeeks profit and enjoyment from the preſent ſituation, by whatever accidents thrown into it, without repining at the loſs of remote pleaſures, that are unattainable.

I hoped, however, that there would be ſinging in this piece, but was wholly diſappointed; it was ein Trauerſpiel, von Gotthold Ephraim Leſſing' called Emilia Galotti.

I ſhould ſuppoſe this play to have been well acted; it was ſpoken with energy and paſſion, and many ſpeeches were much applauded; but I was ſo young at German declamation, that I could only catch a ſentence now and then. However, I made out the drift of the piece, which very much reſembles, in the cataſtrophe, that of Virginia.

A prince of Guaſtalla, formerly in love with a counteſs, named Orſina, becomes inconſtant upon ſeeing *Emilia Galotti*, the daughter of a country gentleman, who was engaged to a worthy Graf, or count. He meets with this lady, at maſs, on the morning, which was fixed on for her marriage with the *Graf*.

Princes et rois vont très vite en amour, ſays M. de Voltaire. This prince has

among his courtiers, a friend and confident, named Marinelli, who is a more hateful character, than Jago, in Shakespeare's Othello.

This perſonage readily undertakes to pander for his maſter; and having, in vain, endeavoured to perſuade the betrothed *Graf*, to accept of a foreign appointment he hires a banditti to attack the carriage, in which *Emilia*, her mother, and the *Graf*, were proceeding to a country-houſe, in order to celebrate their marriage. The *Graf* is killed by the aſſaſſins, and *Emilia* is conveyed, in a ſeeming friendly and hoſpitable manner, to a *Chateau*, or country ſeat, of the prince, near the road.

Orſina, the deſerted miſtreſs of the prince, meeting with *Emilia*'s father, inſinuates, that the unhappy young lady had conſented to the plan, of her being carried off, and to the murder of her lover; which induces the irritated father, to receive from her a dagger, with

the barbarous deſign of plunging it into his daughter's boſom.

Marinelli aſſumes the character of the friend and avenger of the deceaſed *Graf*, and acquaints the father, that, as it had been rumoured, that a lover of *Emilia* had been the murderer, it would be expedient to have her ſeparated from her family, till the affair was cleared up.

The alarmed old man, deſires permiſſion to ſee his daughter, alone; as ſoon as ſhe is made acquainted with her danger, from the artful plan of Marinelli, ſhe ſeizes the dagger which her father had ſhewn her, with a reſolution to deſtroy herſelf. He, however, prevents her; but is at length prevailed upon, to give the fatal ſtroke himſelf, ſtimulated by her entreaties, and exaggerations of the danger to which ſhe was expoſed, from the lawleſs paſſion of the prince, who enters at this inſtant, with Marinelli.

The father confeſſes the fact to the prince, and, with a ſavage ferocity, aſks him, whether he likes her now? Emilia has but juſt ſtrength ſufficient left, to vindicate the act of her father before ſhe expires. The old man delivers himſelf into the hands of juſtice; the mother runs diſtracted; while Marinelli, the chief cauſe of all the miſchief, receives no other puniſhment, with which the audience is made acquainted, than to be ordered by the prince, to get out of his ſight.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, gives a curious deſcription of the ſtate of this theatre, when ſhe ſaw the comedy of Amphitrion, repreſented here in the year 1716. "I could not eaſily pardon, ſays "her ladyſhip, the liberty the poet has "taken of larding his play with not only "indecent expreſſions, but ſuch groſs "words, as I don't think our mob would "ſuffer from a mountebank; beſides the "two Soſias very fairly let down their

"breeches, in the direct view of the "boxes, which were full of people of "the firſt rank, who ſeemed very well "pleaſed with their entertainment, and "aſſured me, this was a celebrated "piece *."

This ribald taſte has taken another turn, and in tragedy ſeems now to exhale itſelf in impious oaths and execrations; for, in the piece of to-night, the interlocutors curſe, ſwear, and call names, in a groſs and outrageous manner. I know not, perhaps, the exact ideas annexed by the Germans, to the following expreſſions, of Bey Gott; Gott verdamm' ihn, &c. but they ſhocked my ears very frequently †.

* Letters of the right honourable lady Mary Wortley Montague, vol. I.

† I have been informed that theſe expreſſions are mere *Angliciſms*, adopted by the author of the play, who is very fond of the Engliſh, in order to imitate their *coſtume*, and that no German ever ſpeaks in that manner, not even the moſt profligate. Unluckily there are two capital miſtakes in the compli-

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However, there is an original wildneſs in the conduct and ſentiments of this piece, which renders it very intereſting. It is concluded by the prince himſelf, with the following bold and admirable exclamation; "Gods! is it "not a ſufficient curſe to mankind, that "princes ſhould be men, but muſt "devils take the ſemblance of their "friends*!"

This theatre is lofty, having five or ſix rows of boxes, twenty-four in each row. The height makes it ſeem ſhort, yet, at the firſt glance, it is very ſtrikment intended us by the author in the uſe of theſe coarſe phraſes: firſt, the ſtory upon which the play is founded, being Italian, and the ſcene laid in Italy, the *coſtume* of that country ſhould have been imitated, not thoſe of England. Secondly, the expreſſions are ſuch as have never been ſuffered upon the *Engliſh ſtage*; though they are but too frequently uſed in the ſtreets by the loweſt and moſt abandoned of the people.

* Gott! Gott! — Iſt es, zum Unglücke ſo mancher, nicht genug, daß Fürſten Menſchen ſind: müſſen ſich auch noch Teufel in ihren Freund verſtellen?

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ing; it does not appear to have been very lately painted, and looks dark; but the ſcenes and decorations are ſplendid. The ſtage had the appearance of being oval, which, whether it was produced by deception or reality, had a pleaſing effect, as it correſponded with the other end of the theatre, which was rounded off at the corners, and gave an elegant look to the whole.

The orcheſtra has a numerous band, and the pieces which were played for the overture and act-tunes, were very well performed, and had an admirable effect; they were compoſed by Haydn, Hoffman, and Vanhall.

The firſt time I went to the cathedral of St. Stephen, I heard an excellent maſs, in the true church ſtyle, very well performed; there were violins and violoncellos though it was not a feſtival. The great organ at the weſt end of this church has not been fit for uſe theſe forty years; there are three or four more

organs

organs of a ſmaller ſize in different parts of the church, which are uſed occaſionally. That which I heard in the choir this morning is but a poor one, and as uſual, was much out of tune; it was played, however, in a very maſterly, though not a modern ſtyle. All the reſponſes in this ſervice, are chanted in four parts, which is much more pleaſing, eſpecially where there is ſo little melody, than the mere naked *canto fermo* uſed in moſt other catholic churches; the treble part was ſung by boys, and very well; particularly, by two of them, whoſe voices, though not powerful, had been well cultivated.

I cannot proceed farther in the journal of my muſical tranſactions at Vienna, without mentioning the flattering manner in which I was received, protected, and even aſſiſted in my enquiries there, by his excellency lord viſcount Stormont, his majeſty's ambaſſador extraordinary at that court; as it was to his lordſhip's

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influence and activity, that I owed the greateſt part of my entertainment, and the information I acquired during my reſidence at Vienna.

His lordſhip had been prepared for my arrival by a letter, which M. de Viſme had been ſo kind as to write in my behalf, before I left Munich, in which he had explained the nature of my journey and purſuits; ſo that I very ſoon obtained an audience, and he condeſcended to enter heartily into my views, and to intereſt himſelf about them immediately on my arrival. This was a moſt fortunate circumſtance for me, as his long reſidence here, had furniſhed opportunities for his being perfectly acquainted with all ſuch perſons and things as I wiſhed to know; and that univerſal eſteem and reſpect, which a ſteady, judicious, and amiable conduct had acquired him, joined to his high rank and ſtation, rendered him all powerful in whatever cauſe he eſpouſed.

One

One of the firſt ſignal favours which his lordſhip conferred on me, was doing me the honour of preſenting me to the counteſs Thun, a moſt agreeable and accompliſhed lady of very high rank, who, among many other talents, poſſeſſes as great ſkill in muſic as any perſon of diſtinction I ever knew; ſhe plays the harpſichord with that grace, eaſe, and delicacy, which nothing but female fingers can arrive at.

Her favourite author for the inſtrument, is a *dilettante*, M. le Comte de Becke. His pieces are very original, and in a good taſte: they ſhew the inſtrument much, but his own delicacy and feelings more. He was, unluckily for me, in Bohemia at this time, ſo that I could not have the honour and advantage of his converſation.

The ſecond evening after my arrival, I went to the French theatre, where I ſaw a German comedy, or rather a farce

of

of five acts: however, I ſhould not ſuppoſe the piece to be without merit, as the natives ſeemed much pleaſed with it. This theatre is not ſo high as that at which I had been the night before, but it is ſtill better fitted up; here the beſt places ſeem to be in the pit, which is divided in two parts, and all the ſeats are ſtuffed, and covered with red baize; the ſcenes were ſeldom changed during the piece; but the principal, that is, the ſcene of longeſt continuance, was flat in front, where there were two large folding doors, as in the French theatres, for the entrance and exit of the principal characters. At each ſide there was an elegant projection, in the middle of which there was likewiſe a door, uſed chiefly by the ſervants, and inferior characters. The comedy was often too groſly farcical; but there were ſcenes, as well as characters, of real humour, and one or two of the *Comedie larmoyante* kind, that were truly pathetic.

Premiums are now no longer given, as heretofore, in this theatre, to actors who voluntarily ſubmit to be kicked and cuffed, for the diverſion of the ſpectators. However, it is but a few years ſince bills were regularly brought in to the managers at the end of each week, in which the comic actors uſed to charge: "So "much for a ſlap on the face;" "So "much for a broken head; and ſo much "for a kick on the breech, &c." But, in proceſs of time, the effect of theſe wearing out, it became neceſſary to augment their number, and force, in order to render the pleaſure of the ſpectators more exquiſite; till the managers, unable any longer to ſupport ſo intolerable an expence, totally aboliſhed the rewards for theſe heroic ſufferings.

And now, ſince this *active wit* has ceaſed to be practiſed, it is obſerved that the theatre is not only more ſeldom crowded than formerly, but the audience is become more difficult to pleaſe. In-

deed

deed the conſequences ſeem to have been ſo fatal, that many attribute the frequent bankruptcies of the managers to the *inſufferable* dullneſs and inactivity of the performers *.

The orcheſtra here was full as ſtriking as that of the other theatre, and the pieces played were admirable. They were ſo full of invention, that it ſeemed to be muſic of ſome other world, inſomuch, that hardly a paſſage in this was to be traced; and yet all was natural, and equally free from the ſtiffneſs of labour, and the pedantry of hard ſtudy. Whoſe muſic it was I could not learn; but both the compoſition and performance, gave me exquiſite pleaſure †.

* In conſideration of their great utility, it is hoped that the worthy managers of our theatres do not let "the ſpurns and patient ſufferings" of our pantomime clowns, go unrewarded at the end of the week.

† The ſymphonies of *Manheim*, excellent as they are, have been obſerved, by perſons of refined taſte, to be *Manierées*, and tireſome to ſuch as continue

there

At the end of the play, there was a very ſpirited and entertaining dance, planned by the celebrated ballet-maſter, M. Noverre, in which the four principal performers diſplayed great abilities, in point of grace, activity, and preciſion.

Three large boxes are taken out of the front of the firſt row, for the imperial family, which goes frequently to this theatre; it was built by Charles the ſixth. The Empreſs-queen, according to imperial *Etiquette*, continues in weeds, and has appeared in no public theatre ſince the death of the late emperor.

At night two of the poor ſcholars of this city ſung, in the court of the inn where I lodged, duets in *falſet*, *ſoprano*, and *contralto*, very well in tune, and with feeling and taſte. I ſent to enquire whether they were taught muſic at the Jeſuits'

there any time, being almoſt all of one caſt, from the writers of them giving too much into imitation.

college, and was anſwered in the affirmative. Though the number of poor ſcholars, at different colleges, amounts to a hundred and twenty, yet there are at preſent but ſeventeen that are taught muſic.

After this there was a band of theſe fingers, who performed through the ſtreets a kind of glees, in three and four parts: this whole country is certainly very muſical. I frequently heard the ſoldiers upon guard, and centinels, as well as common people, ſing in parts. The muſic ſchool at the Jeſuits' college, in every Roman catholic town, accounts in ſome meaſure for this faculty; yet other cauſes may be aſſigned, and, among theſe, it ſhould be remembered, that there is ſcarce a church or convent in Vienna, which has not every morning its *maſs in muſic*: that is, a great portion of the church ſervice of the day, ſet in parts, and performed with voices, accompanied by at leaſt three or four violins,

lins, a tenor and baſe, beſides the organ; and as the churches here are daily crowded, this muſic, though not of the moſt exquiſite kind, muſt, in ſome degree, form the ear of the inhabitants. Phyſical cauſes operate but little, I believe, as to muſic. Nature diſtributes her favours pretty equally to the inhabitants of Europe; but moral cauſes are frequently very powerful in their effects. And it ſeems as if *the national muſic of a country was good or bad, in proportion to that of its church ſervice*; which may account for the taſte of the common people of Italy, where indeed the language is more muſical than in any other country of Europe, which certainly has an effect upon their vocal muſic; but the excellent performances that are every day heard for nothing in the churches, by the common people, more contribute to refine and fix the national taſte for good muſic, than any other thing that I can at preſent ſuggeſt.

I had the good fortune to meet with the admirable poet Metaſtaſio here, and the no leſs admirable muſicain Haſſe, as well as with the chevalier Gluck, one of the moſt extraordinary geniuſes of this, or, perhaps, of any age or nation; and as I was ſo happy as to enjoy the converſation of theſe illuſtrious perſonages very frequently, during my reſidence in this city, it will incline me to be very circumſtantial concerning them, which I hope my readers will pardon in behalf of their extraordinary merit, and the enthuſiaſtic admiration of it, with which I confeſs my mind to be impreſſed.

Before I had the honour of being introduced to Signor Metaſtaſio, I obtained, from undoubted authority, the following particulars relative to this great poet, whoſe writings have perhaps more contributed to the refinement of vocal melody, and, conſequently, of muſic in general, than the joint efforts of all the great compoſers in Europe; this ſuppoſition

ſition I ſhall hereafter endeavour to explain and confirm, in ſpeaking of him only as a lyric poet.

The *Abate Pietro Metaſtaſio*, was adopted at Rome, while every young, by the celebrated civilian, Gravina, who diſcovering in him an extraordinary talent for poetry, undertook the care of his education; and, after he had been inſtructed under his eye, in all the parts of polite literature, he ſent him to Calabria, in the kingdom of Naples, to learn Greek, as a living language, it being ſtill ſpoken in that province, by the natives *. He had ſuch a faculty of ſpeaking verſes extempore, ſo early as at five years old, that Gravina uſed to ſet him on a table, to perform the part of an *Improvviſatore*; but this exerciſe was found to exhauſt him ſo much, that a phyſician aſſured his patron, if he continued the prac-

* Calabria was a part of *Magna Græcia*.

tice, it would deſtroy him; for at ſuch times he was ſo truly *afflatus numine*, that his head and ſtomach ſwelled, and became inflamed, while his extremities grew cold. Gravina ſeeing this, thought it neceſſary to take the phyſician's advice, and would never ſuffer him more to *improvviſare*. Metaſtaſio now ſpeaks of the practice as equally repugnant to grammar, and to common ſenſe; for whoever accuſtoms himſelf in this rapid manner, to diſtort every thought into rhyme, deſtroys all taſte, and totally precludes ſelection: till, by degrees, the mind and genius accommodating themſelves to inaccuracies and abſurdities, not only loſe a reliſh for labour, but for every thing that is chaſte and correct.

Gravina made Metaſtaſio tranſlate all Homer into Italian verſe, before he was fourteen years of age; and this, perhaps, deſtroyed ſome of that veneration for the ancients, with which moſt men of true

genius are poſſeſſed*. Fielding ſaid of himſelf, that he bore *marks* of the difficulty of Homer about him all his life. Gravina idolized the ancients, and, perhaps, Metaſtaſio, taking the *contrepied*, reſpects them too little.

He has opinions fixed and unalterable, peculiar to himſelf, concerning many things, particularly rhyme: he ſtill thinks that the Hebrew Pſalms are in rhyme, and that this conſonance of verſes is infinitely more ancient than is generally imagined. He thinks that Milton's Paradiſe Loſt cannot be a perfect poem becauſe it is written in *blank verſe*, though all the narrative parts of his own dramatic pieces are in meaſured proſe; indeed, before each ſong, he has a couplet, or cloſe, uſually in rhyme, which prepares for the change.

The whole tenor of his life is equally innoxious with his writings. He lives with the moſt mechanical regularity,

* Gravina died in the year 1718, and made Metaſtaſio his heir.

which he ſuffers none to diſturb; he has not dined from home theſe thirty years; he is very difficult of acceſs, and equally averſe to new perſons, and new things; he ſees, in a familiar way, but three or four people, and them, conſtantly every night, from eight o'clock till ten; he abhors writing, and never ſets pen to paper but by compulſion: as it was neceſſary to bind Silenus, before he would ſing; and Proteus, to oblige him to give oracles.

He has long been inveſted with the title and appointments of imperial laureate; and when the Emperor, Empreſs, or any one of the imperial family orders it, he ſits down and writes, two hours at a time only, juſt as he would tranſcribe a poem written by any one elſe; never waiting for a call, invoking the Muſe, or even receiving her favours at any other than his own ſtated periods.

He was applied to by the editors of the *Encyclopedie*, to write the article *Opera* for that work; but he politely de-

declined the taſk, ſuppoſing it impoſſible that his ſentiments on the ſubject ſhould be pleaſing to the French nation.

Taſſo is his favourite of all poets; he likes not Fingal, on account of its wildneſs and obſcurity*; he reads with his ſelect friends ancient and modern authors every evening; he is extremely fond of the writings of count Medini, a Bohemian, whoſe poetical compoſitions, he ſays, are ſuperior to thoſe of all other living writers. This count is tranſlating the *Henriade*, of Voltaire, into Italian *Ottave Rime*.

A perſon of very high rank aſſured me, that he had been five years in Vienna before he could get acquainted with Metaſtaſio, or even have an opportunity of converſing with him; and, after that time, but three viſits had been exchanged between them in ſeveral years; in-

* The poems of Oſſian are tranſlated into Italian, by the Abate Melchior Ceſarotti, and were publiſhed at Padua in 1763.

deed

deed, in my applications for letters of recommendation to this exquiſite poet, before I left England, I had been mortified by an aſſurance, "that it would be in "vain for me to attempt even a ſight of "Metaſtaſio, as he was totally worn out, "incommunicative, and averſe to ſociety "on all occaſions."

However, this account had been expreſſed in too ſtrong terms; for, upon my arrival at Vienna, I found that beſides the conſtant ſociety of his particular friends every evening, he had a kind of levee each morning, at which he was viſited by a great number of perſons of high rank and diſtinguiſhed merit.

If he is attended to with complaiſance, he converſes very freely and agreeably; but if contradicted, he becomes immediately ſilent; he is too well-bred, as well as too indolent, to diſpute; if what he thinks erroneous be advanced, in oppoſition to any thing that he has ſaid, he paſſes it over in ſilence. He likes not ani-

animated diſcuſſions, ſuch as generally ſubſiſt among men of talents and learning; but rather chuſes the eaſe and moderation of a private individual, than to lay down the law in the deciſive manner of a public and exalted character. Indeed there ſeems to be that ſoft calmneſs in his life, which ſubſiſts in his writings, where he reaſons, even in paſſion, more than he raves; and that even tenor of propriety and correctneſs which runs through all his works, is, in ſome degree, conſtitutional. He is as ſeldom, perhaps, violently agitated in his writings as his life, and he may be called the poet of the golden age; in which ſimplicity and decorum are ſaid to have reigned, more than the wild and furious paſſions. The effuſions of patriotiſm, love, and friendſhip, which he pours out with exquiſite ſweetneſs, are affections of a ſoft and gentle kind, which his heart felt, and his ſoul has coloured.

He has not, perhaps, the fire of a Corneille, or the wit and variety of a Voltaire;

taire; but he has all the pathos, all the correctneſs of a Racine, with more originality. I need only mention his well-known poem, *Grazie e gl'Inganni tuoi*, which has been ſo many times imitated and tranſlated in all languages: this contains a ſpecies of wit, peculiar to Metaſtaſio, in which he turns trivial circumſtances to account. Shakeſpeare has ſaid, in deriſion, of one of his characters, that "he has a *reaſonable* good wit," and this is ſeriouſly true with reſpect to Metaſtaſio, whoſe wit is not compoſed of epigrammatic points, or whimſical conceits; neither is it biting nor ſarcaſtical; but conſiſts of familiar and natural things, highly poliſhed, and ſet in diamonds.

——'Tis nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd.

The ſweetneſs of his language and verſification, give a grace to all that he writes, and the natural tendency of his genius, is to point out rectitude, propriety,

priety, and decorum; and though he diſcovers in every ſtanza of his *Nice*, that he is not cured of his paſſion for a jilt, yet he plainly proves that he ought to be ſo.

Party runs as high among poets, muſicians, and their adherents, at Vienna as elſewhere. Metaſtaſio and Haſſe, may be ſaid, to be at the head of one of the principal ſects; and Calſabigi and Gluck of another. The firſt, regarding all innovations as quackery, adhere to the ancient form of the muſical drama, in which the poet and muſician claim equal attention from an audience; the bard in the recitatives and narrative parts; and the compoſer in the airs, duos, and choruſſes. The ſecond party depend more on theatrical effects, propriety of character, ſimplicity of diction, and of muſical execution, than on, what *they* ſtyle, flowery deſcriptions, ſuperfluous ſimiles, ſententious and cold morality, on one ſide, with tireſome ſymphonies,

and

and long diviſions, on the other *. It is leſs my buſineſs and intention here, to take ſides, or to determine which of theſe parties is right, than to point out the different merit of both. For I ſhould not only be an enemy to my own pleaſure, but unworthy of the title I have aſſumed, of a faithful hiſtorian, if I encouraged excluſive approbation. I ſhall therefore proceed in characteriſing the genius of the two great compoſers abovementioned, to the beſt of my judgment and feelings, unbiaſſed by the deciſions of others.

The merit of Signor Haſſe has ſo long, and ſo univerſally been eſtabliſhed on the continent, that I have never yet converſed with a ſingle profeſſor on the ſubject, who has not allowed him to be the moſt natural, elegant, and judicious

* *L'Autore a ſoſtuito alle fiorite deſcrizioni, ai Paragoni ſuperflui, e alle ſentenzioſe e fredde moralità, il linguaggio del cuore, le paſſioni forti, le ſituazioni intereſſanti, e uno ſpettacolo ſempre variato.* Dedicaz. d'Alceſte, dal cav. Gluck.

com-

compoſer of vocal muſic, as well as the moſt voluminous now alive *; equally a friend to poetry and to the voice, he diſcovers as much judgment as genius, in expreſſing words, as well as in accompanying thoſe ſweet and tender melodies, which he gives to the ſinger. Always regarding the voice, as the firſt object of attention in a theatre, he never ſuffocates it, by the learned jargon of a multiplicity of inſtruments and ſubjects; but is as careful of preſerving its importance as a painter, of throwing the ſtrongeſt light upon the capital figure of his piece.

In 1769, he produced at Vienna the muſic of a little opera, or *Intermezzo tragico, Piramo e Tiſbe, à tre voci*; and in 1771, he ſet *Ruggiero*, at Milan, for the marriage of the Arch-duke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor, with the Prin-

* He was born at Bergendorf, in Lower Saxony, within eight miles of Hamburg, and is beſt known in Italy, by the name of *Il Saſſone*.

ceſs

ceſs of Modena, both written by Metaſtaſio *.

Dr. Brown pretended to prove, the ſeparation of muſic and poetry; if he was right, it muſt, however, be allowed that this poet and muſician are the *two halves* of what, like Plato's *Androgyne*, once conſtituted a *whole*; for as they are equally poſſeſſed of the ſame characteriſtic marks of true genius, taſte, and judgment; ſo propriety, conſiſtency, clearneſs, and preciſion, are alike the inſeparable companions of both. When the voice was more reſpected than the ſervile herd of imitative inſtruments, and at a time when a different degree, and better judged kind of ſtudy rendered it, perhaps, more worthy of attention than at preſent, the airs of Signor Haſſe, particularly thoſe of the

* Theſe pieces are the laſt productions of the great poet and muſician, who, with more propriety than Pope and Jarvis, might ſay,

Smit with the love of ſiſter arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.

pathetic kind, were ſuch as charmed every hearer, and fixed the reputation of the firſt ſingers in Europe *.

His abilities are but little known in England, as but few of his compoſitions are printed, and thoſe of the moſt trivial kind; but, as his works are more numerous than thoſe of any vocal compoſer now living, he may, without injury to his brethren, be allowed to be as ſuperior to all other lyric compoſers, as Metaſtaſio is to all other lyric poets.

The chevalier Gluck is ſimplifying muſic; and, with unbounded invention and powers for creating capricious difficulties, and decking his melodies with meretricious ornaments, he tries all he can to keep his muſe chaſte and ſober. His three operas of *Orfeo*, *Alceſte*, and *Paride*, are proofs of this, as they contain few difficulties of execution, though many of expreſſion.

* Such as Farinelli, Fauſtina, Mingotti, &c.

He has lately ſuggeſted to an able writer, a plan for a new ode on St. Cecilia's day, which diſcovers both genius and diſcernment. Lord Cowper had, ſome time ſince, Dryden's Ode performed to Handel's muſic at Florence; but ſet to a literal Italian tranſlation given *totidem ſyllabis*, in order to preſerve the muſic as entire as poſſible. But this tenderneſs for the muſician, was ſo much at the expence of the poet, that Dryden's divine Ode, became not only unpoetical, but unintelligible in this wretched verſion. The muſic has ſince been performed at Vienna to the ſame words, and many parts of it were very much liked, in deſpite of the nonſenſe through which it was conveyed to the ears of the audience.

Gluck was exceedingly ſtruck with the thoughts of our great poet, and wiſhed to have an ode on the ſame ſubject, but written on a different plan, which would

preſerve

preſerve as many of them as poſſible. His idea was this; a poem of ſo great a length, could never be ſung to modern muſic by *one perſon*. Now, as Dryden's Ode is all *narrative*; there ſeems no propriety in diſtributing it among different perſons, in the performance. He wiſhed therefore, to have it thrown into a dramatic form, in which the interlocutors might ſpeak what paſſion ſuggeſts; and this has been done in the following manner: it begins with the feaſt of Bacchus, at which Alexander and Thais preſide. They agree to call in Timotheus to ſing to them; but before his arrival, the hero and his miſtreſs differ in opinion concerning his merit; the one ſuppoſes him to be inferior to what has been reported of him; and the other, ſuperior. This contention enlivens the dialogue, and intereſts the audience till the arrival of the bard, who begins to ſing of the Trojan war, which animates Alexander ſo much, that he breaks out into the

complaints attributed to him by the old ſtory of having no Homer, like Achilles, to record his actions.

Tueſday, September 1ſt. At veſpers, this afternoon, I heard, in the cathedral, ſome admirable old muſic compoſed by Fux, not very well performed, indeed, as to ſinging or accompaniments; the former was feeble, and the latter, I mean the violins, were deſpicable: however, the organ was very well played, by the organiſt, M. Mittermier. M. Hoffman, an excellent compoſer of inſtrumental muſic, particularly of ſymphonies, is *maeſtro di capella*. The church is a dark, dirty, and diſmal old Gothic building, though richly ornamented; in it are hung all the trophies of war, taken from the Turks and other enemies of the houſe of Auſtria, for more than a century paſt, which gives it very much the appearance of an old wardrobe.

At half an hour paſt ſix this evening, I went to the comic opera of *Il Barone*.

The

The muſic, compoſed by Signor Salieri, a ſcholar of M. Gaſman. I did not receive much pleaſure from the overture, or the two firſt airs; the muſic was languid, and the ſinging but indifferent. There were only four characters in the piece, and the principal woman did not appear till the third ſcene; but then ſhe gave a glow to every thing around her; it was one of the Baglioni, of Bologna *, whom I had heard both at Milan and Florence, during my tour through Italy. She is very much improved ſince that time, and her voice is now one of the cleareſt, ſweeteſt, trueſt, moſt powerful, and extenſive I ever heard. In compaſs, it is from Bb, on the fifth ſpace in the baſe, to D in alt, full, ſteady, and equal; her ſhake is good, and her *Portamento* admirably free from the noſe, mouth, or throat. There was ſuch a roundneſs and dignity in all the tones, that every thing

* Coſtanza.

ſhe did became intereſting; a few plain ſlow notes from her, were more acceptable to the audience, than a whole elaborate air from any one elſe.

This ſinger is young, has good features, the *embonpoint charmant*, and is upon the whole a fine figure; but I cannot attribute all the improvement I now found in her voice to time; ſomething muſt be given to the difference of theatres; thoſe of Florence and Milan, are, at leaſt, twice as big as this at Vienna, which is about the ſize of our great opera-houſe, in the Hay-market. The opera of to-night was performed in the German theatre, where I had before ſeen a tragedy. The two theatres of Vienna are never both open together except on a Sunday or feſtival, at other times they are opened alternately.

The Emperor, the Arch-duke Maximilian, his brother, and his two ſiſters, the Arch-ducheſſes, Marianne, and Mary Elizabeth, were all at this burletta.

The

The box, in which they ſate, was very little diſtinguiſhed from the reſt; they came in and went out with few attendants, and without parade. The Emperor is of a manly fine figure, and has a ſpirited and pleaſing countenance; he often changes his place at the opera, to converſe with different perſons, and frequently walks about the ſtreets without guards, ſeeming to ſhun, as much as poſſible, all kinds of unneceſſary pomp. His imperial majeſty was extremely attentive during the performance of the opera, and applauded the Baglione ſeveral times very much.

The admiſſion into this theatre is at a very eaſy rate; twenty-four *Creuzers* only are paid for going into the pit; in which, however, there are ſeats with backs to them. A *Creuzer* here, is hardly equal to an Engliſh halfpenny; indeed, part of the front of the pit is railed off, and is called the amphitheatre; for places there, the price is doubled, none

are to be had for money, except in the pit and the ſlips, which run all along the top of the houſe, and in which only ſixteen *Creuzers* are paid. The boxes are all let by the ſeaſon to the principal families, as is the cuſtom in Italy.

The ſize of this theatre may be nearly imagined, by comparing with any one of our own, the number of boxes and ſeats in each. There are in this five ranks of boxes, twenty-four in each: in the pit there are twenty-ſeven rows of ſeats, which ſeverally contains twenty-four perſons.

Wedneſday, September 2. This morning was dedicated to the delivering of letters, with which I was furniſhed to different perſons in Vienna. Among whom, I muſt diſtinguiſh two, from whoſe acquaintance I derived great pleaſure, as well as aſſiſtance in my muſical reſearches; theſe were the *abate Taruffi, uditore e ſegretario di legazione* to the pope's nuncio, to whom I was favoured

with

with a letter from Mr. Baretti; and M. L'Augier, one of the principal phyſicians to the imperial court, to the knowledge of whom I was indebted to Col. St. Pol, and M. de Viſme, who were both ſo kind as to write to him in my behalf.

It afforded me ſingular ſatisfaction to converſe with the *abate Taruffi*, as I found him to have not only a general knowledge of every ſubject that was ſtarted, but poſſeſſed of a ſuperior taſte in literature and the arts; he ſpeaks Engliſh, and is ſo perfectly acquainted with the writings of our beſt authors, both in verſe and proſe, that he quotes them as readily and happily as a native of Great Britain.

During my firſt viſit I made him acquainted with the particular object of my journey into Germany, and furniſhed him with the printed account of my tour through France and Italy. I was happy to find that he was a particular acquaintance of Metaſtaſio and of Haſſe, and the

more

more ſo as he voluntarily offered to introduce me to both. He likewiſe promiſed to preſent me to the legate, and to the Duca di Breſciano, not only as to perſons whoſe influence might be of uſe to me, from their high rank; but whoſe converſation, from their knowledge and love of muſic, might furniſh both anecdotes and reflections well worth my attention. He favoured me with ſeveral intereſting particulars relative to Metaſtaſio, one of which was, that a young lady, the daughter of a deceaſed friend, who was born, educated, and who ſtill lived in the ſame houſe with him, had the greateſt genius for muſic, in all its branches of playing, ſinging, and compoſing, of any one living. Metaſtaſio, at firſt, inſtructed her, how to ſet his ſongs; but now ſhe delights and even aſtoniſhes the great poet himſelf.

I was extremely curious to know what kind of muſic would beſt fulfil the ideas of Metaſtaſio, when applied to his own poetry;

poetry; and imagined that this young lady, with all the advantages of his inſtructions, counſel, and approbation, combined with her own genius, muſt be an *alter idem*, and that her productions would include every muſical embelliſhment which could be ſuperadded to his poetry, without deſtroying or diminiſhing its native beauty. Lord Stormont had kindly undertaken to bring about an interview, between Metaſtaſio and me; ſo that till this had taken place, I was not at liberty to viſit him with Signor Taruffi; however, he promiſed immediately to read my book, and to apprize him of its contents, in order to prepare him for my acquaintance.

M. L'Augier, in deſpight of uncommon corpulency, poſſeſſes a moſt active and cultivated mind. His houſe is the rendezvous of the firſt people of Vienna, both for rank and genius; and his converſation is as entertaining, as his knowledge is extenſive and profound. Among

his

his other acquirements he has arrived at great ſkill in muſic, has a moſt refined and diſtinguiſhing taſte, and has heard *national melody* in all parts of the world with philoſophical ears.

He has been in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Conſtantinople, and is, in ſhort, a living hiſtory of modern muſic. In Spain, he was intimately acquainted with Domenico Scarlatti, who, at ſeventy-three, compoſed for him a great number of harpſichord leſſons which he now poſſeſſes, and of which he favoured me with copies. The book in which they are tranſcribed, contains forty-two pieces, among which are ſeveral ſlow movements; and of all theſe, I, who have been a collector of Scarlatti's compoſitions all my life, had never ſeen more than three or four. They were compoſed in 1756, when Scarlatti was too fat to croſs his hands as he uſed to do, ſo that theſe are not ſo difficult, as his more juvenile works, which were made for his ſcholar and pa-

troneſs,

troneſs, the late Queen of Spain, when Princeſs of Aſturias.

Scarlatti frequently told M. L'Augier, that he was ſenſible he had broke through all the rules of compoſition in his leſſons; but aſked if his deviations from theſe rules offended the ear? and, upon being anſwered in the negative, he ſaid, that he thought there was ſcarce any other rule, worth the attention of a man of genius, than that of not diſpleaſing the only ſenſe of which muſic is the object *.

There are many paſſages in Scarlatti's pieces, in which he imitated the melody of tunes ſung by carriers, muleteers, and common people. He uſed to ſay, that the muſic of Alberti, and of ſeveral other

* Scarlatti was the firſt who dared to give way to fancy in his compoſitions, by breaking through the contracted prohibitions of rules drawn from dull compoſitions produced in the infancy of the art, and which ſeemed calculated merely to keep it ſtill in that ſtate. Before his time, the *eye* was made the ſovereign judge of muſic, but Scarlatti ſwore allegiance only to the *ear*.

modern compoſers, did not in the execution, want a harpſichord, as it might be equally well, or perhaps, better expreſſed by any other inſtrument; but, as nature had given him ten fingers, and, as his inſtrument had employment for them all, he ſaw no reaſon why he ſhould not uſe them.

M. L'Augier ſung to me ſeveral fragments of Bohemian, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and Turkiſh muſic, in which the peculiar expreſſion depended on the *contre tems*, or breach of ſtrict time; beat the meaſure, and keep it as exactly as is neceſſary, in more refined and modern muſic, and it wholly loſes its effect*.

He furniſhed me with an anecdote concerning Caffarelli and Gizziello, ſimilar to that which I have given in my

* It has been ſuppoſed, that the ancient Greeks had ſcales of ſounds, in which the *intervals* were divided into more minute parts, than any that are to be found in modern muſic; and it ſeems, as if our preſent diviſions of *time*, were far from including every variety of meaſure poſſible.

former

former journal, relative to Seneſino and Farinelli.

When Gizziello firſt ſung at Rome, his performance ſo far enchanted every hearer, that it became the general ſubject of converſation, which not only contributed to ſpread his fame through that city, but to extend it to the moſt remote parts of Italy; it is natural to ſuppoſe that the account of this new muſical phenomenon ſoon reached Naples, and equally natural to imagine that it was not heard with indifference in a place where ſo powerful a propenſity to muſical pleaſure prevails. Caffarelli, at this time in the zenith of his reputation, was ſo far piqued by curioſity, perhaps by jealouſy, that he took an opportunity, the firſt time he could be ſpared from the opera at Naples, to ride poſt all night, in order to hear that at Rome. He entered the pit, muffled up in a *pellice*, or furgown, unknown by any one there; and after he had heard Gizziello ſing a ſong,

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he cried out, as loud as he poſſibly could, *bravo! braviſſimo! Gizziello, è Caffarelli che ti lo dice,* 'tis Caffarelli who applauds—and, immediately quitting the theatre, he ſet out on his return to Naples the ſame night.

M. L'Augier told me that the Empreſs-queen had been a notable muſician. Some years ago he had heard her ſing very well; and in the year 1739, when ſhe was only twenty-two years of age, and very handſome, ſhe ſung a *duo* with Seneſino, at Florence, ſo well, that by her voice, which was then a very fine one, and graceful and ſteady manner, ſhe ſo captivated the old man, Seneſino, that he could not proceed without ſhedding tears of ſatisfaction. Her imperial majeſty has ſo long been a performer, that the other day, in pleaſantry, ſhe told the old Fauſtina, the wife of Haſſe, who is ſtill living, and upwards of ſeventy years of age, that ſhe thought herſelf the firſt, meaning theo ldeſt, *virtuoſa* in Europe; for her father brought her on the

the court ſtage, at Vienna, when ſhe was only five years old, and made her ſing a ſong.

The whole imperial family is muſical; the Emperor perhaps juſt enough for a ſovereign prince, that is, with ſufficient hand, both on the violoncello and harpſichord, to amuſe himſelf; and ſufficient taſte and judgment to hear, underſtand, and receive delight from others. A perſon of great diſtinction told me, that he ſaw, ſome years ago, four Archdutcheſſes of Auſtria, the Emperor's ſiſters, appear at court in the opera of *Egeria*, written by Metaſtaſio, and ſet by Haſſe, expreſsly for their uſe. They were then extremely beautiful, ſung and acted very well for princeſſes, and the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, who was likewiſe very handſome, danced, in the character of Cupid.

I found that M. L'Augier had himſelf been a good harpſichord player: he now reads and judges of muſic very accurately. During my firſt viſit, he was ſo obliging

as to promiſe to make me acquainted with with Haſſe, Gluck, Wagenſeil, Haydn, and all the muſicians that were worth my attention, in Vienna; and fixed on the next evening for giving me an opportunity of hearing ſome of Haydn's *quartettos*, performed with the utmoſt preciſion and perfection, as well as a little girl, of eight or nine years old, who is regarded here as a prodigy, on the harpſichord.

I had the honour of dining to-day with his excellency lord Stormont, who had been ſo kindly attentive, as to invite a muſical party to meet me; among whom were Prince Poniatowſki, brother to the King of Poland, a great lover of muſic, and the count and counteſs Thun. The counteſs, who intereſts herſelf very much in every thing that concerns muſic, and who reads and ſpeaks Engliſh, honoured my Account of the Preſent State of Italian Muſic with an attentive peruſal, as lord Stormont had done before; this

enabled them to judge of my muſical wants better than I could have done in converſation, without bearing too large a ſhare in it.

Counteſs Thun has nothing about her that reminds one of the pride or heavineſs attributed by travellers to the Germans: on the contrary, ſhe is naturally and innocently chearful and humorous: has ſallies of wit, and excites mirth by a pleaſant irony, peculiar to herſelf. She had been ſo kind as to write a note to Gluck on my account, and he had returned, for *him*, a very civil anſwer; for he is as formidable a character as Handel uſed to be: a very dragon, of whom all are in fear. However, he had agreed to be viſited in the afternoon; and lord Stormont and counteſs Thun had extended their condeſcenſion ſo far as to promiſe to carry me to him.

But before we ſet out, the duke of Braganza, and much other company, came in; lord Stormont did me the honour to preſent me to his highneſs, who is an

excellent judge of muſic, and who condeſcended to converſe with me a conſiderable time on the ſubject. This prince is a great traveller, having viſited England, France, and Italy, before his arrival in Germany. He is very lively, and occaſioned much mirth by his pleaſantries, which were all ſeaſoned with *good humour*.

His royal highneſs gave me an account of a Portugueſe Abbé, whom lord Stormont and M. L'Augier had before mentioned as a perſon of a very ſingular character; a kind of Rouſſeau, but ſtill more original. He is of the moſt difficult acceſs; refuſes every offer of ſervice in the way of money and preſents, though he has nothing but his maſs to ſubſiſt on, which produces him juſt fifteen pence a day. He is determined to be independent, and hates to be talked of by the world, and almoſt to talk to any one in it. The duke of Braganza, however, thought he had juſt intereſt ſufficient to make him and me acquainted; and as

another

another ſelect muſical party was forming on my account, for Friday, to dine with lord Stormont, the duke promiſed to do all in his power to bring this extraordinary Abate with him. His muſical opinions are as ſingular as his character. He plays very well on the large Spaniſh guittar, though in a very peculiar ſtyle: with little melody, but, with reſpect to harmony and modulation, in the moſt pleaſing and original manner.

He is a profeſſed enemy to the ſyſtem of Rameau, and thinks the *Baſſe Fondamentale* the moſt abſurd of all inventions; as it deſtroys all fancy, connection, and continuity, by perpetually tending to a *final cloſe* and termination of whatever is begun; falling a fifth, or riſing a fourth, cuts every thing off ſhort, or makes the ear, which is accuſtomed to a fundamental baſe, uneaſy till a paſſage is finiſhed.

At five o'clock lord Stormont's coach carried madame Thun, his lordſhip, and

myſelf, to the houſe of the chevalier Gluck, in the Fauxbourg St. Mark. He is very well houſed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat, and elegantly furniſhed rooms. He has no children; madame Gluck, and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran compoſer himſelf. He is much pitted with the ſmall-pox, and very coarſe in figure and look, but was ſoon got into good humour; and he talked, ſung, and played, madame Thun obſerved, more than ever ſhe knew him at any one time.

He began, upon a very bad harpſichord, by accompanying his niece, who is but thirteen years old, in two of the capital ſcenes of his own famous opera of *Alceſte*. She has a powerful and well-toned voice, and ſung with infinite taſte, feeling, expreſſion, and even execution. After theſe two ſcenes from *Alceſte*, ſhe ſung ſeveral others, by different compoſers,

ſers, and in different ſtyles, particularly by Traetta.

I was aſſured that mademoiſelle Gluck had learned to ſing but two years, which, conſidering the perfection of her performance, really aſtoniſhed me. She began ſinging under her uncle, but he, in a precipitate fit of deſpair, had given her up; when Signor Millico, arriving at Vienna about the ſame time, and diſcovering that ſhe had an improvable voice, and a docile diſpoſition, begged he might be allowed to teach her for a few months only, in order to try whether it would not be worth her while ſtill to perſevere in her muſical ſtudies, notwithſtanding the late deciſion againſt her; which he ſuſpected had its riſe from the impatience and impetuoſity of the uncle, more than the want of genius in the niece. Her performance now is an equal proof of the ſagacity and penetration of Signor Millico, in making this diſcovery, and of the excellent method with which he conveys his inſtructions; for this young

lady has ſo well caught his taſte and expreſſion, and made them ſo much her own, that they have none of the coldneſs of imitation, but ſeem wholly derived from her own feelings; and it is a ſtyle of ſinging, perhaps, ſtill more irreſiſtibly grateful and enchanting in a female, than even in Signor Millico himſelf.

Mademoiſelle Gluck is thin, ſeems of a delicate conſtitution, and, as ſhe ſings ſo much in earneſt, I ſhould fear for her health if ſhe were to make ſinging a profeſſion; but ſhe is not intended for a public performer.

When ſhe had done, her uncle was prevailed upon to ſing himſelf; and, with as little voice as poſſible, he contrived to entertain, and even delight the company, in a very high degree; for, with the richneſs of accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the *Allegros*, and his judicious expreſſion in the ſlow movements, he ſo well com-

pen-

penſated for the want of voice that it was a defect which was ſoon entirely forgotten.

He was ſo good-humoured as to perform almoſt his whole opera of *Alceſte*; many admirable things in a ſtill later opera of his, called *Paride ed Elena*; and in a French opera, from Racine's *Iphigenie*, which he has juſt compoſed. This laſt, though he had not as yet committed a note of it to paper, was ſo well digeſted in his head, and his retention is ſo wonderful, that he ſung it nearly from the beginning to the end, with as much readineſs as if he had had a fair ſcore before him.

His invention is, I believe, unequalled by any other compoſer who now lives, or has ever exiſted, particularly in dramatic painting, and theatrical effects. He ſtudies a poem a long time before he thinks of ſetting it. He conſiders well the relation which each part bears to the whole; the general caſt of each cha-

character, and aſpires more at ſatisfying the mind, than flattering the ear. This is not only being a friend to poetry, but a poet himſelf; and if he had language ſufficient, of any other kind than that of ſound, in which to expreſs his ideas, I am certain he would be a great poet: as it is, muſic, in his hands, is a moſt copious, nervous, elegant, and expreſſive language. It ſeldom happens that a ſingle air of his operas can be taken out of its niche, and ſung ſingly, with much effect; the whole is a chain, of which a detached ſingle link is but of ſmall importance.

If it be poſſible for the partizans of *old French muſic* to hear any other than that of Lulli and Rameau, with pleaſure, it muſt be M. Gluck's *Iphigenie*, in which he has ſo far accommodated himſelf to the national taſte, ſtyle, and language, as frequently to imitate and adopt them. The chief obſtacles to his fame, perhaps, among his contracted judges, but which

will

will be moſt acceptable to others, is that there is frequently *melody*, and always *meaſure*, in his muſic, though ſet to *French words*, and for a *ſerious French opera*.

I reminded M. Gluck of his air, *Roſſerena il Meſto Ciglio*, which was in ſuch great favour in England, ſo long ago as the year 1745; and prevailed upon him, not only to ſing that, but ſeveral others of his firſt and moſt favourite airs. He told me that he owed entirely to England the ſtudy of nature in his dramatic compoſitions: he went thither at a very diſadvantageous period; Handel was then ſo high in fame, that no one would willingly liſten to any other than to his compoſitions. The rebellion broke out; all foreigners were regarded as dangerous to the ſtate; the opera-houſe was ſhut up, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and it was with great difficulty and addreſs that lord Middleſex obtained permiſſion to open it again, with a temporary

and

and political performance, *La Caduta de Giganti.* This *Gluck* worked upon with fear and trembling, not only on account of the few friends he had in England, but from an apprehenſion of riot and popular fury, at the opening of a theatre, in which none but foreigners and papiſts were employed.

He then ſtudied the Engliſh taſte; remarked particularly what the audience ſeemed moſt to feel; and finding that plainneſs and ſimplicity had the greateſt effect upon them, he has, ever ſince that time, endeavoured to write for the voice, more in the natural tones of the human affections and paſſions, than to flatter the lovers of deep ſcience or difficult execution; and it may be remarked, that moſt of his airs in *Orfeo* are as plain and ſimple as Engliſh ballads; and the additions that were made to it when firſt performed in England, by Meſſrs. Bach and Guglielmi, were of ſo different a texture, though excellent in another way,

that

that they deſtroyed the *unity* of ſtyle and characteriſtic ſimplicity, for which, when performed at Vienna, this production was ſo much admired.

M. Gluck has developed his ideas of the neceſſary requiſites of dramatic muſic ſo fully, in his dedication of *Alceſte*, to the Grand Duke of Tuſcany; and has given his reaſons for deviating from the beaten track, with ſo much force and freedom, that I ſhall make no apology for preſenting my readers, with an extract from it.

" When I undertook to ſet this poem, " it was my deſign to diveſt the muſic " entirely of all thoſe abuſes with which " the vanity of ſingers, or the too great " complacency of compoſers, has ſo long " disfigured the Italian opera, and ren- " dered the moſt beautiful and magnifi- " cent of all public exhibitions, the moſt " tireſome and ridiculous. It was my " intention to confine muſic to its true " dramatic province, of aſſiſting poe-

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" tical expreſſion, and of augmenting the
" intereſt of the fable, without inter-
" rupting the action, or chilling it with
" uſeleſs and ſuperfluous ornaments; for
" the office of muſic, when joined to
" poetry, ſeemed to me, to reſemble that
" of colouring in a correct and well diſ-
" poſed deſign, where the lights and
" ſhades only ſeem to animate the fi-
" gures, without altering the out-line.

" I determined therefore not to ſtop
" an actor, in the heat of a ſpirited dia-
" logue, for a tedious *ritornel*; nor to
" impede the progreſs of paſſion, by
" lengthening a ſingle ſyllable of a fa-
" vourite word, merely to diſplay agility
" of throat; and I was equally inflexible
" in my reſolution, not to employ the
" orcheſtra to ſo poor a purpoſe, as that
" of giving time for the recovery of
" breath, ſufficient for a long and un-
" meaning cadence.

" I never thought it neceſſary to hurry
" through the ſecond part of a ſong,

" though

" though the moſt impaſſioned and im-
" portant, in order to repeat the words
" of the firſt part, regularly four times,
" merely to finiſh the air, where the
" ſenſe is unfiniſhed, and to give an op-
" portunity to the ſinger, of ſhewing
" that he has the impertinent power
" of varying paſſages, and diſguiſing
" them, till they ſhall be no longer
" known to the compoſer himſelf; in
" ſhort, I tried to baniſh all thoſe vices
" of the muſical drama, againſt which,
" good ſenſe and reaſon have in vain ſo
" long exclaimed.

" I imagined, that the overture ought
" to prepare the audience for the action
" of the piece, and ſerve as a kind of
" argument to it; that the inſtrumental
" accompaniment ſhould be regulated by
" the intereſt of the drama, and not
" leave a void in the dialogue between
" the air and recitative; that it ſhould
" neither break into the ſenſe and con-
" nexion of a period, nor wantonly in-

" terrupt

" terrupt the energy or heat of the
" action.

" And, laſtly, it was my opinion, that
" my firſt and chief care, as a dramatic
" compoſer, was to aim at a noble ſim-
" plicity; and I have accordingly ſhun-
" ned all parade of unnatural difficulty,
" in favour of clearneſs; nor have I
" ſought or ſtudied novelty, if it did not
" ariſe naturally from the ſituation of
" the character, and poetical expreſſion;
" and there is no rule of compoſition,
" which I have not thought it my duty
" to ſacrifice, in order to favour paſſion,
" and produce effects."

From this extract, the reader will infer, that the ſymphonies to the ſongs in his opera of *Alceſte*, are few and ſhort; that there are no diviſions in the voice-parts; no formal cloſes at the end; ſcarce any but accompanied recitatives, and that not one *da capo* is to be found throughout the piece; which, ſay thoſe who have ſeen it repreſented, was ſo truly

truly theatrical and intereſting, that they could not keep their eyes a moment off the ſtage, during the whole performance, having their attention ſo irritated; and their conſternation ſo raiſed, that they were kept in perpetual anxiety, between hope and fear for the event, till the laſt ſcene of the drama; ſo that the muſic only gave energy or ſoftneſs to the declamation, as the different ſituations of the ſeveral characters required. The ſyllables were indeed lengthened, and the tones of ſpeech aſcertained, but ſpeech it ſtill was, even in the airs, which are almoſt all of what the Italians call the *Parlante* or ſpeaking kind.

But though M. Gluck ſtudies ſimple nature ſo much in his *cantilena*, or voice-part; yet, in his accompaniments, he is not only often learned, but elaborate; and in this particular, he is even more than a *poet* and *muſician*, he is an excellent *painter*; his inſtruments frequently

delineate the ſituation of the actor, and give a high colouring to paſſion.

While the chevalier Gluck was ſinging, count Brühl, a great *dilettante*, joined the company; he is a ſon of the famous Saxon miniſter, and plays in a very maſterly manner upon ſeveral inſtruments.

From hence I was carried by lord Stormont to general Valmoden's, the Daniſh miniſter, quite on the oppoſite ſide of the city. There was an aſſembly of foreign miniſters, and his lordſhip did me the honour to preſent me to the whole *Corps diplomatique*.

Thus ended this buſy and important day, in which ſo much was ſaid and done, that it ſeemed to contain the events of a much longer period, and I could hardly perſuade myſelf, at night, upon recollecting the ſeveral incidents, that they had all happened in the ſpace of about twelve hours.

Thurſday 3d. At eleven o'clock this morning, by appointment, I waited upon lord Stormont, who was ſo kind as to go with me to the public library; and there, after being preſented by his lordſhip to the librarians, and known to have the honour of being countenanced by him, I was not only at liberty to enter the library every day at the uſual hours, but had admiſſion even on holidays, and in vacation time, when it was denied to others; and was likewiſe favoured with the attendance and aſſiſtance of the keepers of the books, at all times, with unlimited politeneſs and courteſy.

This library, which has not long been open to the public, is in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable number of manuſcripts, as well as of ancient and modern printed books. The building has been lately enlarged, and the number of books greatly augmented by a purchaſe of the library of the late prince Eugene. The celebrated phyſician, baron Van Swieten,

lately deceaſed, had been many years principal librarian, an office which was vacant during my reſidence at Vienna.

The principal room of the library is of an immenſe ſize, extremely lofty and much ornamented. There are marble ſtatues in it of the Emperors Charles the Vth, and Leopold. The books have lately undergone a new arrangement, and a new catalogue has been likewiſe made of them, by one of the *cuſtodi*, or keepers. There is a large room ſet apart for readers and tranſcribers, and another for the librarians and their aſſiſtants.

In my way to lord Stormont's, I ſtepped into St. Michael's church, in order to examine the organ, as it is one that was recommended to my attention, by Mr. Snetzler, on account of the ſingular diſpoſition of its keys. This inſtrument has no front, the great pipes are placed, in an elegant manner, on each ſide of the gallery, and there is a box only in the middle, of about four feet ſquare, for the keys

keys and ſtops; ſo that the weſt window is left quite open. The compaſs of the organ, in the manuals, extends only from double E in the baſe, to C in alt; but the pedals of moſt German organs have an octave lower than the loweſt note of the keys that are played by the hands, which is the caſe with this inſtrument. It has forty ſtops, and three ſets of keys, which, by a ſpring of communication, can be played all together. The pipes are well-toned; and Mr. Wegerer, the preſent organiſt, though neither remarkable for taſte or fancy, plays in a full and maſterly manner.

St. Croix was another church which I entered this morning, and here I heard a band play during a *meſſa baſſa*; but the muſic was bad, and performance worſe; however, I was hemmed in by the crowd, and forced to ſtay and hear it, for near an hour, before I could get out decently.

This morning, the *Abate Taruffi* was ſo obliging as to return my viſit. He

had already run over my book, and was ſufficiently apprized of my purſuits; after a long converſation at my lodging, he carried me to Signor Adolfo Haſſe, who lives in a handſome houſe in the ſuburbs, called the *Landſtraſs*. Signora Fauſtina was at the window, and ſeeing us ſtop at the door came to meet us; I was preſented to her by my conductor. She is a ſhort, brown, ſenſible, and lively old woman; ſaid ſhe was much pleaſed to ſee a *Cavaliere Ingleſe*, as ſhe had formerly been honoured with great marks of favour in England.

Signor Haſſe ſoon entered the room; he is tall, and rather large in ſize, but it is eaſy to imagine, that in his younger days, he muſt have been a robuſt and fine figure; great gentleneſs and goodneſs appear in his countenance and manners. He ſeems to have been more ill-treated by time than Fauſtina, though he is younger than her by ten years. I preſented him a letter, which Sir James

Gray

Gray had done me the honour to write to him, and which he kept a good while in his hand unread, through politeneſs; but during this time the *Abate Taruffi* was giving an account of the views, with which I had already travelled through France and Italy, and which had now brought me to the capital of the German empire.

I had but a ſhort time to ſtay, being engaged at M. L'Augier's concert, where, as it was made on my account, I ſhould have been extremely aſhamed to arrive late; and yet, I was ſo impatient to ſee two perſons of ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit, as Haſſe and Fauſtina, that I could not reſiſt my deſire of going with Signor Taruffi, only for a quarter of an hour. At length Signor Haſſe begged leave to retire to the light, in order to peruſe the letter which I had delivered to him; during which time his two daughters came in; they are about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, perfectly well-

bred and agreeable in their manners, and diſcover, immediately, that great care has been taken of their education. They read Engliſh, and ſpeak it a little.

When Miſs Davies, who played the Armonica, and her ſiſter, who ſung the firſt woman's part laſt year, in the great opera at Naples, reſided at Vienna, they lodged in the ſame houſe with the Haſſe family, and it was during this period, that the daughters of Signor Haſſe learned Engliſh of the two Miſs Davies's; and that this great maſter, by his inſtructions, enabled the youngeſt of them to ſing the principal part in the firſt opera of Europe.

Signor Haſſe ſoon returned, and was ſo eaſy and ſoft in his behaviour, that I felt myſelf as well acquainted with him in this quarter of an hour, as if I had known him twenty years. I ſaid all the civil things to him and the Fauſtina, that ſo ſhort a time would allow; indeed, nothing more than I felt; for from his

works

works I had received a great part of my moſt early muſical pleaſure, and the delight they afforded me in youth, has not been diminiſhed ſince, by a more general acquaintance with the writings of other great compoſers; and therefore ſaying, that to ſee and converſe with him were among the moſt intereſting concerns which had brought me to Vienna; that his name was well known in England, and that he had long been by *magnus Apollo*, was moſt true. He received all this very humbly, and ſaid, that he had often been invited, and had often wiſhed to go to England, as he had known many perſons of that kingdom, from whom he had received great civilities.

I aſked him, if it would be poſſible to obtain a liſt of his works; but he ſaid he did not know it himſelf. However, he promiſed to try to recollect the principal of them, and the Fauſtina offered to help him. It was with infinite reluctance that I put an end to my viſit, juſt as we

had

had made an acquaintance, and the worſt and formal part of the buſineſs was over; however, he invited me to come again as often as I could, enquired my lodgings, hoped I ſhould reſide ſome time at Vienna, and other ſuch common civilities as are little attended to, when beſtowed by perſons that are indifferent to us; but which, when uttered by thoſe we love and reverence, make a deep impreſſion.

From hence I went to Mr. L'Augier's concert, which was begun by the child of eight or nine years old, whom he had mentioned to me before, and who played two difficult leſſons of Scarlatti, with three or four by M. Becke, upon a ſmall, and not good Piano forte. The neatneſs of this child's execution did not ſo much ſurpriſe me, though uncommon, as her expreſſion. All the *pianos* and *fortes* were ſo judiciouſly attended to; and there was ſuch ſhading off ſome paſſages, and force given to others, as no-

thing

thing but the beſt teaching, or greateſt natural feeling and ſenſibility could produce. I enquired of Signor Giorgio, an Italian, who attended her, upon what inſtrument ſhe uſually practiſed at home, and was anſwered, "on the Clavichord." This accounts for her expreſſion, and convinces me, that children ſhould learn upon that, or a Piano Forte, very early, and be obliged to give an expreſſion to lady Coventry's Minuet, or whatever is their firſt tune; otherwiſe, after long practice on a monotonous harpſichord, however uſeful for ſtrengthening the hand, the caſe is hopeleſs.

The company was very numerous, and compoſed of perſons of great rank; there was the Princeſs Piccolomini, to whom I had been honoured with a letter; the duke of Braganza, prince Poniatowſky, lord Stormont, general Valmoden and his lady, count Brühl, the duke of Breſciano, &c. &c. It was one of the fineſt aſſemblies I ever ſaw. When the child had

had done playing, M. Mut, a good performer, played a piece on the ſingle harp, without pedals, which renders it a very difficult inſtrument, as the performer is obliged to make the ſemitones by braſs rings with the left hand, which being placed at the top of the harp, are not only hard to get at, but diſagreeable to hear, from the noiſe, which, by a ſudden motion of the hand they occaſion. The ſecret of producing the ſemitones by pedals, is not yet arrived at Vienna; and the double harp is utterly unknown there. This player, though highly eſteemed, did not fulfil all my ideas of the power of that inſtrument.

The room was too much crowded for full pieces: ſome trios only were played by Signor Giorgi, a ſcholar of Tartini, Conforte, a ſcholar of Pugnani, and by count Brühl, who is an excellent performer on many inſtruments, particularly the violin, violoncello, and mandoline. The pieces they executed were com-

poſed

poſed by Huber, a poor man, who plays the tenor at the playhouſe; but it was excellent muſic, ſimple, clear, rich in good harmony, and frequently abounding with fancy and contrivance.

Friday 4. This morning Signor Taruffi did me the honour of preſenting me to the biſhop of Epheſus, Monſignore Viſconti, the pope's nuncio at the imperial court, and deſcended from the famous family of Viſconti, which once poſſeſſed the ſovereingty of Milan *. His excellency is a notable muſician, and ſings in a very pleaſing manner; he condeſcended to honour me with a long converſation, on the ſubject of muſic, and of my voyage into Italy, and even to ſhew and ſing with me, ſome manuſcript canons, of which he was pleaſed to permit me to take copies; he likewiſe gave me an Ita-

* Matthew Viſconti, ſurnamed the Great, was acknowledged ſovereign of Milan, in 1313; and John Galeas Viſconti his grandſon, who died in 1402, was the moſt celebrated of all the dukes of Milan.

lian

lian ſonnet, tranſcribed with his own hand, which Metaſtaſio had written at the deſire of the preſent king of Poland, to a favourite Poliſh minuet, ſent by that prince from Warſaw to Vienna for that purpoſe; and he finiſhed by inviting me to dine with him on Sunday.

The Emperor went this day, for a month, to Laxemberg, where his mother, the Empreſs-queen then was; on this occaſion, almoſt all the firſt people of Vienna were preparing to follow him. The night before his departure, at a kind of riding-houſe in the ſuburbs, there was a ſpecies of tilts and tournaments, which the Gemans call Carrouſel, ein Thurnier zu Pferd, oder Ringelrennen. The Emperor himſelf was one of the combatants on this occaſion; after which his imperial majeſty gave fire-works on the Danube, at which he was likewiſe preſent; but by viſiting Signor Haſſe, and by being at M. L'Augier's concert, I was prevented from going thither myſelf.

The

The muſical party, which dined to-day at lord Stormont's, was ſelect, and in the higheſt degree entertaining and pleaſing. It conſiſted of the prince Poniatowſki, the duke of Braganza, the Portugueſe miniſter, count and counteſs Thun, M. L'Augier, the chevalier, madame and mademoiſelle Gluck, the Abate Coſta, &c. This Abate is the exraordinary muſician that I mentioned before, who, diſdaining to follow the ſteps of others, has ſtruck out a new road, both as compoſer and performer, which it is wholly impoſſible to deſcribe: all I can ſay of his productions is, that in them melody is leſs attended to than harmony and uncommon modulation; and that the time is always difficult to make out, from the great number of ligatures and fractions; however, his muſic, when well executed, which happens but ſeldom, has a very ſingular and pleaſing effect: but it is certainly too much the work of art to

obtain afford

afford great delight to any ears but thoſe of the learned.

This Abate is poſſeſſed of as great a love for independence as M. Rouſſeau; he refuſes every kind of aſſiſtance from the rich, though poor, with ſuch inflexbility, that the duke of Braganza and he had a contention, which laſted a fortnight or three weeks, upon the following occaſion, in which, however, the Abate remained victorious.

He wanted very much to correct the imperfections of the finger-board of his guittar, which being ſtrung with catgut and having three ſtrings to each tone, he found it frequently happen, that theſe ſtrings, though perfectly in uniſon, when open, were out of tune when ſtopped, and this at ſome of the frets more than others; in order to obviate this, an ingenious mechanic was found, who, with great ſtudy and pains, invented moveable frets for each ſtring; but as theſe were

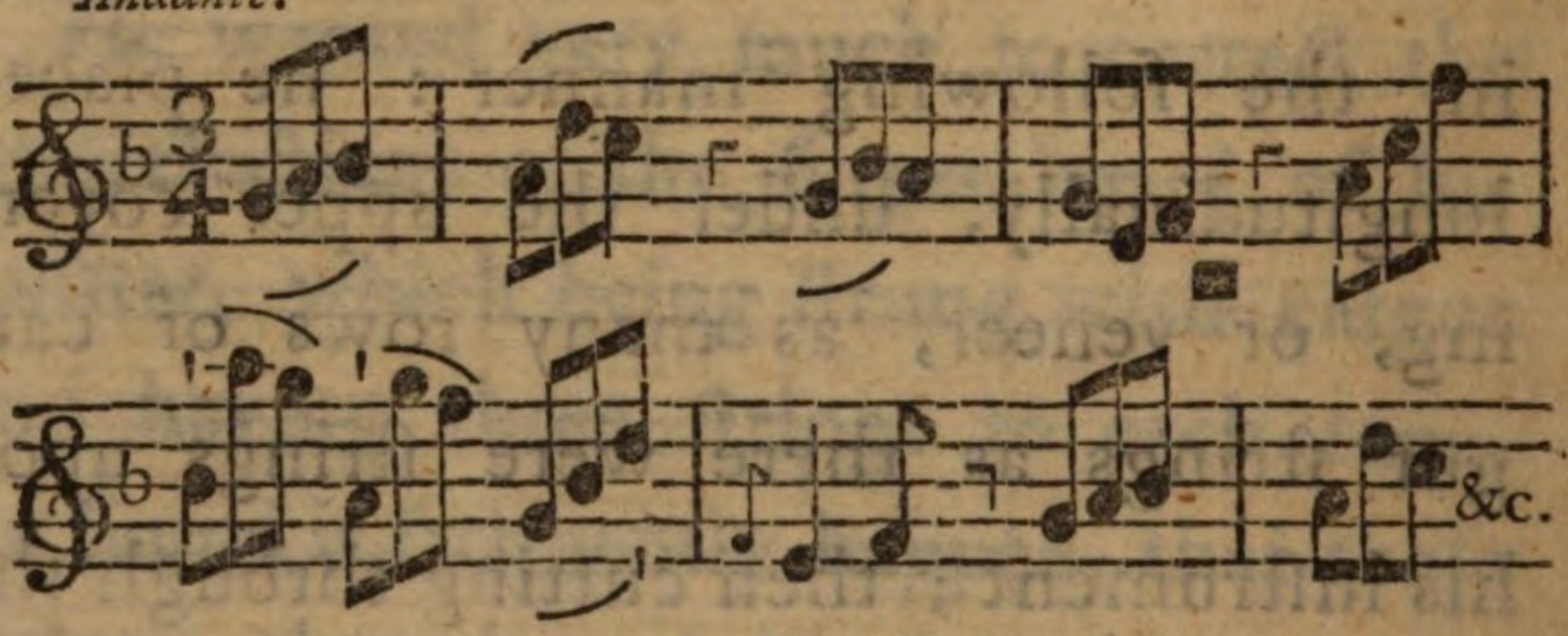
made

made of braſs, and had taken up much of the workman's time to accommodate, they amounted to four or five florins, a ſum the Abate could not afford to pay, and yet he would by no means allow the duke of Braganza to do it. At length the diſpute was ended by the duke taking the inſtrument at prime coſt, and the Abate inventing a more cheap and ſimple method of correcting the finger-board of another, and this he effected in the following manner: he placed longitudinally, under the upper covering, or veneer, as many rows of cat-gut ſtrings as there were ſtrings upon his inſtrument; then cutting through the ebony at each fret, and laying theſe under-ſtrings open he placed under them little moveable bits of ebony, which rendered the chords upon his inſtrument equally perfect in all keys. He can, at pleaſure, take off this finger-board laterally; and as his modulation is very learned and extraneous, this expedient was the more

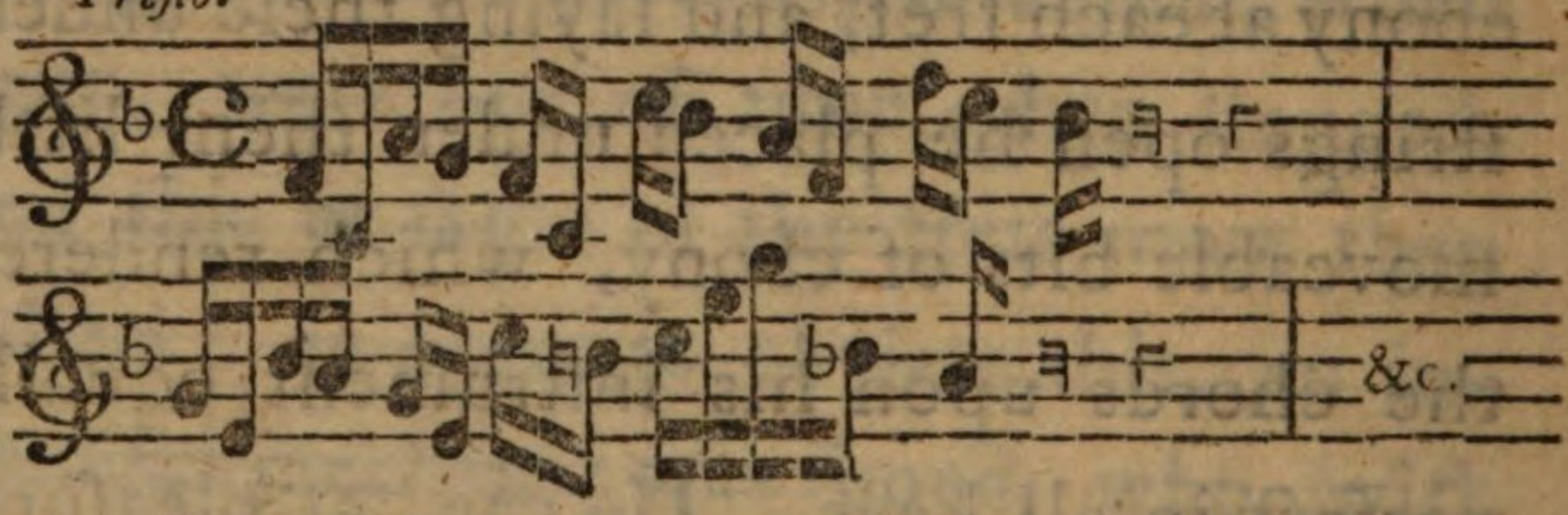
neceſſary. But his compoſitions are not more original in this particular than in the meaſure; which, from its ſingularity, is very difficult to feel, and, conſequently, to keep with any degree of exactneſs.

He played two movements on his guittar, before dinner, the ſubjects of which, as nearly as I can remember, were theſe:

Andante.



Preſto.



I ſate between this Abate and the chevalier Gluck, during dinner, and we all three talked more than we eat. Gluck recounted to me the difficulties he had

met

met with in diſciplining the band, both of vocal and inſtrumental performers, at the rehearſals of *Orfeo*, which was the firſt of his operas that was truly dramatic; and even after it had ſucceeded with the public, at the coronation of the preſent Emperor, as king of the Romans, upon which occaſion it was firſt performed, the Empreſs-queen did not like it; however, hearing every one ſpeak favourably of it at court, and finding it the general topic of converſation, ſhe determined to give it a ſecond hearing; after which, her imperial majeſty expreſſed her approbation of this opera, by ſending the poet Calſabigi a diamond ring, and Gluck a rich purſe, lined with a hundred ducats.

A few years ſince, a comic opera of Gluck's was performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen: his Electoral highneſs was much ſtruck with the muſic, and enquired who had compoſed it; and, upon being informed that

it was the production of an honeſt German, who loved old hock; "I think, "ſays the Elector, he deſerves to be "made drink for his trouble;" and ordered him a tun, not indeed quite ſo big as that at Heidelberg, but a very large one, and full of excellent wine.

After dinner, a duet, for two violins, by the Abate, was tried by himſelf and M. Startzel, an excellent player, and as good a muſician. This performer is remarkably happy in the compoſition of ballet and pantomime muſic, for the theatre; but the Abate Coſta's duo was ſo difficult, both in time and ſtyle, that it was never well performed after twenty or thirty trials.

At length the company, which was now much encreaſed, became impatient to hear mademoiſelle Gluck ſing, which ſhe did, ſometimes with her uncle's accompaniment, on the harpſichord only, and ſometimes with more inſtruments, in ſo exquiſite a manner, that I could not

conceive it poſſible for any vocal performance to be more perfect.

She executed, admirably, ſeveral entire ſcenes in her uncle's operas, of which the muſic was ſo truly dramatic, picturesque, and well expreſſed, that, if my conjecture be admiſſible, of the firſt vocal muſic being the voice of paſſion and cry of nature, the chevalier Gluck's compoſitions, and his niece's performance, entirely fulfil that idea.

It is in ſcenes of great diſtreſs, in which the human heart is torn by complicated miſery, by "horrors accumulate," that Gluck, tranſported beyond the bound of ordinary genius, gives ſuch energy and colouring to paſſion, as to become at once poet, painter, and muſician. He ſeems to be the Michael Angelo of muſic, and is as happy in painting difficult attitudes, and ſituations of the mind, as that painter was of the body; indeed, his expreſſion of paſſion may ſometimes be too ſtrong for common

hearers: but,

Il échappe ſouvent des ſons à la douleur,
Qui ſont faux pour l'oreille, & ſont vrais pour la cœur.
DORAT.

Between the vocal parts of this delightful concert, we had ſome exquiſite quartets, by Haydn, executed in the utmoſt perfection; the firſt violin by M. Startzler, who played the *Adagiös* with uncommon feeling and expreſſion; the ſecond violin by M. Ordonetz; count Brühl played the tenor, and M. Weigel, an excellent performer on the violoncello, the baſe. All who had any ſhare in this concert, finding the company attentive, and in a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, were animated to that true pitch of enthuſiaſm, which, from the ardor of the fire within them, is communicated to others, and ſets all around in a blaze; ſo that the contention between the performers and hearers, was only who ſhould pleaſe, and who ſhould applaud the moſt!

When

When this muſical repaſt was over, I went home with M. L'Augier, to hear a Florentine poet, the Abate Caſti, repeat his own verſes, which he did from memory, for ſeveral hours, without the leaſt ſtop or heſitation. Lord Stormont and moſt of the company came after us, and ſtayed till twelve o'clock. This poet has energy, humour, fire, and invention; he has verſified ſome of Boccaccio's and Voltaire's looſeſt tales, and written other very free ones himſelf.

Saturday 5th. This morning was ſpent in the imperial library, and at the counteſs Thun's, who was on the point of going to Laxemberg for a longer time than I was likely to ſtay at Vienna. This was an afflicting circumſtance, as her houſe was always open to me, and ſhe did every thing in her power to procure me entertainment and ſervices.

She was now ſurrounded by her friends, who, though they were not in my ſituation, but were ſure of ſeeing her again

very ſoon, either here, or at Laxemberg; yet they had almoſt tears in their eyes, at the thoughts of loſing her, only for a few days. During this viſit ſhe was ſo kind as to produce all her muſical curioſities, for me to hear and ſee, before we parted. Her taſte is admirable, and her execution light, neat, and feminine; however, ſhe told me that ſhe *had* played much better than at preſent, and humouroufly added, that ſhe had had ſix children, and that "every "one of them had taken ſomething from "her." She is a chearful, lively, and beneficent being, whom every one here ſeems to love as a favourite ſiſter. She is niece to the once handſome prince Lobkowitz, who was in England in 1745 and 46, and much connected with the famous count St. Germain, who made ſo much noiſe at that time, not only with his fiddle, but his myſterious conduct and equivocal character. This prince is now retired from the world,

and

and will not ſee even his relations and beſt friends for many months together. He had cultivated muſic ſo far, as not only to play and to judge well, but even to compoſe in a ſuperior manner; and his niece gave me ſeveral of his pieces, which had great merit and novelty, particularly a ſong for two orcheſtras, which no maſter in Europe need be aſhamed of.

In conſequence of the application which lord Stormont had kindly made for my being introduced to Metaſtaſio, his lordſhip had received a very polite meſſage from him, with an aſſurance that he ſhould be glad to ſee him and me, any evening his excellency would be pleaſed to appoint. This was a moſt deſirable circumſtance, as Metaſtaſio is uſually inacceſſible of an afternoon, to all but his three or four ſelect friends, and in a morning nothing but a general converſation could be obtained. Lord Stormont being engaged every day till Saturday, fixed on that afternoon for gratifying my deſire of ſeeing

ing and converſing with the favourite poet of every muſician, who has the leaſt knowledge of the Italian language. Saturday was now come, and I was big with expectation for the event.

At ſix o'clock in the evening lord Stormont carried me to him. We found only one of his particular friends with him, who is likewiſe one of the imperial librarians, and the perſon to whom I had been introduced at the library, and who had arranged the viſit.

This great poet is lodged, as many other great poets have been before him, in a very exalted ſituation, up no leſs than four pair of ſtairs. Whether modern bards prefer the ſublimity of this abode, on account of its being ſomewhat on a level with Mount Parnaſſus, nearer their ſire Apollo, or in the neighbourhood of gods in general, I ſhall not determine; but a more plain and humble reaſon can be aſſigned for Metaſtaſio's habitation being "twice two ſtories high,"

high," if we conſider the peculiar prerogative which the Emperor enjoys at Vienna, of appropriating, to the uſe of the officers of his court and army, the *firſt floor* of every houſe and palace in that city, ſix or eight privileged places only excepted. On this account, princes, ambaſſadors, and nobles, uſually inhabit the ſecond ſtories; and the third, fourth, and even fifth floors, the houſes being very large and high, are well fitted up, for the reception of opulent and noble families; and our poet, though he occupies that part of a houſe, which, in England, is thought only fit for domeſtics to ſleep in, has, nevertheleſs, an exceeding good and elegant apartment, in which an imperial laureate may, with all due dignity, hold dalliance with theMuſes.

He received us with the utmoſt chearfulneſs and good-breeding; and I was no leſs aſtoniſhed than pleaſed at finding him look ſo well: he does not ſeem more than fifty years of age, though he is at leaſt

leaſt ſeventy-two*; and, for that time of life, he is the handſomeſt man I ever beheld. There are painted on his countenance all the genius, goodneſs, propriety, benevolence, and rectitude, which conſtantly characteriſe his writings. I could not keep my eyes off his face, it was ſo pleaſing and worthy of contemplation. His converſation was of a piece with his appearance: polite, eaſy, and lively. We prevailed upon him to be much more communicative about muſic, than we expected; for, in general, he avoids entering deep into any particular ſubject. He ſet off, however, by ſaying, that he could furniſh me with very few new lights relative to my enquiries, as he had never conſidered them with ſufficient attention; however, in the courſe of our converſation he diſcovered himſelf to have a very good

* There is an edition of his opera of Giuſtino extant, which was printed in 1713; and as he was ſaid to have been fourteen when he wrote that poem it throws his birth into the laſt century.

gene-

general knowledge both of the hiſtory and theory of muſic; and I was very much flattered to find his ſentiments correſpond with my own in many doubtful particulars.

We diſcuſſed the following ſubjects: the muſical ſcales of the ancient Greeks; their melody, chorus, modes, and declamation; the origin of modern harmony and operas; the fondneſs for fugues in the laſt century, and for noiſe in this, &c. &c.

He ſeems rather pleaſed with Mr. Hoole's tranſlation of the two firſt volumes of his works; but thinks, with me, that if he has failed, it is more in the ſongs than recitatives: however, in excuſe for Mr. Hoole, he ſays, that the caſe is hopeleſs in tranſlating Italian poetry, for the language itſelf is ſo ſoft and muſical, that no other can furniſh words equivalent in ſweetneſs. He likes no one of the many thouſand tranſlations and imitations of his *Grazie agl'Inganni tuoi.*

tuoi. I aſked him, if he was author of a duo to theſe words, which I had procured many years ago, and ſung him the two or three firſt bars; and he ſaid, "ſomething like it."

We talked of the different editions of his works; he thinks thoſe of Paris and Turin, in ten volumes, are the moſt complete and correct. Theſe contain all that he intended to publiſh, except the opera of *Ruggiero*, performed at Milan laſt year; lord Stormont lamented that the pieces were not arranged in an exact chronological order; but Metaſtaſio ſaid, that it was of little moment to the public whether he wrote *Artaſerſe*, or *Didone* firſt; however, he confeſſed, that there were ſome particulars which gave birth to ſeveral of theſe pieces, which perhaps ſhould be known.

Here he told us, that when his miſtreſs, the Empreſs-queen was going to be married to the duke of Lorrain, he was applied to for an opera on the occaſion,

and

and he had only eighteen days allowed him to write it in. He immediately cried out, that it was impoſſible; but, when he got home, he ſketched out the ſtory of *Achilles in Sciros*; he delineated a kind of argument upon a large ſheet of paper; here he was to begin; thus far the firſt act; theſe the incidents of the ſecond, and this, the cataſtrophe of the third. Then he diſtributed buſineſs to his ſeveral characters; here a ſong, here a duo, and here a ſoliloquy. He then proceeded to write the dialogue, and to divide it into ſcenes, which were ſeverally given to the compoſer the moment they were finiſhed, and by him to the performer to be got by heart. For the eighteen days included the whole arrangement of poetry, muſic, dancing, ſcenes, and decorations.

He ſaid, that neceſſity frequently augmented our powers, and forced us to perform, not only what we thought ourſelves incapable of, but in a much more expeditious,

tious, and often in a better manner, than the operations of our choice and leiſure; he added, that *Hypermneſtra* was produced in nine days, and it is remarkable, that *Achilles* and *Hypermneſtra* are two of Metaſtaſio's beſt dramas.

Lord Stormont aſked if he had ever ſet any of his operas to muſic himſelf, and he anſwered, that he was not muſician ſufficient; he had, indeed, now and then given a compoſer the *motivo*, or ſubject of an air, to ſhow how he wiſhed it ſhould expreſs his words; but no more. His lordſhip told him, that old Fontenelle had ſaid, in his hearing, that no muſical drama would be perfect, or intereſting, till the poet and muſician were one, as in ancient times; and that when Rouſſeau's *Devin du Village* came out, and ſo delighted every hearer, the literary patriarch Fontenelle, attributed its ſucceſs to that union of poet and muſician.

But

But Metaſtaſio ſaid, that muſical compoſition, was now an affair of ſo much ſkill and ſcience, in regard to counterpoint, the knowledge of inſtruments, the powers of a ſinger, and other particulars, that to know it thoroughly, in all its parts, required much more time and application, than a modern poet, or man of letters, could ſpare from his own ſtudies.

He ſaid, he did not think that there was now one ſinger left who could ſuſtain the voice in the manner the old ſingers were uſed to do. I endeavoured to account for this, and he agreed with me, that theatrical muſic was become too inſtrumental; and that the cantatas of the beginning of this century, which were ſung with no other accompaniment than a harpſichord or violoncello, required better ſinging than the preſent ſongs, in which the noiſy accompaniments can hide defects as well as beauties, and give relief to a ſinger.

He ſeemed to think, that the muſic of the laſt age was in general too full of *fugues*, of parts, and contrivances, to be felt or underſtood, except by artiſts. All the different movements of the ſeveral parts, their inverſions and diviſions, he ſaid, were unnnatural, and, by covering and deforming the melody, only occaſioned confuſion.

He confirmed to me the ſtory of his having been forced, by Gravina, to tranſlate the whole Iliad of Homer into Italian *Ottave Rime*, at twelve years old. He likewiſe mentioned his having made verſes *all' improvviſa* when young; but that he had diſcontinued the practice before he was ſeventeen.

Several jokes eſcaped him in the courſe of our converſation, and he was equally chearful, polite, and attentive, the whole time. We ſtayed with him juſt two hours; and, at my going away, he ſhook me by the hand, enquired where I lodged, and ſaid he would wait on me; but

I begged

I begged he would not give himſelf that trouble, ſaying that I ſhould be perfectly happy in a permiſſion to pay my reſpects to him again: he then deſired me to come whenever I pleaſed, and aſſured me that he ſhould be always glad to ſee me.

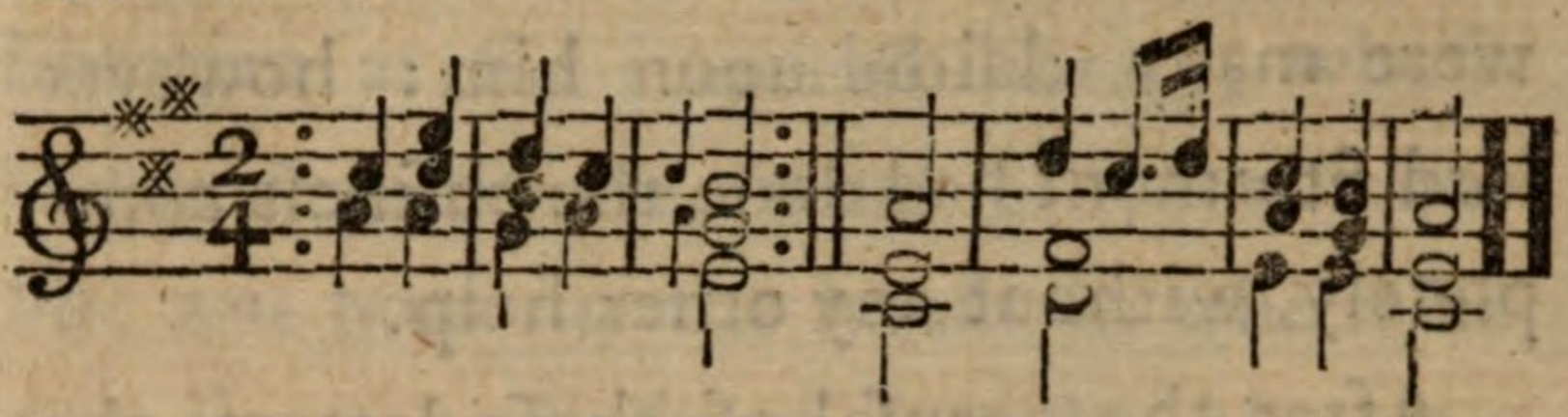
He called for candles, and ſaid it was ſo dark that our words could not find the way to their deſtination. He ſpoke to his ſervant in German, ein Licht: upon which I aſked him if he had had patience to learn that language? he replied, "A few words only, to ſave my life:" meaning to aſk for neceſſaries, or he ſhould have been ſtarved to death.

Lord Stormont ſaid that news of a revolution in Sweden had arrived that morning. This occaſioned a political converſation for ſome time, which I wiſhed very much to have changed—— *Ecco*, ſays Metaſtaſio, turning to me, *un' altra ſcena per la drama!* Here's a new ſcene for the drama! He obſerved, that the intereſts of mankind were ſo va-

rious and ſo oppoſite, and even a man's own conceptions were ſo frequently at ſtrife with themſelves, that it was not poſſible for the world to go on without theſe ſudden events, which ſhould ſurpriſe no one who conſiders how full the head of man is of contradictions and caprice.

Sunday morning, 6th. In my way to the nuncio's, whence I was to ſet off with the Abate Taruffi, to make Metaſtaſio another viſit, I was ſtopt by a proceſſion of, literally, two or three miles long, ſinging a hymn to the Virgin, in three parts, and repeating each ſtanza after the prieſts, in the van, at equal diſtances; ſo that the inſtant one company had done, it was taken up by another behind, till it came to the women in the rear, who, likewiſe, at equal diſtances, repeated, in three parts, the few ſimple notes of this hymn; and even after them it was repeated by girls, who were the laſt perſons in the proceſſion. When theſe

theſe had done, it was begun again by the prieſts. The melody was ſomething like this:



I was told by an Italian at Vienna, that the Auſtrians are extremely addicted to proceſſions, *portatiſſimi alle proceſſioni.* There were five or ſix of theſe proceſſions this morning; and yet it is obſerved, that they are much leſs frequent than formerly: however, not a day paſſed, while I remained in this city, without one or more to ſome church or convent: but all this helps to teach the people to ſing in different parts.

When Signor Taruffi and I arrived at Metaſtaſio's levee, we found about ſix or eight perſons with him, chiefly Italians; his excellency the governor of the city, came in after us. The great poet received me very courteouſly, and placed me on a ſopha, juſt by him. I

now delivered him a letter from Mingotti, and Signor Taruffi read Mr. Baretti's letter concerning me; ſo that here were many claims upon him: however lord Stormont had done the buſineſs completely, without any other help.

After the peruſal of theſe letters, the converſation turned upon the poet Migliavacca, of Milan, who has long been laureate to the court of Dreſden. Metaſtaſio mentioned him with great praiſe: he ſaid that he was a man of infinite knowledge, and of great genius; yet he wrote but little, for he had ideas of perfection which neither himſelf, nor perhaps any one elſe, could ſatisfy; beſides, added Metaſtaſio, "he has had but little "practice. And all is *habit* in mankind, "even *virtue itſelf*."

The diſcourſe then became general and miſcellaneous, till the arrival of a young lady, who was received by the whole company with great reſpect. She was well dreſſed, and had a very elegant

appear-

appearance: this was Signora Martinetz, ſiſter to Signor Martinetz, deputy librarian at the imperial library, whoſe father was an old friend of Metaſtaſio. She was born in the houſe in which he now lives, and educated under his eye: her parents were Neapolitans, but the name is Spaniſh, as the family originally was.

After the high encomiums beſtowed by the Abate Taruffi on the talents of this young lady, I was very deſirous of hearing and converſing with her; and Metaſtaſio was ſoon ſo obliging as to propoſe her ſitting down to the harpſichord, which ſhe immediately did, in a graceful manner, without the parade of diffidence, or the trouble of importunity. Her performance indeed ſurpaſſed all that I had been made to expect. She ſung two airs of her own compoſition, to words of Metaſtaſio, which ſhe accompanied on the harpſichord, in a very judicious and maſterly manner; and, in playing the

ritornels, I could diſcover a very brilliant finger.

The airs were very well written, in a modern ſtyle; but neither common, nor unnaturally new. The words were well ſet, the melody was ſimple, and great room was left for expreſſion and embelliſhment; but her voice and manner of ſinging, both delighted and aſtoniſhed me! I can readily ſubſcribe to what Metaſtaſio ſays, that it is a ſtyle of ſinging which no longer ſubſiſts elſewhere, as it requires too much pains and patience for modern profeſſors: *è perduta la ſcuola; non ſi trova queſta maniera di cantar; domanda troppa pena per i profeſſori d'oggi dì.* I ſhould ſuppoſe that Piſtocco, Bernacchi, and the old ſchool of ſinging, in the time of cantatas, ſuſtained, divided the voice by minute intervals, and expreſſed words in this manner, which is not to be deſcribed: common language cannot expreſs uncommon effects. To ſay that her voice was naturally well-toned and ſweet,

ſweet, that ſhe had an excellent ſhake, a perfect intonation, a facility of executing the moſt rapid and difficult paſſages, and a touching expreſſion, would be to ſay no more than I have already ſaid, and with truth, of others; but here I want words that would ſtill encreaſe the ſignificance and energy of theſe expreſſions. The Italian augmentatives would, perhaps, gratify my wiſh, if I were writing in that language; but as that is not the caſe, let me only add, that in the *portamento*, and diviſions of tones and ſemi-tones into infinitely minute parts, and yet always ſtopping upon the exact fundamental, Signora Martinetz was more perfect than any ſinger I had ever heard: her cadences too, of this kind, were very learned, and truly pathetic and pleaſing.

After theſe two ſongs, ſhe played a very difficult leſſon, of her own compoſition, on the harpſichord, with great rapidity and preciſion. She has compoſed

poſed a *Miſerere*, in four parts, with ſeveral Pſalms, in eight parts, and is a moſt excellent contrapuntiſt.

The company broke up ſooner than I wiſhed, as it was Metaſtaſio's time for going to maſs. During this viſit, I diſcovered that Signora Martinetz, among her other accompliſhments, both reads and ſpeaks Engliſh. She invited me to come again, as did the divine poet; ſo that I now regarded myſelf as *amico della caſa*.

The imperial laureate was carried to church in a very elegant carriage, which I rejoiced to ſee: his talents and his virtues merit all that can be done for him. His penſion is about five hundred pounds ſterling a year, which, with his regular life and œconomy, enables him to live in a very reputable, though not ſplendid manner.

After dining with his excellency Monſignore Viſconti, his ſecretary carried me a ſecond time to the houſe of Signor

Haſſe

Haſſe, in the Landſtraß, the prettieſt of all the Fauxbourgs of Vienna. It is a delightful drive of about a mile and half beyond the gates, and is within the lines though without the walls; chiefly though one ſtreet, with frequent openings, that let palaces, churches, and fine houſes, into the proſpect.

We found all the family at home, and our viſit was truely chearful and ſocial. Signora Fauſtina is very converſable, and is ſtill poſſeſſed of much curioſity concerning what is tranſacting in the world. She has likewiſe good remains, for ſeventy-two, of that beauty for which ſhe was ſo much celebrated in her youth, but none of her fine voice! I aſked her to ſing—*Ah non poſſo!—hò perduto tutte le mie facoltà.* Alas! I am no longer able, ſaid ſhe, I have loſt all my faculties.

I was extremely captivated with the converſation of Signor Haſſe. He was eaſy, communicative, and rational; equally free from pedantry, pride, and prejudice.

dice. He ſpoke ill of no one; but, on the contrary, did juſtice to the talents of ſeveral compoſers that were occaſionally named, even to thoſe of Porpora; who, though his firſt maſter, was ever after his greateſt rival. He thinks, with Metaſtaſio, that the good ſchool for ſinging is loſt; and ſays, that ſince the time of Piſtocco, Bernacchi, and Porpora, no great ſcholars have been made.

I aſked him again for a liſt of his works, and he told me that he had ſet all the operas of Metaſtaſio, except *Temiſtocle*; ſome of them three or four times over, and almoſt all of them twice: beſides theſe, he had ſet many operas, written by Apoſtolo Zeno; for, in his youth, Metaſtaſio did not write faſt enough for him. To theſe compoſitions for the theatre, muſt be added fourteen or fifteen *Oratorios*, with *Maſſes*, *Miſereres*, *Stabat Maters*, and *Salve Reginas*, for the church. Beſides all which, he added, that his *Cantatas*, *Serenatas*, *Intermezzos*,

mezzos, and *Duets*, for voices; his trios, quartets, and concertos, for inſtruments, were ſo numerous, that he ſhould not know many of them again, if he was either to ſee or hear them. He modeſtly compared himſelf to animals of the greateſt fecundity, whoſe progeny were either deſtroyed during infancy, or abandoned to chance; and added, that he, like other bad fathers, had more pleaſure in producing, than in preſerving his offſpring. However, this cenſure muſt be confined to the offspring of his brain, for, as I before obſerved, he has taken great care of the education of his daughters.

During this viſit, theſe young ladies were ſo obliging as to ſing to me a *Salve Regina*, lately ſet by their father, in *duo*. It is an exquiſite compoſition, full of grace, taſte, and propriety.

One of his daughters has a ſweet *ſoprano voce di camera*, of which the tone is delicate and intereſting: the other has a rich and powerful *contralto* voice, fit

for

for any church or theatre in Europe: both have good ſhakes, and ſuch an expreſſion, taſte, and ſteadineſs, as it is natural to expect in the daughters and ſcholars of Signor Haſſe and Signora Fauſtina.

After the *Salve Regina*, theſe excellent performers ſung ſeveral airs, in different ſtyles, of their father's compoſition, in a truly noble and elegant manner.

Signor Haſſe is ſo much afflicted with the gout, that his fingers are ſtiff, and diſtorted with it; and yet there are remains of a great player, in his manner of touching the harpſichord, and of accompanying; nor is it for want of knowing learned, extraneous, and equivocal modulation, that he is ſo ſparing of it in his works. He played me an extempore *Toccata* or *Capriccio*, in which he introduced ſome that was truly wonderful; but he has too ſound a judgment, to laviſh upon common and trivial occaſions, what ſhould be reſerved for extraordi-

nary

nary purpoſes. His modulation is, in general, ſimple, his melody natural, his accompaniments free from confuſion; and, leaving to fops and pedants all that frights, aſtoniſhes, and perplexes, he lets no other arts be diſcoverable in his compoſitions, than thoſe of pleaſing the ear, and of ſatisfying the underſtanding.

His daughters complain of want of practice, and ſay they hardly ever ſing; for their father is always either ill or buſy.

He is going, next ſpring, to Venice, the birth-place of Signora Fauſtina; and it ſeems as if they both had determined to ſpend the reſt of their days there.

It does not appear that Signor Haſſe has at preſent either penſion or employment at Vienna. He had great loſſes during the laſt war; all his books, manuſcripts, and effects were burned at the bombardment of Dreſden, by the King of Pruſſia, to a very conſiderable amount.

He

He was going to print a complete edition of all his works; the late king of Poland promiſed to be at the expence of paper and preſs; but after M. Brietkopf, of Leipzig, had made a beginning, and got together materials for the whole impreſſion, the war broke out, and put an end to all his hopes from this enterprize, and to thoſe of the public. He, however, does great juſtice to the muſical talents of the King of Pruſſia; and is even ſo candid, as to ſay, that he believes, if his majeſty had known that contingencies would have obliged him to bombard Dreſden, he would previouſly have apprized him of it, that he might have ſaved his effects.

Fauſtina, who is a living volume of muſical hiſtory, furniſhed me with many anecdotes of her cotemporary performers: ſhe ſpoke much of Handel's great ſtyle of playing the harpſichord and organ when ſhe was in England, and ſaid, ſhe remembered Farinelli's coming to Venice,

nice, in the year 1728, and the rapture and aſtoniſhment with which he was then heard.

Monday 7th. This whole morning was ſpent in the public library, in ſearch of old Miſſals, muſical treatiſes, and compoſitions. M. Martinetz, brother to the young lady whom I had heard ſing and play her own compoſitions ſo well at Metaſtaſio's, attended and aſſiſted me the whole time. I aſked him, of whom his ſiſter learned muſic, and where ſhe had acquired her expreſſive manner of ſinging; he ſaid, ſhe had had ſeveral maſters to teach her the grammar and mechaniſm of muſic; but that it was Metaſtaſio who had done the reſt.

I obtained the following particulars from a perſon of high rank, who has reſided at Vienna ſo long, that he is perfectly acquainted with the hiſtory of muſical people.

The great ſinger Signora Teſi, who was a celebrated performer, upwards of fifty years ago, lives here; ſhe is now more than eighty, but has long quitted the ſtage. She has been very ſprightly in her day, and yet is at preſent in high favour with the Empreſs-queen. Her ſtory is ſomewhat ſingular. She was connected with a certain count, a man of great quality and diſtinction, whoſe fondneſs, encreaſed by poſſeſſion, to ſuch a degree as to determine him to marry her: a much more uncommon reſolution in a perſon of high birth on the continent, than in England. She tried to diſſuade him; enumerated all the bad conſequences of ſuch an alliance; but he would liſten to no reaſoning, nor take any denial. Finding all remonſtrances vain, ſhe left him one morning, went into a neighbouring ſtreet, and addreſſing herſelf to a poor labouring man, a journeyman baker, ſaid ſhe would give him

fifty

fifty ducats if he would marry her; not with a view to their cohabiting together, but to ſerve a preſent purpoſe. The poor man readily conſented to become her nominal huſband: accordingly they were formally married; and when the count renewed his ſolicitations, ſhe told him it was now utterly impoſſible to grant his requeſt, for ſhe was already the wife of another; a ſacrifice ſhe had made to his fame and family.

Since this time ſhe has lived, many years, with a man of great rank at Vienna, of near her own age; probably in a very chaſte and innocent manner.

The Teuberinn, another celebrated opera ſinger, likewiſe reſides here; but, ſhe is peremptorily ordered by her phyſician never to ſing again. Her health was ſo impaired in Ruſſia, that it is pronounced by the faculty, that the exerciſe of her former profeſſion would certainly be fatal to her *.

* Since the firſt impreſſion of this Journal, ſhe has,

It was the Teſi who taught both the Teuberinn and De Amici to ſing as well as to act. She had in her youth been very ſuperior to all her cotemporaries in both capacities of ſinger and actreſs, and was afterwards remarkably happy in conveying inſtructions to her pupils.

Sept. 8. I expected that this would be a fruitleſs day, with regard to my muſical reſearches; it was a great feſtival; the library was ſhut up, and all the world was in *gala*, and at their devotions; it is pleaſant enough to walk the ſtreets on theſe days, and ſee the people, freed from toil and care, appear all clean and chearful.

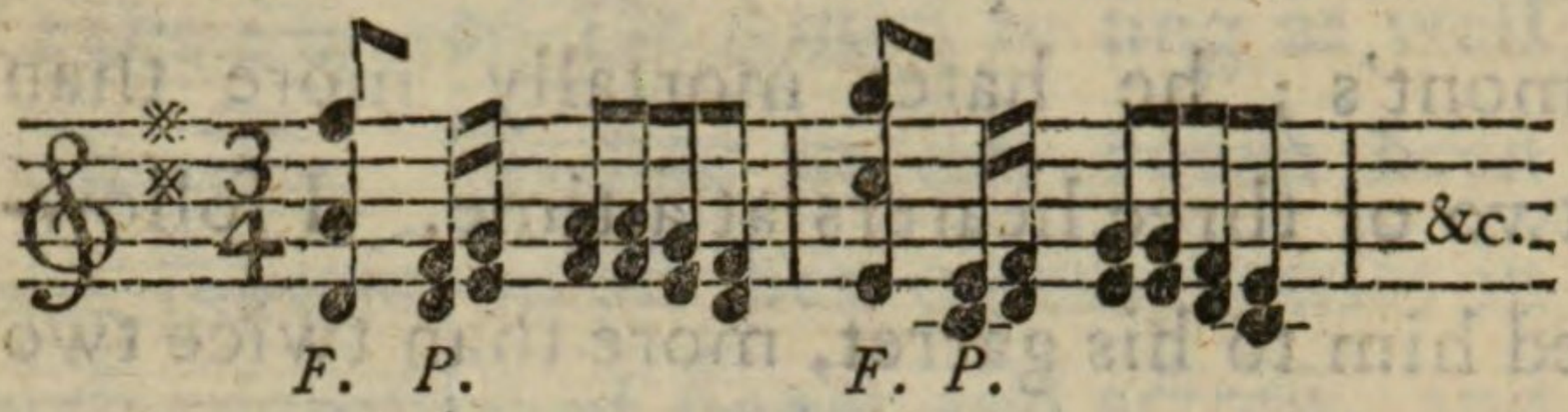
The Portugueſe abate called on me early in the morning, and after a long muſical diſcourſe, he invited me to his room, to hear ſome of his compoſitions on the guittar, in peace and quiet, which

has, however, in deſpite of this prediction, recovered her health and voice, ſufficiently to appear again upon the ſtage with her former luſtre.

it had been impoſſible to do at lord Stormont's; he hates mortally more than two or three hearers at a time. I followed him to his garret, more than twice two ſtories high; here he played the ſame pieces as at lord Stormont's, but with more effect, in ſtill ſilence. He is quite original in his ideas and modulation, but repeats his paſſages too often.

From hence, I went to St. Stephen's cathedral, where high maſs was juſt begun; on account of its being the Nativity of the Virgin, the band was reinforced; there were more than the uſual number of inſtruments, as well as voices; but the organ was inſufferably out of tune, which contaminated the whole performance. In other reſpects, the muſic, which was chiefly by Colonna, was excellent in its kind, conſiſting of fugues well worked, much in Handel's way, with a bold and active baſe. Some fine effects were produced with the *fortes* and and *pianos*, by ſtriking the firſt note of

a bar loud, the reſt ſoft, and by intro-



ducing a piece of pathetic for voices only, in the middle of a noiſy, full, inſtrumental chorus.

There was a girl, who ſung a ſolo verſe, in the *Credo*, extremely well, in a *mezzo ſoprano* voice; her ſhake, and ſtyle of ſinging were good. There were likewiſe ſeveral ſymphonies for inſtruments only, compoſed by M. Hofman, *maeſtro di capella* of this church, which were well written and well executed, except that the hateful ſour organ, poiſoned all whenever it played. In the muſic compoſed by M. Hofman, though there was great art and contrivance, yet the modulation was natural, and the melody ſmooth and elegant. "As much art as "you pleaſe in your muſic, gentlemen," ſaid I, frequently to the Germans, "provided it be united with nature; and

"even

"even in a marriage between art and "nature, I ſhould always wiſh the lady "to wear the breeches."

In the afternoon, I called on M. L'Augier, and there, among other company met again with the Florentine poet, Abate Caſti, who repeated ſeveral of his poems, particularly, a tale from Voltaire, called *L'Art d'élever une Fille*; which was extremely arch and comic.

M. L'Augier being in the ſervice of the court, was obliged to attend the emperor the next day at Laxemberg; I was ſorry to loſe him, as his houſe was an excellent retreat, when I could ſpare time to enjoy it; and his converſation concerning muſic and muſicians was in a particular manner entertaining and profitable.

He blamed me much for not continuing the whole winter at Vienna, but if I had ſtayed a full year in every great city of Europe, the inhabitants would have thought its curioſities and importance merited ſtill more attention; and

what a longevity muſt I be poſſeſſed of, to gratify ſuch patriotiſm? and when would my enquiries, and my hiſtory end? When M. L'Augier ſaid, that Vienna deſerved a much longer viſit, I aſked him, after Haſſe, Gluck, and Wagenſeil, what more great muſicians were to be found in this city? Haydn, Ditters, and Scarlatti, the nephew to Dominico Scarlatti, were out of town; I knew there were Gaſman, Vanhall, Hofmann, Mancini; and he added Kohaut, a great lutaniſt, La Motte, a violiniſt, and Venturini, a hautboy; but moſt of theſe I could ſee and hear, before my departure. To get admiſſion into the archives of the imperial chapel, was now the moſt important buſineſs I had to tranſact; and my Portugueſe Abate had promiſed to introduce me to M. Gaſman, the Emperor's *maeſtro di capella*, for that purpoſe.

After quitting M. L'Augier, I viſited M. Wagenſeil, where I found my good friend the Abate Coſta, who had played

the precurſor, and prepared him for my arrival.

Wagenſeil is rather in years, thin, and infirm; he was confined to his couch, but received me very politely, and converſed freely on the ſubject of muſic for a conſiderable time; he has a great reſpect for Handel, and ſpeaks of ſome of his works with rapture; he could not ſtir from his ſeat, and his left hand had been ſo ill treated by the gout, that he was hardly able to move two of his fingers. However, at my urgent requeſt, he had a harpſichord wheeled to him, and he played me ſeveral *capriccios*, and pieces of his own compoſition, in a very ſpirited and maſterly manner; and though I can eaſily believe, that he once played better; yet, he had ſufficient fire and fancy left to pleaſe and entertain, though not to ſurpriſe me very much; he was ſo obliging as to promiſe me copies of ſeveral of his manuſcript compoſitions for the harpſichord, and to make

a ſmall

a ſmall muſical party for me, at his houſe, in order to give me an opportunity of hearing ſome of his ſcholars.

He has been confined to his room theſe ſeven years by a lameneſs, which came on by degrees in a very uncommon manner. The ſinews of his right thigh are contracted, and the circulation ſtopt; ſo that it is become incurably withered, and uſeleſs. He is fifty-eight years of age, was a ſcholar of Fux, and many years maſter to the Empreſs-queen, on which account he ſtill enjoys a penſion of fifteen hundred florins a-year. He is now nominal maſter to the Arch-ducheſſes, for which he has, likewiſe, a ſmall penſion.

Theſe are fortunate circumſtances for a perſon totally incapable of quitting his room, in order to exerciſe his profeſſion. However, he teaches at home, and compoſes, by which he ſomewhat augments his income; and, as he is luckily a ſingle man, and Vienna not a dear place for the natives

natives to live in, he may be ſuppoſed in eaſy circumſtances.

The diverſions for the common people of this place, are ſuch as ſeem hardly fit for a civilized and poliſhed nation to allow. Particularly the *combats*, as they are called, or baiting of wild beaſts, in a manner much more ſavage and ferocious than our bull-baiting, throwing at cocks, and prize-fighting of old, to which the legiſlature has ſo wiſely and humanely put a ſtop*.

Theſe

* The moſt exact and leaſt ſuſpicious deſcription I can give of theſe diverſions will be literally to tranſlate a hand-bill, ſuch as is diſtributed through the ſtreets every Sunday and feſtival.

" This day, by imperial licence, in the great " amphitheatre, at five o'clock will begin the fol- " lowing diverſions.

" 1ſt. A wild Hungarian ox, in full fire, " (that is, with fire under his tail, and crackers " faſtened to his ears and horns, and to other " parts of his body), will be ſet upon by dogs.

" 2d. A wild boar will, in the ſame manner, " be baited by dogs.

" 3d. " A great bear will, immediately after, " be torn by dogs.

4th. " A.

Theſe barbarous ſpectacles, are uſually attended by two or three thouſand people, among whom are a great number of ladies!

Wedneſday 9th. This morning, I went, with the Abate Coſta, to M. Gaſman, *maeſtro di capella del corte imperiale*. He was very obliging, and did me the favour to ſhew me all his curious books and manuſcript compoſitions.

He

" 4th. A wolf will be hunted by dogs of the " fleeteſt kind.

5th. " A very furious and enraged wild bull " from Hungary, will be attacked by fierce and " hungry dogs.

6th. " A freſh bear will be attacked by hounds.

7th. " Will appear a fierce wild boar, juſt " caught, which will now be baited for the firſt " time, by dogs defended with iron armour.

8th. " A beautiful African tyger.

9th. " This will be changed for a bear.

10th. " A freſh and fierce Hungarian ox.

11th. " And laſtly, a furious and hungry bear, " which has had no food for eight days, will attack a young wild bull, and eat him alive up- " on the ſpot; and if he is unable to complete " the buſineſs, a wolf will be ready to help him."

He ſurpriſed me much by the number of fugues, and choruſſes, which he ſhewed me of a very learned and ſingular conſtruction, and which he had made as exerciſes and ſtudies. Some of them were compoſed in two or three different *times*, as well as upon two or three different *ſubjects*; and ſeveral of theſe, he ſaid, the emperor had practiſed.

M. Gaſman is accuſed by ſome of want of fire in his theatrical compoſitions; but the gravity of his ſtyle is eaſily accounted for, by the time and pains he muſt have beſtowed on church muſic. To aim at equal perfection in both, is trying to ſerve God and Mammon; and thoſe excellent compoſers for the church, whoſe works have ſurvived them, ſuch as Paleſtrina, Tallis, Birde, Allegri, Benevoli, Colonna, Caldara, Marcello, Lotti, Perti, and Fux, have chiefly confined themſelves to the church, ſtyle. Aleſſandro Scarlatti, Handel, Pergoleſi, and Jomelli, are exceptions. But, in general, thoſe ſucceed beſt

beſt in writing for the church, ſtage, or chamber, who accuſtom themſelves to that particular ſpecies of compoſition only.

I do not call every modern oratorio, maſs or motet, *church muſic* ; as the ſame compoſitions to different words would do equally well, indeed often better, for the ſtage. But by *Muſica di Chieſa*, properly ſo called, I mean grave and ſcientific compoſitions for voices only, of which the excellence conſiſts more in good harmony, learned modulation, and fugues upon ingenious and ſober ſubjects, than in light airs and turbulent accompaniments.

There are two muſical archives or libraries belonging to the Imperial theatre and chapel. Of one, the emperor had taken away the key ; but it contained only the works of compoſers, who had flouriſhed in the preſent century, ſuch as Fux, Telemann, Handel, and Porpora. Of the other, M. Gaſman had the key, and promiſed to go with me thither the

next

next day: the public library occupied the reſt of this.

There was mnſic every day, during dinner, and in the evening at the inn, where I lodged, which was the Golden Ox; but it was uſually bad, particularly that of a band of wind inſtruments, which conſtantly attended the ordinary. This conſiſted of French horns, clarinets, hautboys, and baſſoons; all ſo miſerably out of tune, that I wiſhed them a hundred miles off.

In general I did not find that delicacy of ear among the German ſtreet-muſicians, which I had met with in people of the ſame rank and profeſſion in Italy. The church organs being almoſt always out of tune here, may be occaſioned by the parſimony or negligence of the clergy, biſhop, or ſuperior of a church or convent; but the being, or ſtopping, in or out of rune, among ſtreet mnſicians, muſt depend on themſelves, and on their organs being *acute* or *obtuſe*.

It is perhaps not eaſy to determine what kind of air is moſt fit for the propagation of muſical ſound; whether thick or thin, moiſt or dry; and if this were determined, it might ſtill be doubted in what kind of air muſic would be heard to the greateſt advantage, becauſe, poſſibly, that air which is moſt favourable to the tranſmiſſion of ſound, abſtractedly conſidered, may render the organs, by which it is perceived, leſs acutely ſenſible.

Thurſday 10th. This morning Signor Mancini, of Bologna, ſinging maſter to the Imperial court and family, was ſo obliging, at the requeſt of the auditor Taruffi, as to call on me at my lodgings. He was a ſcholar of Bernacchi, and has been fifteen years in the ſervice of this court. He has taught eight of the Arch-ducheſſes to ſing, moſt of whom, he ſays, had good voices, and had made a conſiderable progreſs, particularly the Princeſs of Parma, and the Arch-ducheſs

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Elizabeth, who have good ſhakes, a good *portamento*, and great facility of executing ſwift diviſions.

Signor Mancini ſpeaks with much intelligence of his art, and I was greatly pleaſed with his converſation. He has for ſome time been writing a book upon the art of ſinging, which is in great forwardneſs; and it is hoped that a perſon of ſuch conſummate knowledge, and long experience, will not keep from the world a work ſo much wanted, as a well-written, profound, and, at the ſame time, practical treatiſe on the art of ſinging.

I obtained from this able profeſſor a liſt of the Piſtocco and Bernacchi ſchool. Bernacchi was the ſcholar of Piſtocco, but his voice was never naturally good; and when he ſung, for the firſt time, at a church in Bologna, he was ſo very much diſliked, that ſome of his acquaintance peremptorily told him, he ſhould leave off ſinging, unleſs he could perform better.

This ſtimulated and piqued him to take uncommon pains, well knowing that there was then no poſſibility of changing his profeſſion: a caſtrato has ſeldom ſtrength or ſpirit ſufficient for any other employment than that of muſic; he therefore went ſeriouſly to work, and, by ſevere ſtudy, acquired a ſtyle and manner of ſinging, which was afterwards the ſtandard of perfection in that art.

His principal ſcholars were Antonio Paſi, Geo. Battiſta Minelli, Bartolomeo di Faenza, Mancini, and Guarducci.

Signor Mancini thinks it practicable, with time and patience, not only to give a ſhake where nature has denied it, but even to give voice; that is, to make a bad one tolerable, and an indifferent one good, as well as to extend the compaſs: always obſerving the natural tendency of the organ.

He told me of a curious operation performed frequently at Naples, of cutting the glands of the throat, when ſo inflated,

flated, or big, as to obſtruct the free paſſage of the voice.

For the ſhake, he thinks it ruined ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by too much impatience and precipitation, both in the maſter and ſcholar; and many who can execute paſſages, which require the ſame motion of the larynx as the ſhake, have notwithſtanding never acquired one. There is no accounting for this, but from the neglect of the maſter to ſtudy nature, and avail himſelf of theſe paſſages, which, by continuity, would become real ſhakes.

On quitting Signor Mancini, I haſtened to M. Gaſman, who was waiting to carry me to the Imperial muſical library. I found in it an immenſe collection of muſical authors, but in ſuch diſorder, that their contents are, at preſent, almoſt wholly unknown. However, M. Gaſman has begun a catalogue, and is promiſed, by the Emperor, a larger and

more commodious room for theſe books, than the preſent, in which they are promiſcuouſly piled, one on another, in the moſt confuſed manner imaginable. Yet I found a great number of curious productions, from the beginning of counterpoint to the preſent time. Indeed the quantity of muſic here, of the Emperor Leopold's collecting, which is uniformly bound, in white vellum, with his arms on the back, is almoſt incredible; it ſeems to be all that Italy and Germany had then produced: and for operas, in ſcore, and parts, the liſt of ſuch only as have been performed at this court, would fill a folio volume.

M. Gaſman has aſſured me, that in the courſe of his writing a complete catalogue, he will remark all that is curious in this collection, both as to theory and practice, and will communicate it to me by letter; and for this purpoſe he deſired me to give him my addreſs in England,

which I wrote on parchment, and left in the library.

I went again this afternoon to Wagenſeil's; he had with him a little girl, his ſcholar, about eleven or twelve years old, with whom he played duets upon two harpſichords, which had a very good effect. The child's performance was very neat and ſteady. M. Wagenſeil was ſo kind as to promiſe, at my requeſt, to get, if poſſible, ſome of his duets, and other new pieces, tranſcribed for me by Sunday, when I was to return to him again, to hear them accompanied by violins, and to take my leave: there was a young count here, another of his ſcholars, who had a very rapid finger, and who executed ſome very difficult harpſichord leſſons with great preciſion. My friend, the ingenious and worthy Portugueſe abate, was likewiſe of the party.

From hence I went to the opera, which was *i Rovinati*, compoſed by Gaſman,

who was at the harpſichord. Whether his civilities in the morning had operated ſecretly on my mind and ears, I cannot tell: but this muſic pleaſed me much more than any of his compoſitions which I had heard before. There was a contraſt, an oppoſition and diſſimilitude of movements and paſſages, by which one contributed to the advantage and effect of another, that was charming; and the inſtrumental parts were judiciouſly and ingeniouſly worked.

A ſong of Clementina Baglioni, and a ſcolding *duo* between her and the ſecond woman, who was a German, and who, indeed, performed but indifferently, were encored. The men who ſung to-night pleaſed me more than thoſe I had heard before; a tenor, in particular, diſcovered much taſte, and had a pleaſing, though not powerful voice. Theſe vague accounts of anonymous ſingers, will afford the reader but ſmall ſatisfaction; but it is all I am able to give him of performers

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of a lower order, as the names of ſingers are never printed in the *dramatis perſonæ* of Italian operas in Germany, and memory ſeldom aſſiſts us in retaining the names of either perſons, or things, that are indifferent to us.

Friday 11th. This morning I went to take leave of the chevalier Gluck; and, though it was near eleven o'clock, when I arrived, yet, like a true great genius, he was ſtill in bed; *Madame* told me, that he uſually wrote all night, and lay in bed late to recruit. Gluck, when he appeared, did not make ſo good a defence but frankly confeſſed his ſluggiſhneſs, *je ſuis un peu poltron ce matin.* The niece too was not yet viſible, and the aunt in her defence, ſaid, that ſhe encouraged her ſleeping in the morning; *pour fortifier la poitrine,* to ſtrengthen the lungs; and, I believe ſhe was right, for this excellent little performer is far from robuſt.

M. Gluck and I had a long converſation concerning muſical and dramatic effects; concerning *thoſe* which had been produced in his *Orfeo* at Vienna ten years ago, when it was firſt performed; and three or four years ſince, when it was revived at Parma, upon the marriage of the Arch-ducheſs, Amelia, with the preſent duke; as well as at Bologna, laſt year. He is a great diſciplinarian, and as formidable as Handel uſed to be, when at the head of a band; but he aſſured me, that he never found his troops mutinous, though he, on no account, ſuffered them to leave any part of their buſineſs, till it was well done, and frequently obliged them to repeat ſome of his manœuvres twenty or thirty times. This was the beſt proof he could give of the wholeſomeneſs of his diſcipline; for there is a ſtrong preſumption, that when it is endured without murmur, by men not abſolute ſlaves to

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their commander, they are convinced of its expediency.

Before we parted, which we did on very good terms, he furniſhed me with copies in ſcore of his two laſt operas of *Alceſte & Paride*, and promiſed to ſend me a copy of his famous ballet of *Don Juan* the next morning; and he kept his word.

From hence I went to Metaſtaſio, where I was immediately admitted, though he was in diſhabille, and juſt going to dreſs.

Mademoiſelle Martinetz was at her muſical ſtudies, and writing; ſhe directly complied with my requeſt, of ſitting down to the harpſichord. Metaſtaſio deſired her to ſhew me ſome of her beſt ſtudies; and ſhe produced a pſalm for four voices, with inſtruments. It was a moſt agreeable *Meſcolanza*, as Metaſtaſio called it, of *antico e moderno*; a mixture of the harmony, and contrivance of old times, with the melody and taſte of the preſent. It was an admirable compoſi-

tion,

tion, and ſhe played and ſung it in a very maſterly manner, contriving ſo well to fill up all the parts, that though it was a full piece, nothing ſeemed wanting. The words of this pſalm were Italian, and of Metaſtaſio's tranſlation.

After this ſhe obliged me with a Latin *motet*, for a ſingle voice, which was grave and ſolemn, without languor or heavineſs; and then played me a very pretty harpſichord *ſonata* of her own, which was ſpirited, and full of brilliant paſſages.

I could not finiſh this viſit till I had petitioned Mademoiſelle Martinetz to oblige me with copies of ſome of her compoſitions, which ſhe readily granted; and I had my choice of whatever had pleaſed me moſt among the pieces which I had heard.

I had the honour of dining with lord Stormont to-day, for the ſixth and laſt time, as he was to ſet out on a journey at four o'clock the next morning: his lordſhip was extremely kind to the laſt,

offering

offering me letters to Dreſden, Berlin, and Hamburg. The frequent mention of theſe honours will, I fear, have the appearance of vanity; but a total ſilence about them would ſurely ſavour of the worſe vice of ingratitude.

After this I made a ſhort viſit to Signor Taruffi, and then a very long one to Signor Haſſe, who to-day read the plan of my hiſtory, in German, with great attention, and talked over every article of it with the utmoſt cordiality. It was an infinite ſatisfaction to me, I muſt own, to find my ideas ſimilar in almoſt all points, to thoſe of ſuch a man as this; whoſe merit has been univerſally felt, and is now univerſally allowed.

He ſaid, that his firſt opera was *Antigono*, which he ſet, when he was only eighteen years of age, before he went into Italy. On his arrival at Naples, he was thought a very good player on the harpſichord. He ſtudied at firſt a little while under Porpora, as I had been be-

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fore told by Barbella; but Haſſe denied, that it was Porpora who introduced him to old Scarlatti. He ſays, that the firſt time Scarlatti ſaw him, he luckily conceived ſuch an affection for him, that he ever after treated him with the kindneſs of a father.

When he went back into Germany, he was taken into the ſervice of the Elector of Saxony, who made him ſet *Antigono* again. After this, he ſet a German opera, which, with one more, was all he ever worked upon in that language.

As he was born near Hamburg, he told me, that he was not only glad I was going thither, as it was his country, but, as I ſhould ſee the great Emanuel Bach there, whom he very much reſpected, and hear the beſt organiſts and organs, of any part of the world, unleſs they were much degenerated ſince he was there. Above all things, he recommended to me the ſoliciting Bach, to

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let me hear him upon the clavichord; and likewiſe deſired me to enquire after a ſymphony of that author in E *la mi*, minor, which he thought the fineſt he had ever heard.

I aſked him about the diſpoſition of the orcheſtra at Dreſden, in 1754, mentioned by Rouſſeau in his dictionary, as the beſt poſſible. He ſaid, this author's account of it was ſo exact, that he ſhould ſuppoſe him to have been there at the time. The king of Poland had then given Haſſe unlimited power; and he had every thing of the beſt kind, both in vocal and inſtrumental muſic, which it was poſſible for him to aſſemble together.

He frequently attended that prince to Warſaw, in Poland, where he compoſed ſeveral operas. He ſaid the Poliſh muſic was truly national, and often very tender and delicate. He mentioned to me a ſong which he had made in the Polonoiſe ſtyle, which was one of the moſt ſingular

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and the beſt received of any one of his compoſitions: of this he promiſed me a copy, as well as of many other of his moſt curious and choice pieces *.

In ſpeaking of compoſers, he commended, the moſt of all, old Scarlatti, and Keiſer †: Keiſer, he aſſured me, was, according to his conceptions, one of the greateſt muſicians the world ever ſaw. His compoſitions are more voluminous than thoſe of old Scarlatti, and his melodies, though more than fifty years old, are ſuch as would now be thought modern and graceful. This he ſaid had been always his opinion; and he was not likely to be biaſſed by prejudice, as this compoſer was neither his relation, his maſter, nor even his acquaintance; but having lately looked at ſome of his works,

* Signor Haſſe, before he quitted Vienna, in order to go to Venice, where he now reſides, favoured the author with a very polite letter, and a preſent of ſeveral of his compoſitions.

† He was born at Weiſſenfels, in Saxony, and was *maeſtro di capella* to the duke of Mecklenburg.

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he was aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo much more elegance, clearneſs, and grace, than are to be found in moſt modern compoſitions, even now. He added, that Keiſer compoſed chiefly for Hamburg, and, in general, to the German language. He was not very well verſed in Italian, and often blundered in ſetting words; but had always merit of other kinds to compenſate this defect.

He always ſpoke reſpectfully of Handel, as a player and writer of fugues, as well as for the ingenuity of his accompaniments, and the natural ſimplicity of his melody, in which particulars he regarded him as the greateſt genius that ever exiſted; but ſaid, that he thought him too ambitious of diſplaying his talent of working parts and ſubjects, as well as too fond of noiſe: and Fauſtina added, that his *cantilena* was often rude.

I aſked him, if he had ever heard Domenico Scarlatti play? he ſaid that he had, at the time he came from Portugal

to Naples, on a visit to his father, while he studied under him; and he allowed him to have been possessed of a wonderful hand, as well as fecundity of invention.

He could not think Durante, as a contrapuntist, deserved the place which M. Rousseau has given him in his dictionary; but said that it was old Scarlatti, whom he should have called *le plus grand harmoniste d'Italie, c'est à dire du monde*, the greatest master of harmony of Italy, that is, of the whole universe; and not Durante, who was not only dry, but *baroque*, that is, coarse and uncouth *.

He spoke of mademoiselle Martinetz, as a young person of uncommon talents for music: said that she sung with great expression, played very neat and masterly, and was a thorough contrapuntist;

* M. Hasse's opinion of Alex. Scarlatti corresponds exactly with that of Jomelli, who told me, at Naples, that his compositions for the church, tho' but little known, were the best of his productions, and perhaps the best of the kind.

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but, added he, "it is pity that her writing ſhould affect her voice." I had obſerved, indeed, the ſame morning, that ſhe took the high notes with difficulty. It is an axiom among all good maſters of ſinging, that ſtooping to write, and even ſitting much at the harpſichord, hurts the cheſt, and greatly affects the voice.

Haſſe ſaid, that after he was fifty he had never been able to ſing a note; and, indeed he is now ſo hoarſe, that he can with difficulty be heard when he ſpeaks. This he wholly attributes to his having been ſo conſtantly employed in writing. Fauſtina ſaid, that when ſhe knew him firſt, he had a very fine tenor voice; and it was then uſual for maſters to make their ſcholars in counterpoint, not only ſing, but declaim.

I cannot quit Haſſe and Gluck, without ſaying that it is very neceſſary to uſe diſcrimination in comparing them together. Haſſe may be regarded as the Ra-

phael, and I have already called Gluck the Michael Angelo of living compoſers. If the affected French expreſſion of *le grand ſimple* can ever mean any thing, it muſt be when applied to the productions of ſuch a compoſer as Haſſe, who ſucceeds better perhaps in expreſſing, with clearneſs and propriety, whatever is graceful, elegant, and tender, than what is boiſterous and violent; whereas Gluck's genius ſeems more calculated for exciting terror in painting difficult ſituations, occaſioned by complicated miſery, and the tempeſtuous fury of unbridled paſſions.

Saturday 12. This morning, after another long viſit to Metaſtaſio, and hearing mademoiſelle Martinetz play and ſing with new delight and amazement, I determined to find out the habitation of Vanhall, a young compoſer, ſeveral of whoſe productions, particularly his ſymphonies, had afforded me ſuch uncommon pleaſure, that I ſhould not heſitate

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to rank them among the moſt complete and perfect compoſitions, for many inſtruments, which the art of muſic can boaſt.

The ſpirit of party, in muſical matters, runs high every where; and I every where found that it was wiſhed that I ſhould hear, or at leaſt like, none but the friends of my friends. However, I ſoon ſaw, and *heard* through all this, and ſeldom ſuffered myſelf to be the dupe of partial deciſions. For I was not contented with hearing muſic in fine houſes, theatres, and palaces, but viſited cottages, and garrets, wherever I could get acceſs to a good performer, or a man of genius.

I had ſent my ſervant, and made ſeveral attempts myſelf, to find M. Vanhall before, but in vain. However, today I had been told that he lived without the gates of the city; but, after croſſing a branch of the Danube, and walking ſeveral miles through a very duſty road,

to the place where I expected to find him, I was told that he was removed, no one knew whither: this did not diſcourage me from enquiring after him all the way back, and, at length, I luckily found him, in an obſcure corner of the town, and in a more lofty than ſplendid ſituation. I groped my way up a totally dark, winding ſtone ſtair-caſe, at the ſummit of which was his bower.

He is a civil young man; and though he could ſpeak no French, yet he had a little Italian, which is the caſe with many German muſicians. I told him that I was a ſtranger, and in queſt of whatever was moſt curious in muſic; that I had heard ſome of his ſymphonies performed, which had pleaſed me very much, and wiſhed to be in poſſeſſion of a few of them, if he had any ready tranſcribed, or if he knew of a copyiſt who had *.

* As there are no muſic ſhops in Vienna, the beſt method of procuring new compoſitions is to apply to copyiſts; for the authors, regarding every Engliſh

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We ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and finding he played the harpſichord, I got him to ſit down to a little clavichord, and play to me ſix leſſons which he had juſt made for that inſtrument; but I found them neither ſo pleaſing, maſterly, or new, as his compoſitions for violins.

Though there have been many admirable compoſers of vocal muſic, who, for want of voice, could *not* ſing, yet it ſeems as if it were abſolutely neceſſary to be a great *player* on an inſtrument, in order to write in ſuch a manner for it as will beſt ſhew its powers. With reſpect to the organ and harpſichord, the moſt original and ſtriking pieces for thoſe inſtruments have been the productions of great performers, ſuch as Handel, Scarlatti, Bach, Schobert, Wagenſeil, Müthel, and Alberti: but a rage

traveller as a *milord*, expect a preſent on theſe occaſions, as conſiderable for each piece, as if it had been compoſed on purpoſe for him.

for univerſality, or for gain, tempts many compoſers to quit the road which nature and art have made familiar to them, for another; in which they are either bewildered, or ſo deſtitute of the neceſſary requiſites for travelling through it, as to be obliged to rob and plunder every one they meet.

A little perturbation of the faculties, is a promiſing circumſtance in a young muſician, and M. V. began his career very auſpiciouſly, by being ſomewhat flighty. Enthuſiaſm ſeems abſolutely neceſſary in all the arts, but particularly in muſic, which ſo much depends upon fancy and imagination. A cold, ſedate, and wary diſpoſition, but ill ſuits the profeſſor of ſuch an art; however, when enthuſiaſm is ungovernable, and impels to too frequent and violent efforts, the intellects are endangered. But as inſanity in an artiſt is ſometimes nothing more than an ebullition of genius, when

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that is the caſe, he may cry out to the phyſicians who cure him,

——Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis.

M. V. is now ſo far recovered, and poſſeſſes a mind ſo calm and tranquil, that his laſt pieces appear to me rather inſipid and common, and his former agreeable extravagance ſeems changed into too great œconomy of thought.

In the afternoon I went to the play; it was Romeo and Juliet, new written, by M. Weiſs. The firſt act was almoſt over when I arrived; but I ſoon found that it was not a tranſlation of Shakeſpeare, by the ſmall number of characters in it; there being only eight in this tragedy, and in the Engliſh one of the ſame name, there are upwards of twenty.

The perſonages introduced by M. Weiſs are Montecute, Capulet, lady Capulet, Romeo, Julie, Laura a Confidant, inſtead of the Nurſe, Benvoglio a phyſician, who ſupplies the place of Fryar Law-

rence, and Peter a ſervant to Romeo, inſtead of Balthazar.

Though the ſpeeches and ſcenes were long, the four firſt acts were very affecting; but the performance both of poet and actors in the laſt act was abominable. There was no proceſſion, which, perhaps, might be ſpared upon any ſtage, except the Engliſh, in which cuſtom has made it neceſſary: and Juliet, dead at the end of the fourth act, is found buried at the beginning of the fifth, which is by no means abſurd; but the tomb-ſcene was bad, ill written and ill acted; and there was ſo much confuſion, at laſt, that it was not eaſy to find out whether Romeo lived or died. He ſwallowed poiſon, indeed, which had racked, tortured and deprived him of his ſenſes; but, as the doctor plied him well with drops, and a ſmelling bottle, he recovered juſt enough to ſay Juliet!—oh my Juliet! Julie! Oh meine Julie! and the curtain dropped.

Sun-

Sunday 13th. There was a proceſſion through the principal ſtreets of this city to-day, as an anniverſary commemoration of the Turks having been driven from its walls in 1683, by Sobieſki king of Poland, after it had ſuſtained a ſiege of two months. The Emperor came from Laxemberg to attend the celebration of this feſtival, and walked in the proceſſion, which ſet off from the Franciſcan's church, and proceeded through the principal ſtreets of the city to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where *Te Deum* was ſung, under the direction of M. Gaſman, imperial *maeſtro di capella*. The muſic was by Reüter, an old German compoſer, without taſte or invention. As there was a very numerous band, great noiſe and little meaning characterized the whole performance. I hoped ſomething better would have ſucceeded this dull, dry ſtuff; but what followed was equally unintereſting. The whole was finiſhed by a triple diſ-

charge

charge of all the artillery of the city, and the military inſtruments were little leſs noiſy now, than the muſical had been before.

From hence I went to Metaſtaſio, for the laſt time! I found with him much company, and the St. Cecilia, Martinetz, at the harpſichord, to which ſhe had been ſinging. At her deſire there was a commutation of compoſitions between us. She had been ſo kind as to have tranſcribed for me, among other things, a ſong of Metaſtaſio, ſet by herſelf, with which I had been greatly ſtruck in a former viſit.

The good old poet embraced me heartily; ſaid he was ſorry to loſe me ſo ſoon; that he muſt have my book, when publiſhed, and deſired to hear from me. Thus we parted at Vienna; but I cannot quit him here, without adding a few lines to this article, long as it is already.

I had been told, and it was likewiſe the opinion of Signor Haſſe, that Metaſtaſio had more of his own manuſcript

poetry

poetry in his poſſeſſion, than had hitherto been publiſhed; but lord Stormont doubts much of the fact; alledging his principle of never working but when he is called upon, againſt his writing verſes merely to lock them up. Metaſtaſio laughs at all poetic inſpiration, and makes a poem as mechanically as another would make a watch, at what time he pleaſes, and without any other occaſion than the want of it.

However, lord Stormont ſays, that he has ſeen a tranſlation of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, in Italian verſe, by Metaſtaſio, which he thinks far ſuperior to every one that has been made in other languages. He has likewiſe tranſlated the *Hoc erat in votis*, of the ſame poet, admirably well. In this, like Horace, he has told the ſtory of the Town and Country Mouſe, as a ſerious fact, and kept more cloſely, both to the letter and ſpirit of the original, than any other who has hitherto attempted it.

Metaſtaſio, like moſt other perſons in years, has an averſion to the talking about his own age, about the infirmities of his friends, or the calamities, or death, even of perſons that are indifferent to him. He is extremely candid in his judgment of men of genius, and even of poets with whom he has had a difference, which indeed are very few. For, when he has been attacked by them, it has often happened, that, after writing an epigram or couplet, to ſhew his particular friends how he could defend himſelf, he has thrown it into the fire; and he has never been known either to print or publiſh a line, by way of retaliation, againſt the bittereſt enemy to his perſon or poems.

He has a natural chearfulneſs and pleaſantry, in his manner and converſation, which give a gaiety to all around him; and is poſſeſſed of as eaſy an eloquence in ſpeaking as in writing. He is, indeed, one of the few extraordinary ge-

geniuſes who loſe nothing by approximation or acquaintance: for, it is a melancholy reflection that, very few, like him, are equally intitled to the epithets *good* and *great*.

The following anecdote has been given me by a perſon of veracity, well informed of every particular, relative to this great poet. Many years ago, when Metaſtaſio's circumſtances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna as an aſſiſtant writer for the Opera, under Apoſtolo Zeno; a perſon with whom he had contracted a great intimacy and friendſhip, dying, left him his whole fortune, amounting to fifteen thouſand pounds ſterling. But Metaſtaſio hearing that he had relations at Bologna, went thither in ſearch of them; and having found ſuch as he thought beſt intitled to theſe poſſeſſions, told them, that though his deceaſed friend had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could ſuppoſe it to be no otherwiſe than in

truſt,

truſt, till he ſhould find out the moſt deſerving of his kindred, in order to divide it equitably among them; which he immediately did, without the leaſt reſerve in his own favour.

After dinner, I had the pleaſure of a long viſit from M. Gaſman, who not only furniſhed me with a liſt of his works, but obliged me with copies of a great number of his manuſcript quartets, for various inſtruments *. M. Gaſman is of a middle age, and yet his works are very voluminous. For the ſerious opera, he has compoſed, in Italy, *Merope*, *Iſſipile*, *Catone in Utica*, *Ezio*, twice, and *Achille in Sciro*. At Vienna, *Olimpiade*, *Amore di Pſiche*, and *Il Trionfo*

* It is but juſtice to ſay, that ſince my return to England, I have had theſe pieces tried, and have found them excellent: there is pleaſing melody, free from caprice and affectation; ſound harmony, and the contrivances and imitations are ingenious, without the leaſt confuſion. In ſhort, the ſtyle is ſober and ſedate, without dulneſs; and maſterly, without pedanty.

d'Amore

d'Amore. For the comic opera, at Venice, *l'Uccilatore*, twice: *il Filoſofo inamorato*, *un Pazzo ne fa Cento*, and *il Mondo nella Luna*. At Vienna, *i Viaggiatori ridicoli*, *l'Amore Artigiano*, *la Notte Critica*, *l'opera Seria*, *la Conteſſina*, *il Filoſofo inamorato* a ſecond time, *la Peſcatrice*, and *i Rovinati*.

When M. Gaſman left me, I went, for the laſt time, to M. Wagenſeil, and heard him and his little female ſcholar play ſeveral brilliant duets upon two harpſichords: here I again met with my friend, the Portugueſe Abbé, and, after a long converſation upon muſical matters, we parted: but not till we had mutually exchanged directions, and promiſes to keep alive our friendſhip, by a literary intercourſe.

After this I flew home, to pack, and to pay; here, among other things, I was plagued with copyiſts the whole evening; they began to regard me as a greedy and indiſcriminate purchaſer of whatever traſh

they

they ſhould offer; but I was forced to hold my hand, not only from buying bad muſic, but good. For every thing is very dear at Vienna, and nothing more ſo than muſic, of which none is printed.

As it was, I did not quit Vienna till I had expended ten or twelve guineas in the purchaſe of muſic; which, with what had been given me, what I had tranſcribed myſelf, and the printed books I had collected, rendered my baggage ſo unweildy, as to coſt me an additional horſe to my chaiſe, all the way to Hamburg.

Indeed, Vienna is ſo rich in compoſers, and incloſes within its walls ſuch a number of muſicians of ſuperior merit, that, it is but juſt to allow it to be, among German cities, the imperial ſeat of muſic, as well as of power.

This might be manifeſted by a recapitulation of what I heard, and ſaw, during my ſhort reſidence there; but I ſhall leave that to the reader's recollection,

and

and only mention the names of Haſſe, Gluck, Gaſman, Wagenſeil, Salieri, Hofman, Haydn, Ditters, Vanhall, and Huber, who have all greatly diſtinguiſhed themſelves as compoſers; and the ſymphonies and quartets of the five laſt mentioned authors, are perhaps among the firſt full pieces and compoſitions, for violins, that have ever been produced.

To theſe celebrated names, may be added thoſe of Miſliwiceck, a Bohemian, juſt returned from Italy, where he has eſtabliſhed a great reputation by his operas as well as inſtrumental muſic; Scarlatti, nephew to the famous Domenico Scarlatti; Kohaut, an excellent lutaniſt; Venturini, a hautbois player of the firſt claſs; Albrechtzberger, and Stefani, two eminent harpſichord players, in the ſervice of the court, and La Motte, a Flamand, the beſt ſolo player and ſightſman, upon the violin, at Vienna. He was ſome time ſcholar to Giardini; and it is

related of him, that when he quitted his first master, he travelled through Italy, still in search of another; and being arrived at Leghorn, where Nardini then lived, he would have become his scholar; but after hearing that performer execute one of his own solos, of the most difficult kind, and being, in his turn asked to play, he desired leave to perform the same solo, which he had just heard, and which was new, and in manuscript, so that he never could have practised it; however, he acquitted himself so well, that Nardini declined taking as a *scholar*, on who was already so able a *master* of his instrument.

I omit particularizing here, all the able organists of this city, the *dilettanti*, male and female, and the several masters and performers, vocal and instrumental, who constantly reside here, and contribute to the cultivation of music, and the pleasure of its votaries and protectors; and shall only

only remark that, rich as this city is at preſent, in muſicians of genius and eminence, there is no ſerious opera either at the court or public theatre.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague mentions an opera that was performed in the open air, when ſhe was at Vienna, the decorations and habits of which coſt the emperor thirty thouſand pounds ſterling; and, during the reigns of the late emperors, from the firſt years of Leopold, to the middle of the preſent century, there uſed to be operas at the expence of the court, written, compoſed, and performed, by perſons of the greateſt abilities that could be aſſembled from all parts of Europe; but the frequent wars, and other calamities of this country, have ſo exhauſted the public treaſure, and impoveriſhed individuals, that this expenſive cuſtom is now,

" To my mind,
" More honoured in the breach, than the obſerv-
ance,"

For though I love muſic very well, yet I love humanity better.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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